RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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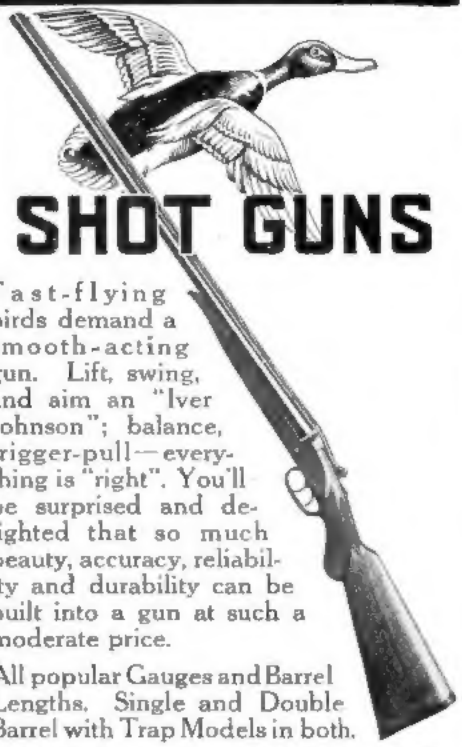

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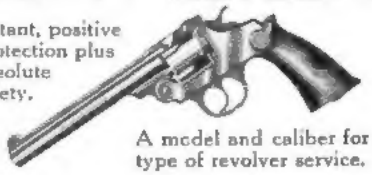

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RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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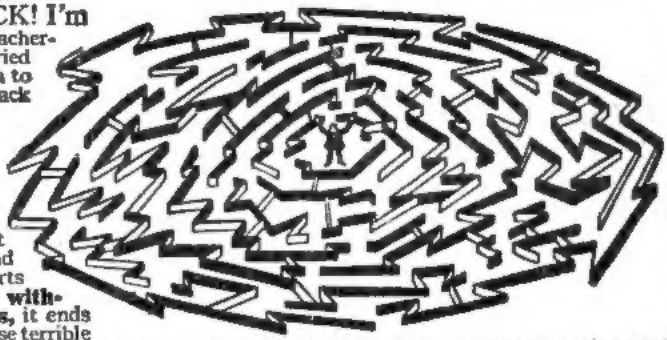
HELP!! HELP!!
WHO CAN GET ME OUT?
I'll Pay $8000.00 Cash

Come to my rescue—QUICK! I'm **hopelessly lost** in these treacherous, trackless catacombes. I've tried for hours to find the right path to freedom but here I am right back in the middle again.



Can YOU Find the Right Path?

Will you try? **A Thousand Thanks!**—I know you would. But first, let me warn you that *there is only one path* to freedom and it's—Oh! so hard to find. It starts in the middle where I am and, **without crossing any of the walls,** it ends somewhere, on the outside of these terrible catacombes. I hope **you** can find **the right path** to get me out. If you do, mark it plainly with pen or pencil and send it to me quick. *If Correct*, I'll see that you are qualified at once for an opportunity to win as much as $2320.00 cash out of $8,000.00 *in rewards* that I'm going to give away.

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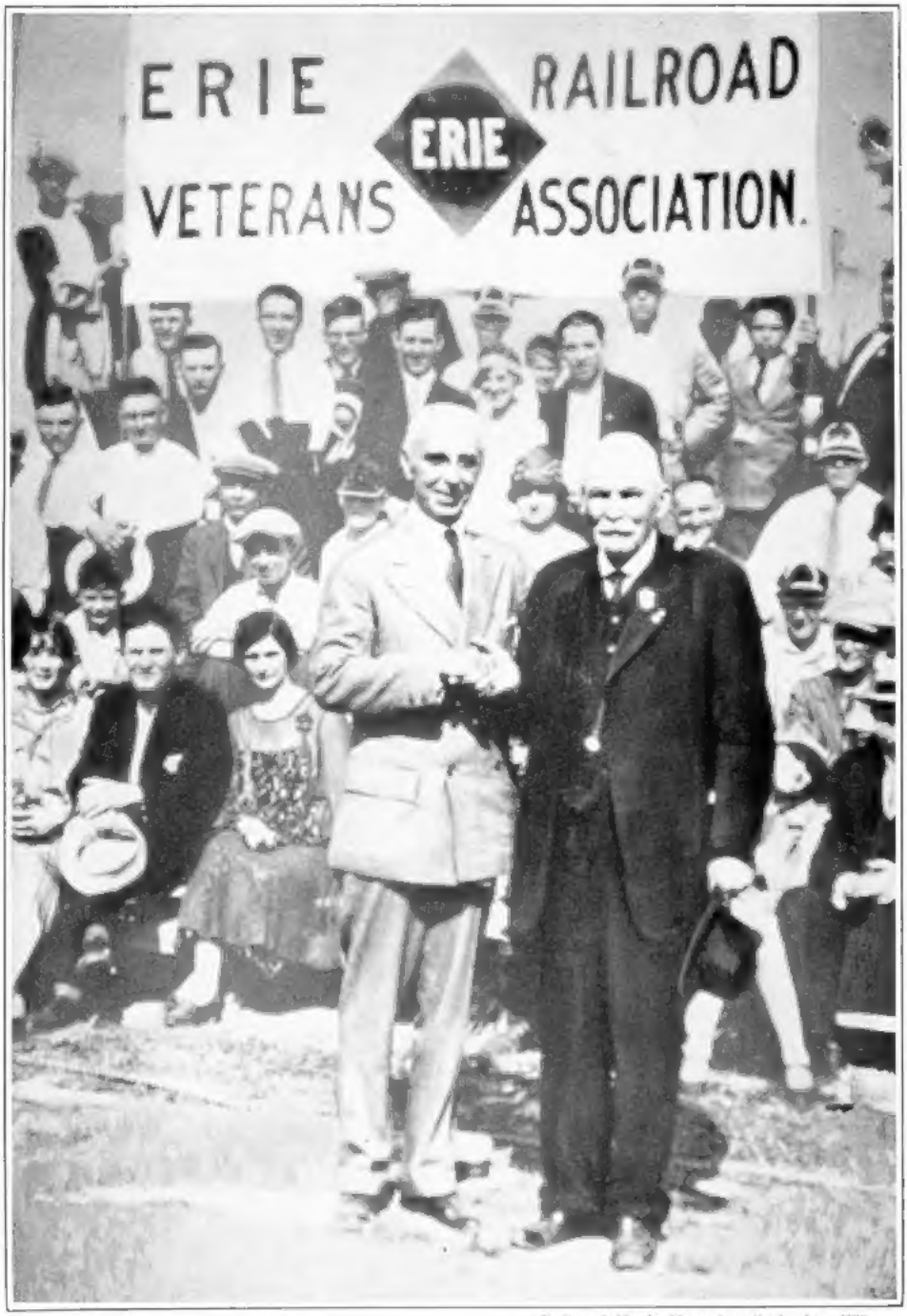


Railroad Man's Magazine, September, 1930

JOHN K. CHAPMAN, THE GRAND OLD MAN OF RAILROADING

(At the Right) Is Said to Hold the World's Record for Continuous Railroad Service. He Is Shown Being Congratulated by W. A. Baldwin, Now Retired Vice President of the Erie

FF

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III SEPTEMBER, 1930 No. 2

John K. Chapman

The Grand Old Man of Railroading

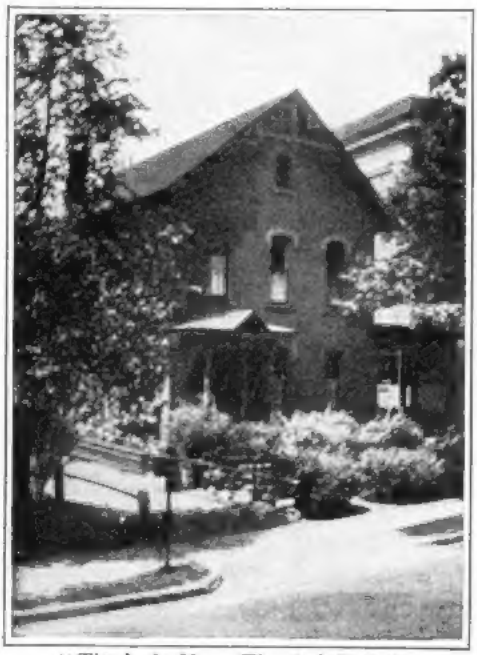
Erie Veteran, Still on the Pay Roll at Ninety-four, Saw History Made from the Right-Hand Side

By Freeman H. Hubbard

MOST of the rail veterans living to-day were not even born when John K. Chapman got his first railroad job. Chapman is probably the world's oldest railroad employee.

In 1850 the New York & Erie (as the Erie was called then) was being built through Belmont, New York, and John, who was fourteen years old, drove a cart which helped in grading the roadbed west of Belmont bridge.

On his eighteenth birthday, October 4, 1854, he began braking on a way freight. From that day until this he has been continuously on the Erie's pay roll, with the exception of three years' leave of absence during the Civil War. He was engineer on one of the Erie's first wood-burning locomotives. He has worked under every "master maniac" and every "super" on the Allegany (Western) Division, and has watched the Erie grow from a very small road to a great trunk line.



"This Is the House That Jack Built"—
Chapman's Home at Hornell

Theoretically, John K. Chapman was retired in 1907—because of age, *not* disability—but the company recognized that, on account of his experience as road foreman of engines, he could still be of service in looking after jacks in the yards at Hornell, New York. So the retirement was merely a pleasant gesture, and they made him yard foreman of engines.

To-day, at the age of ninety-four, Mr. Chapman still holds that title, although he doesn't have to go down to the shops any more. Two years ago, they said:

"You take things easy, and we'll send you your pay envelope just the same."

But John K. Chapman isn't ready to retire yet. He has the vigor and general appearance of a man sixty-five or seventy. His mind is keen, his memory vivid, he can read without glasses, his hearing is nearly perfect, and he can walk rapidly, with a suggestion of the military bearing he learned in 1861.

"The company," said Chapman, "has treated me pretty good—but," he added with a glow of pride, "I've done well for them, too. There's not a black mark against my name. I never had an accident to amount to anything and never hurt anybody I worked with."

After Chapman had served seventy-two years, he received a gold medal for being the oldest active employee in the Erie's service.

The nonagenarian was planning to attend the Erie veterans' fifth annual outing, which was scheduled this year for Conneaut Lake Park, near Meadville, Pennsylvania.

"You can tell the boys I'll be there," he said cheerfully.

Age doesn't mean a thing to J. K. He enjoys participating, either mounted or afoot, in the Memorial Day parade in his home town, Hornell—it used to be called Hornellsville. This year, however, he couldn't quite make it, so the parade was rerouted to pass his home at 10 Union Street.

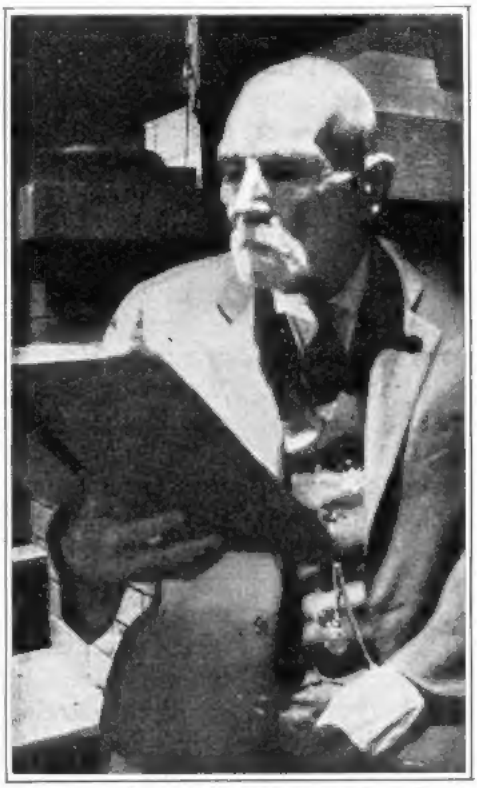
J. K. Chapman as He Looked Half a Century Ago, and a Quarter of a Century Ago

That home, by the way, is one of the beauty spots of Hornell. Chapman himself built it more than fifty years ago, and the town has grown up around it.

In 1856, after nearly two years of braking, Chapman became a fireman. Jo Whitlock, his engineer, on Engine 32, declared that if he had a spite against a man he could not have wished him a worse punishment than to be compelled to fire that old wood-burner. It was the practice to place new hands on

her, and if they lived through the ordeal they were regarded as able to stand anything in railroading.

Whitlock invented the cylinder cock rigging that permits the engineer to open and close the cylinder cock without getting off the jack.



J. K. Chapman at 94, Reading One of His Scrap Books

Except for four months as emergency man in 1859, Chapman fired until the war broke out. Thereupon he enlisted for three years in the Ninth New York Cavalry. He reminisced:

"On March 7 or 8, 1862, I had charge of a cargo of ammunition that was being towed in a barge in Hampton Roads, off Fortress Monroe, and I was nearly drowned in a gale. The tugboats were torn loose and for seven hours we wallowed in a trough of water. We thought every minute the barge would turn turtle. While we were in that predicament, the queer little Monitor, like a cheese-box on a raft, passed us *en route* to fight the huge ironclad Merrimac. Shortly afterward we heard the artillery fire of that battle, including the shot that crippled the sea hopes of the Confederacy.

"Then I was given cavalry duty. I took part in the hard-fought Peninsula Campaign of '62 and the three days of Gettysburg in '63. During the second day a peddler sold me a historical war map in booklet form, which I still possess. Later I saw that same fellow hangin' to a tree. He was a spy!

"On October 19, 1864, I was ridin' through the Shenandoah Valley, guidin' five men from Winchester to Cedar Creek, more than twenty miles away, when we were overtaken and passed by General Phil Sheridan and his bodyguard, racin' like mad on his famous ride to the battlefield.

"Sheridan had scarcely passed out of sight before we six were attacked. Two of my companions were captured; only one of the six finally reached the front in time to help turn the tide of battle. A bushwhacker hidden in a cornfield shot my horse dead under me, the bullet grazin' my leg."

On February 26, 1865, Mr. Chapman began his career as engineer. He used the first lubricator on the Allegany Division. Not once was he injured on the job, although on one occasion his engine was derailed and turned over on its side.

"Providence did more for me than I ever did for myself," said the veteran hogger, who has been a vestryman and

warden of the Hornell Episcopalian Church for more than forty years.

"Pullin' a passenger train comin' east, I ran into one of the worst windstorms I'd ever experienced. When I got off the engine to get my orders, the wind blew me against a side rod. I clung to that until the worst of the blow was over. Durin' that time the depot was wrecked and several men were injured.

"The galvanizer says to me: 'This baggage car can't go. It's got a broken truck train.'

"My orders had been to meet No. 1 at Olean. I had to have the dispatcher change the order to make the meet at Allegany. When I finally got ready to go, I was forty minutes late. At Allegany, where I slowed down and stopped, a huge crossin' sign had fallen across the track. It took all the men I could find to lift that sign so I could go on.

"My original order did not call for a stop at Allegany, and *if I hadn't been delayed by that defective baggage car and given a new meet order, I would have torn through Allegany at fifty miles an hour and nothing could have stopped me from crashin' into that crossin' sign!*"

In February, 1875, Chapman was made road foreman on the Allegany, Bradford and South Western divisions—a position he filled creditably for fourteen years—then he went back to running. In 1907 Mr. Chapman was retired from engine service and given the position he holds to-day—yard foreman of engines.

J. K. was a great admirer and warm personal friend of Chauncey Depew. Once, while driving a special for the late senator, he had to stop the engine to avoid running into an overenthusiastic crowd of Depew supporters. In 1924 Depew wrote Chapman a long and ardent letter of personal congratulations, in which he said:

> Your record of seventy years with the Erie surpasses any in the railroad service in the United States.

Mr. Chapman keeps this letter together with many others from notables all over the country, in two large scrap books containing hundreds of newspaper and magazine clippings and photographs dealing with his career and the railroad he works for.

One of the photographs shows his grandson, Raymond C. Pierce, now of Bronxville, New York, with an automobile the youth had built at sixteen, twenty-four years ago. The machine was practicable, and "Grandpa" Chapman was intensely proud of having financed its construction. Raymond is famous to-day as an aviation mechanic. He had four patents on the huge airplane which recently circled the globe, and he gives much of the credit to grandpa for the mechanical ability he inherited.

Another souvenir in one of J. K.'s scrap books shows the steadfastness of his character on the subject of Rule G. It is a teetotaler's pledge which Mr. Chapman signed on August 23, 1877, and has never broken. It was signed because a railroading friend of his was "drinkin' himself to death," and this friend agreed to sign the pledge if Chapman would do the same.

Mr. Chapman comes from a long-lived family. He has a sister, Lora Chapman Goodwin, who was ninety-two last May, and a brother, Harrison S. Chapman, eighty, who for years was a conductor on the Erie's Lockport Division.

THE END

"Hello" Service on C.N.R.

World's First Paid Train-Telephone Subscriber Tells How Passengers Talk with Folks All Over the Globe

By Earle W. Gage

Sir Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National

WHILE riding the cushions between Montreal and Toronto at sixty miles an hour on the crack Maple Leaf flyer, I felt the urge to talk with my wife, who happened to be at our home in Ashville, New York, some 500 miles away.

"Please put a call through to my residence," I said to Henry C. McGuire, operating technician on the first train-telephone car, the Minaki, and I gave him the number.

Three and a half minutes later the hook-up had been completed, and I was conversing with Mrs. Gage, who clearly heard every word I said and pronounced the experiment amazingly successful.

Then my son sent his greetings to her, and we closed a thrilling adventure in which passengers on Canadian National trains may be connected with fully 85 per cent of the world's 34,000,000 telephones. The cost to me was just fifty cents more than the normal toll fee.

"Mr. Gage," said McGuire with elation, "you are the first *paid* train-telephone subscriber in history! I'll just chalk down your name as No. 1 in the records of the first telephone-equipped car operated on any railroad. When I say 'telephone,' I mean an arrangement permitting conversation between widely separated parties."

Blazoning a New Era in Railroad History

To top it off he gave me a certificate, which I treasure as a rare memento.

German System Inadequate

THE marvel of train telephony really began on the 180-mile line of the German State Railways between Berlin and Hamburg, although that system allows only one-sided conversations. There is no assurance, at the time, that the passenger's message has been received. This is helpful in certain emergencies, but Sir Henry Thornton, president of the Canadian National, regarded it as inadequate for American needs.

Sir Henry was traveling on the German line with W. D. Robb, the Canadian National's vice president in charge of telegraph and telephones, to study the German method. Upon their return to Canada, they asked the Bell System to recommend the best engineer to perfect a two-way train-telephone system.

John C. Burkholder, a tireless Pennsylvanian, still in his twenties, with an enviable record in the Bell laboratories, was put on the job and given the title of chief engineer of the Canadian National telegraphs. One of his associates was McGuire, who had spent a year in the Arctic wilderness as radio operator for the Dominion government's northernmost radio outpost.

A special car, known along the C. N. R. lines as No. 60, was fitted out as a rolling laboratory. In that car young Burkholder achieved his scientific triumph by combining Mr. Bell's telephone with Mr. Marconi's radio and the well-known telegraph carrier system of the parallel wires, plus a few contraptions of his own

"Jack" Burkholder, Who Solved the Riddle of Train Telephony

Recently this telephone service was installed as a regular feature of the C. N. R. crack passenger trains, thus permitting passengers to talk with persons almost anywhere in North or South America or Europe or even on the high seas.

Burkholder's perfected train-telephone system is the realization of an "impossible" dream. For more

Connecting the Transmitting Antenna on the Roof of the Minaki

than thirty years, unknown to the world, a little band of engineers have been toiling diligently to establish regular long-distance telephone connections between moving trains and the passenger's office or home.

As long ago as 1880, the Dominion Telegraph Company obtained permission from the Northern Railway to use a freight train operating between Toronto and Barrie for the purpose of making a test of telephone equipment which was designed to keep the engineer in touch with trainmen.

An Unsuccessful Experiment

THE first attempt to operate on a train was made February 7, 1880. Insulated wire was connected from the van in the rear of the engine, and L. B. McFarlane, who recently retired as chairman of the Canadian Bell Telephone Company, and who, in 1880, was superintendent of the telegraph company, attempted to carry on conversation with the managing director, riding in the caboose. But it was not a success.

It remained for "Jack" Burkholder to solve the riddle, bridge the silence surrounding the speeding train, and project the human voice from the train to telephones located all over the globe. This was impossible until the radio and carrier wave system had been perfected.

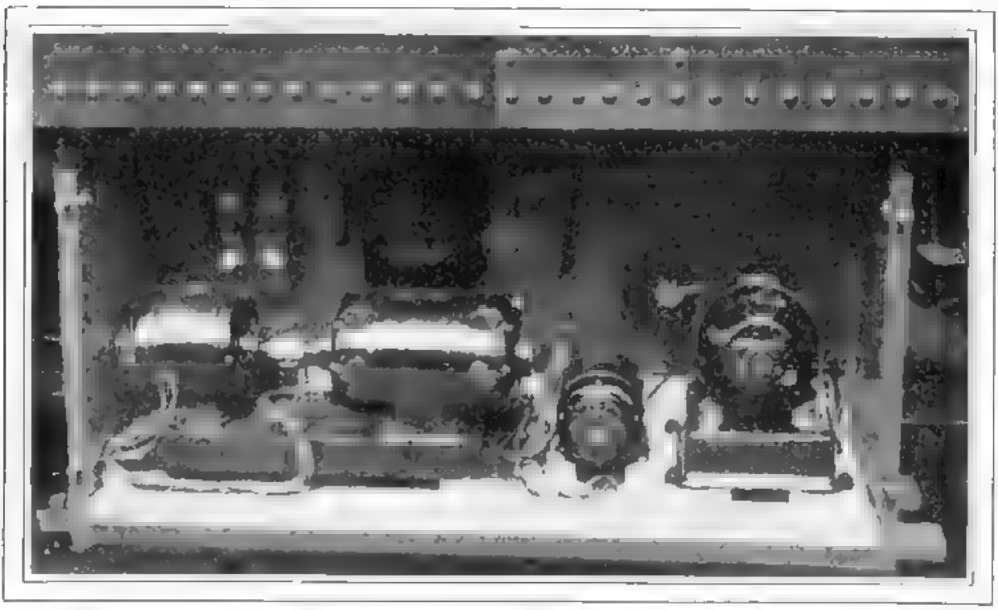
In a nutshell, the system involves the disintegration and the reassemblying of the human voice. As the words are spoken into the telephone receiver on

the train, they are flashed as a whirl of superimposed electric currents of a high frequency, oscillating back and forth at 125,000 cycles per second.

They are hurled from the moving train to the parallel telegraph line, and the unintelligible words speed as carrier current to a pick-up station beside the line, where they are reassembled and transferred to the regular telephone central office, to pass over long-distance lines to all points of the compass. The average telephone system operates on from 125 to 2,500 cycles, as compared with the 125 to 125,000 cycles of the train telephone.

The telephone compartment on each car is about eight feet long by five feet wide. The panels, which act as transmitters and receivers, up and down which are a maze of delicate radio-telephonic instruments, are set out from the wall to permit the operator making such adjustments as may be necessary.

Seated before the panel, with a pair of ear-phones, the operator plugs in and makes calls to central offices en route, and handles communication quite like a regular central office girl. A little booth, just inside the entrance, provides the patron a compartment wherein he may carry on a private conversation, overheard only by the girl at the receiving central office, to permit her to check the length of the conversation.



This Motor Generator, Mounted Underneath the Mpaki, Supplies Electrical Energy for the World's First Two-Way Train-Telephone System

From the panels, aërial wires lead upward to the roof of the car, centering in a stovepipe affair which carries impulses to the antennas stretched along the roof of the car. There are several strands of these, strung on insulated legs a foot high, spotted at intervals along the car roof.

Three central strands act as transmitters, whereby scrambled words are shot from the speeding car to the telegraph wires along the track; the two outside antennas act as receivers, and

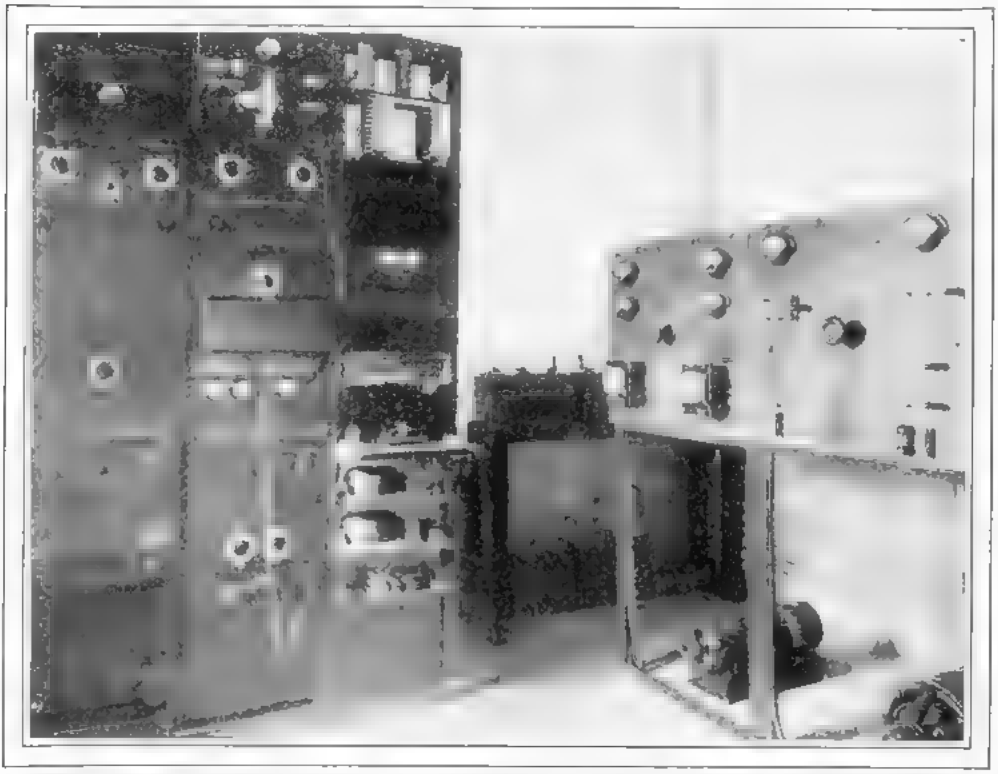
pick up the scrambled conversation reaching the car as unintelligible jargon.

A Strange Phenomenon

THE strangest part is the fact that, despite this complicated mixing and unmixing of words, the resultant voice modulation at either end of the line is equal to the best telephonic service, and superior to the average. As voice currents reach the ear of the person seated in the car booth, they are identical with currents sent out by the speaker at the distant point, and reproduce human expressions with a high degree of efficiency.

In no small degree this is accounted for by the aërial devices which Mr. Burkholder has perfected. From the tuning device the received signal speeds through what is known as a "directional" filter, at which point the pick-up station suppresses all frequencies above 85 kilocycles, while the car set removes all frequencies below 100 kilocycles. Words are made to flow in but one direction.

Scrambling and unscrambling of words, outgoing and incoming, is possible by use of a process known as "double modulation with carrier-wave suppressed." First, words are changed in character by the scrambling to vibrations higher and audible to the human ear. Then the carrier-wave that the microphone modulates or changes into electrical currents that correspond to words, is filtered out, resulting in a privacy from "wire-tappers" and other eavesdroppers, unknown in any other means of communication.



Train Telephone Terminal, or Pick-up Station, at Morrisburg, Ontario. Notice the Relatively Small Size of the Switchboard (Center of Picture) as Compared With the Rest of the Apparatus

Pick-up stations are located on each division to handle messages passing to and from the telephone car. Between Montreal and Toronto, at Cobourg, for instance, messages pass through a battery of instruments and thence to the Kingston, Ontario, telephone exchange, to be routed to all parts of the world. Between Toronto and Kingston, the Morrisburg pick-up station serves the car. Such land stations are to be spotted along the main lines of C. N. R. until the system is telephone-equipped, and practically every passenger put in touch with the world.

How Calls Are Made

WHEN the operator on the train wishes to initiate a call, he merely depresses a key which puts the train transmitter and receiver in operation. The depression of a second key sends out 1,000-cycle ringing current, which is flashed to the telegraph wire and passes to the pick-up station. Here it kicks up a relay and starts the land station transmitter and receiver. Again, the car operator by depressing the same key, sends a signal to the telephone operator at the long-distance station, and completes his call in the usual manner.

In making calls to a passenger on either train, the reverse process occurs. The calling party at any telephone, speaking to long-distance, asks that "John Mason, aboard Canadian National Montreal-Toronto train," be paged to the telephone. The operator at this station calls Kingston, and that operator gets into communication with the train by ringing through the pick-up apparatus at Cobourg or Morrisburg.

From the standpoint of the practical railroader, this system is of great importance, because the train dispatcher is able to keep in constant touch with the moving train, and to flash such orders as may be necessary at any time. In fact, he may talk with the conductor as easily as he would speak to him over the local exchange.

"Some people may wonder what is the use of disturbing the peace of a traveler on a train," remarked Sir Henry Thornton in a humorous vein. "Why should the traveler be put within reach of his wife by telephone? Or made accessible to bad news from his broker? Well, it is all an indication of the progress of this age and the progressive spirit of the C. N. R.

"Although most travelers will probably not have occasion to use the telephone service, yet there will be occasions when it will prove of inestimable value to those who must obtain information swiftly and directly."

But wait until the phones are equipped with television apparatus and a woman is able to call a train operator and request him to show her her husband! Then will patrons thank the road for the marvelous connection? And how!

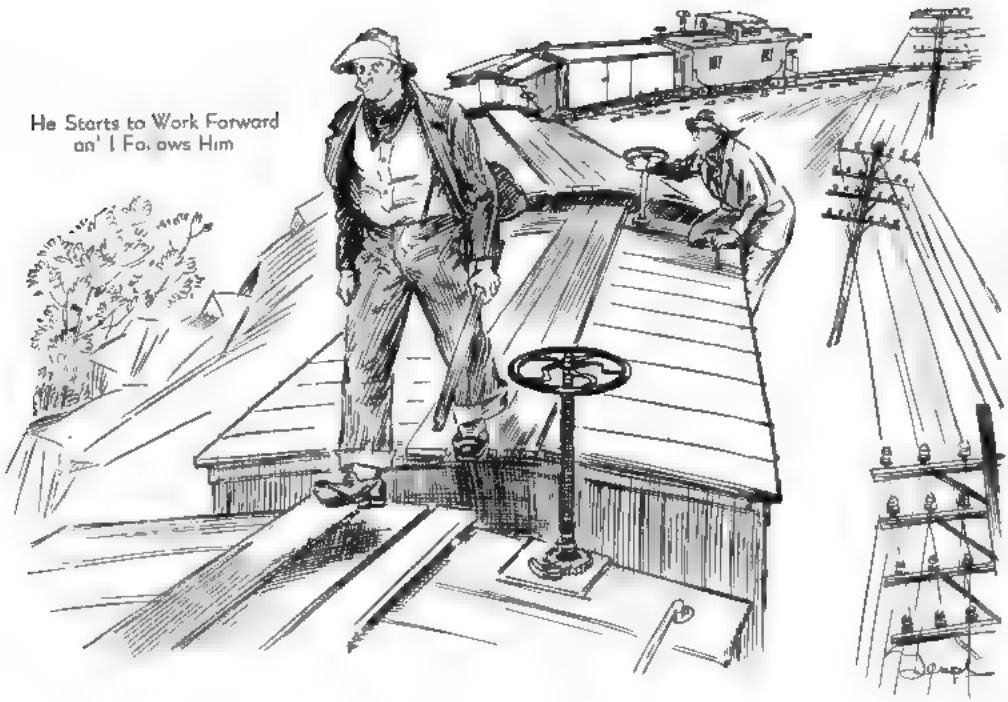
THE BOOMER'S CATECHISM

BRASS COLLAR (giving old-time boomer an oral examination) "Of what does a train consist?"

BOOMER "A hoghead, a bakehead, two pinheads and a swellhead."

B. C.—"What do two short blasts of the whistle indicate?"

BOOMER—"Everybody but the tallowpot set down."



Sure-Shot Gilhooly

A Champeen Tobacco-Chawin' Shack Meets
His Waterloo in the Wreck of a Circus Special

By A. W. Somerville

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

BILL and Monte and I worked on the night shift at the roundhouse. At midnight the three of us would go to the sandhouse, flop on the warm sand, and eat our lunches. Afterward we'd chew leisurely cuds of tobacco, while Bill and Monte, from the accumulated wealth of endless years of booming, would sometimes stoop to educate me.

"Bill," I said to the old boomer one night, "I'd say you were about the most accurate spitter I ever met."

"You ain't lived very long," replied Bill, "an' you ain't traveled very far. How many times have I told you not to brag so much?"

I subsided. Monte grinned.

Bill took aim at a selected cockroach, missed by a hair. He sighed unhappily, settled back on the warm sand.

"I usta be pretty good," he admitted. "Yes, sir, pretty good. But you see, kid, I got defeated. An' I ain't what you'd call recovered from that there defeat yet. Naw."

Monte and I waited patiently.

"What I'm gonna tell you," finally resumed William, "you could pretty near call a milestone of railroad hist'ry. Any reformer, I reckon, could use it as a fust class argyment ag'in' th' sinful practice of chawin' tobacco. It's been a terrible experience to me, an' th' more I think of it th' worse it gets.

"Th' central figger in this here sermon was a railroad brakeman named Gilhooly, a tobacco-chawin' shack if ever I seën one, an' prob'ly th' most expert spitter what ever drowned a bug. There was also old man Knuckles —you know him, kid, he was a trainmaster then. An' a guy named Thompson, he was a car whacker. Jes' a great big squashy car toad; I disremember what become of him"

"There's a guy named Thompson in the car department now," I interfered courageously. "A big squashy guy. They call him the master car builder, or something like that."

"It's th' same feller, I guess," admitted Bill coldly. "This tobacco-chawin' shack," he continued, getting back on the main line, "had a terrible name—Harold Oscar Gilhooly. Jes' how much that had to do with his takin' up tobacco chawin' I couldn't really say, but chances are it had sumpin' to do with it.

"Anyways, he was a tobacco chawer, an' a expert spitter to boot. Now if a man's gonna chaw he's gotta spit, an' if he's gotta spit he might's well be akkerat about it. So Harold Oscar was all th' time practicin'; he'd aim at anything, cracks in th' sidewalk, bugs, beetles, keyholes, mighty near anything pervided he wasn't interfered with. He got to where even th' veterans of the chawin' brigade in th' switch shanty hadda admit he was good.

"Now as soon's he'd established his repytation, you might say, he hadda maintain it. So he kep' right on practicin'. His wife up an' left him, but he figgered he could get another what was more broad-minded on the subjec' of what flower pots was for, so he don't stand in her way. He was th' champeen spitter of West Texas, an' what I mean, they got some spitters out there. If a woman couldn't appreciate a champeen like him, there was jes' sumpin' lackin' in th' female."

II

"I was workin' for a circus then, an' we played a two-night stand at Big Spring, which 'uz Harold Oscar's hangout. He come aroun' th' fust afternoon an' asks for a job, an' th' reason he wanted this job, see, was to travel farther an' become a sorta international spitter.

"Now, this may sound funny as hell to you, kid, but it ain't no funnier than these guys, what are acshally s'posed to be men, what are goin' aroun' takin' part in these here beauty contests. Hones', kid, I seen one of these here beauty contests for men out in Californya a while back, an' I'm tellin' you th' truth, I couldn't look a stud horse in the eye for weeks afterward.

"Anyway, I met up with Harold Oscar, an' he wasn't one bit backward about tellin' how good he was. So I takes him on for a little competition. This 'uz jes' about th' time, see, when I figgered I could hold my own with any spitter, so it 'uz nach'ral for me'n Gilhooly to lock horns.

"I gotta admit th' boy was clever. He cleaned me easy, it didn't seem to make no dif'rence what we picks for a target, Harold Oscar takes th' sweepstakes. He never so much as stretched hisself, neither, to do it. He had a pref'rence, you might say, for a movin'

target; a kinda specialist; but as gen-'ral all-around spitter he wasn't nothin' to be sneezed at.

"Well, sir, after two nights of bein' defeated by Gilhooly an' of pickin' up ellyphants, not to menshun tunin' steam whistles an' riskin' my neck in chariot races, we pulls th' big top down an' loads west for El Paso.

"We leaves Big Spring early one mornin', an' who should be brakin' for us but Harold Oscar? He was a brakeman; he tells me he's goin' into El Paso with us, quit th' railroad there, an' devote th' rest of his life to th' circus.

"We was climbin' th' mountains west of Toyah, I recollek, when Gilhooly begun to get restless. It seemed like he'd been struck by a thought or some such thing. He starts to work forward, an' I follows him.

"We was movin' slow, climbin' th' hill. All th' circus people was in their bunks takin' life easy. These bunk cars was at the end of th' train. Harold Oscar he passes 'em an' he don't stop till he comes to th' fust monkey car. Here he takes careful aim an' hits a monk square in th' eye!

"This was right encouragin', to say th' least, so he tries agin. Inside a couple of minutes them monks was a-hoppin' around an' turnin' flips; you couldn't of touched 'em with a dynamite bomb. Even Mister Gilhooly, with his weakness for a movin' target, was baffled. So he travels on to th' next car.

"He kep' movin' forward, workin' each car over thorough. He was what you might call damn near infallible. He tied a boa constrictor up in a knot. Honest, that big worm looked like a combynashun corkscrew an' Standard Oil pipe line. No snake likes to get spit at, mos' partic'ly not in th' eye.

"Even th' wild wart hogs was offended at th' treatment they got. An' as for th' lions an' tigers, you never in all your life heard nothin' to equal 'em. Them anymules was powerful peevish. There was a wildcat what kep' bouncin' up an' down like a ball, he was so mad.

"Th' sorest of all, up to th' time th' ellyphants was insulted, was a ostrich. I never will forget that ostrich."

Bill laughed out loud.

"You know," he continued, "them big buzzards have gotta kinda Adam's apple what runs from right under their chins pretty near down to their boots. Now, when I seen this partic'lar ostrich, he had his head stuck aroun' th' side of th' car an' he was mutterin' to hisself, an' this here Adam's apple was runnin' up an' down like a scenic railway. He was *caw-caw-cawin'* to hisself in a dirty kinda way, an' he looked like murder."

Bill paused, regarding his plug of tobacco carefully.

III

"If I recollek correc'ly," he resumed, "Gilhooly got only one good shot at th' hippypotemuses. They had tanks of water an' some instink musta warned 'em. Th' rhinoceruses, on t'other hand, was easy. Th' giraffes, though, was a diffycult propersishun on account o' Gilhooly havin' ta spit up

"I 'member givin' him credit for only one hit on th' hippypotemuses an' two outta five tries on th' giraffes. That 'uz th' wors' score he'd made on any of th' anymules.

"After th' giraffes come th' ellyphants. An' did they kick up a rumpus? You never heerd such a racket! Like a whole flock of whistles, only worse! Th' circus people heerd it an' start comin' forward.

"When Harold Oscar arrived at th' ellyphants he settled down to some real sharpshootin'. Here was targets worthy of plunkin' at. We'd topped th' mountain an' was startin' aroun' them forty million curves, movin' along

Here They Come an' There Wasn't Any Slow Order on 'Em Neither

right steady like. Th' circus people was comin' up fast when Harold Oscar pauses before two big bull ellyphants; they was th' fust an' th' last of them pachyderms.

"Gilhooly got in two bull's-eyes before th' big busters knew what was comin' off. Now, they was mean bull ellyphants. They wasn't no meaner than th' cats, nor th' ostrich neither, but they was a damn sight bigger an' they was able to raise a lot more hell. They didn't do a thing but start buttin' th' sides outta that car, not to menshun uprootin' planks with their noses, an' kickin' out a center sill. An' could they make noise? Didja ever hear a bull ellyphant rear back an' squall?"

I told Bill my experience with elephants was limited

"It's awful," declared William. "You ain't got no idee, kid, how they can holler. Them two bulls didn't do nothin' but make them awful noises an' kick that car apart tryin' to get at th' sharpshootin' Mister Gilhooly. We musta hit a curve jes' when th' two ellyphants butted together; anyways, off she went! Powie! Down on th' ties! An' down a gully, with th' whole train pilin' an' bustin' up behind us!"

Bill rested for a moment. He and Monte exchanged grins. Wide grins.

"I joined th' birds," resumed William. "I seen Harold Oscar unload jes' before I caught lotsa air an' wound up aroun' a tellygraph pole. But you shouldda seen th' anymules! There was redwood trees all around us—"

"Redwood trees?" I demanded.

"Excuse me," said Bill. "I was thinkin' about a pile up we had on th' S. P. th' next year. Yeah. Well, anyways, there was pine trees all around us an' you shoulda seen them anymules. Th' monks an' th' chimps an' th' orangs an' th' apes all got loose an' climbed up in them trees, an' after

they got up in 'em a balloon couldn't of got 'em down. An' there was snakes an' hippypotemuses an' lions an' tigers an' giraffes an' rhinoceruses wanderin' aroun', an' a lot I ain't menshuned. An' two big bull ellyphants an' a ostrich, in partic'lar, a-runnin' aroun' real furious like, lookin' for a tobacco-chawin' shack what had ruined their blinkers.

"I'm tellin' you, it wasn't no place for a white man. As for me, I got up on th' engine. Th' circus could fire me if they'd a mind to, but I knew I wasn't gonna pervide no meal for a lion, or buddy up to a snake, or let a hippypotemus sit on me. Not Bill.

"I'd seen Harold Oscar disappearin' in th' piney woods about as fast as he could throw his feet in front of him, an' I thinks for a minute that he's made a clean get-away. But he hadn't. One of them monks what he'd been rude to musta seen him an' notified th' ostrich an' th' ellyphants, 'cause pretty soon them three riled anymules go slammin' through th' woods right where Harold Oscar's made his get-away.

"I says to myself, 'It looks like a question of speed an' endurance, with th' odds on th' ostrich an' ellyphants.'

"Things kinda settled down after a bit an' th' circus people rounded up a lotta th' anymules an' got 'em back in their cages. They'd put me to work a-throwin' water on a hippypotemus becuz his tank'd upset an' they was afraid he'd catch cold or sumpin'.

"After a while th' wrecker shows up, an' on this wrecker was Knuckles, th' trainmaster, an' this guy Thompson, th' big squashy car toad. Knuckles he come down to see if he couldn't blame th' derailment on a defective car. Thompson'd already decided, uz soon uz he heard about th' wreck, to blame it on fast runnin'. Or, in a pinch, to claim they was runnin' too slow."

IV

"THEY never made but one guy like this Knuckles, kid. A fellah from th' claim department told me one time they could reduce their personal injuries fifty per cent if they could jes' get Knuckles to keep his hands in his pockets. Yes, sir.

"Well, they started pickin' up th' wreck, an' Knuckles an' Thompson start a inspection to establish that neither of 'em could possibly be held responsible for anything.

"They was makin' right good progress in this direction until a track foreman come along an' objected to 'em pullin' up track spikes. This foreman seemed to think that maybe they was plannin' to blame th' wreck on a loose rail. Of course, they never wouldda done such a thing! Oh, hell, no!

"All th' time th' monkeys was a-jabberin' up in th' piney trees, an' a wild cat was a-raisin' sand becuz th' little rascal couldn't find nothin' to scratch 'cept hisself. Away off in th' woods, if you listened real close, you could hear Harold Oscar knockin' down trees an' gen'rally stretchin' hisself to get away from th' enemy.

"Knuckles an' Thompson was tryin' to browbeat th' track foreman, when here comes a sawed-off wart draggin' a big purple snake about as long as a drunken dream an' thick as a boiler barrel, an' th' snake gets a toe-hold on Knuckles

"Say, you shouldda witnessed th' acshun! Thompson shinnied up a box car gettin' outta Knuckles's way, but th' track foreman got hit five times, all at th' same time. Knuckles hadda hit sumpin', an' he didn't like th' shovel stiff nohow. Th' snake was kinda

scarred up, an' as for th' guy what was draggin' th' snake, you couldn't of got him together agin with glue.

"Knuckles he was standin' in this clear space he'd created, a-bellerin' for 'em to bring on their panthers an' wild cats. Th' hook picks up a car right alongside of him, an' another snake fell off an' like to made a necktie for th' old bruiser. This 'uz th' only time Knuckles ever had th' buffalo sign hung on him. Thompson didn't make th' roof of a box car no faster'n what Knuckles did. Th' monks a-hangin' by their tails was acshully jealous."

Bill was silent for a moment, apparently thinking of something funny. He even forgot to spit.

V

"WELL, sir, there they was," resumed William. "Old Knuckles, a sittin' on th' roof with th' car toad, a-raisin' hell in all four direkshuns. An' there was th' circus people, yellin' up at him, complainin' about a snake what'd been kicked in half an' another one with five knots in its tail. There 'uz also a railroad claim agent goin' aroun' holdin' his head an' wonderin' what th' wholesale price on big worms was.

"Then th' circus people tells Knuckles that they got about ever'thing checked up 'cept a ostrich an' a couple of ellyphants, an' that they gotta complaint ag'in' a tin-eared shack what chawed tobacco.

"At this precise moment ever'body hears a awful yodelin' or trumpetin', or whistlin' or whatever it is sore-headed ellyphants make, an' *caw-caw-caw-cawin'* from th' ostrich, as well as trees bein' shoved rudely aside by Harold Oscar Gilhooly.

"An' here they come, an' there wasn't no slow order on 'em, neither. First comes my tobacco-chawin' friend, somewhat breathless after havin' run halfway aroun' th' world tryin' to ditch his playmates. Then th' ostrich, an' it 'uz an even bet as to which was movin' th' fastes', his Adam's apple or his feet. Then th' ellyphants, travelin' like a prairie fire an' raisin' more hell than a peace conference.

"'Is that th' shack you're crabbin' about?' hollers Knuckles. None of them circus people had time to answer. As for me, I lef' that hippypotemus I was wet-nursin' to lose weight, or catch cold, or do whatever he'd a mind to. I picked out th' highest place in th' neighborhood, th' sand dome of th' engine.

"Harold Oscar headed for th' box car roost of Knuckles an' Thompson. He didn't no more'n jes' make it, an' he was sure extendin' hisself. Th' ostrich clamped down on his tail as he was climbin' high, but Knuckles reaches down an' gives th' shack a yank an' up he comes, leavin' a trophy, you might say, with th' ostrich.

"An' up thunders th' ellyphants! An' there was Knuckles an' Thompson an' Harold Oscar Gilhooly besieged by wild beasts in a civilized country, an' damn little help in sight!

"Th' ellyphant tenders was more or less powerless, you might say, an' they wasn't none too anxious to get stomped on besides. Th' caretaker of th' ostrich wasn't goin' out to subdue that bird uz long uz that Adam's apple was a-bobblin'. It was a mighty good thing they had th' hook all ready to pick up that car, 'cause them ellyphants started buttin' it apart.

"Up she went. Them three anymules sat back on their tails an' waited. What goes up, says th' ostrich an' th' ellyphants, is sure to come down. After a while it got right monotonous.

"Fin'ly Knuckles says: 'I ain't never had no fight with a ellyphant, nor no ostrich neither, but if they don't get to hell back in their cages, I'm goin' down there an' try sumpin' new. Th' bigger they come,' says Knuckles, 'th' harder they fall.'

"'You take a ellyphant,' says Thompson, 'an' I'll give that overgrowed turkey a thrill.'

"So they left Harold Oscar up on top, shinnied down a cable to th' wrecker, an' from there to th' ground. Neither th' ellyphants nor th' ostrich paid 'em any mind, their attention bein' riveted on Mister Gilhooly.

"Out they steps. Right away all th' circus people begins yellin' at 'em to stay away from them anymules. To stay away an' let 'em get calmed down so's they could get 'em back in their cages or put handcuffs on 'em or do sumpin'.

"Knuckles don't pay no mind. He jes' marches up to th' larges' ellyphant, shakes his fist under his nose, an' tells him to get right back in his barrel.

Knuckles Explains to the Shack That He's Gonna Substitoot for the Anymules

"That sure was a mos' astonished ellyphant. He hooks his nose aroun' Knuckles an' lifts th' old bruiser up even with his eyes, an' give him th' up an' down. Knuckles was a-fumin' an' declarin' war, th' circus people was breakin' out bandages an' warmin' up their surgeon. Ever'body was all wrought up, but th' ellyphant.

"In th' meantime Thompson starts after th' ostrich like he'd chase a rooster, wavin' his arms an' sayin' 'Shoo!' Th' ostrich cocks his head

over an' th' bobble in its neck begins doin' double time.

"Th' ellyphant what had Knuckles lifts him up a little higher so's th' old man can see good; don't tell me ellyphants ain't got no sense of humor. About th' tenth time Thompson says 'Shoo,' that long-legged buzzard turns aroun' quick an' lets fly like a Mizzoury mule! He caught that car whacker in th' middle of th' bread basket with one of them big feet, an' knocked him tail over tincup plumb into th' middle of next week!

"Yes, sir! You could hear Knuckles laughin' for goin' on ten minutes. The ellyphants was a-laughin', too. Pretty near ever'body was laughin', except maybe th' car toad.

VI

"Then Knuckles he talks to some of th' circus people an' they tell him what th' shack had done, about all th' eyes he'd put on th' bum jes' before th' wreck. They tells Knuckles how Mister Gilhooly got th' ellyphants all worked up an' that he was th' guy what caused th' wreck.

"Knuckles he says he can hardly blame th' anymules, but at th' same time he hadda pick up th' wreck, an' he also couldn't very well allow a fellah human, not even a brakeman, to get kicked apart by wild beasts. 'An' anyways,' says Knuckles, 'if that guy caused this wreck, I'm th' one who's got first claim on him. Th' ellyphants an' th' ostrich,' says Knuckles, 'can have what I leave.'

"They fin'ly outwits th' ellyphants; they slips a harness on 'em an' picks 'em up with th' little hook. An' Knuckles he steps up to th' ostrich an' he don't say 'Shoo!' nor he don't do nothin' but lick th' tar outta that overgrowed turkey. For five minutes you'd think it 'uz snowin', th' feathers was so thick. An' then outta th' storm here comes Knuckles with one hand on th' ostrich's neck to keep th' bobble still so's he couldn't get mad, leadin' him to his cage like he was none other'n th' dove of peace.

"'Now,' says Knuckles, 'we'll give all these here anymules a little satisfacshun, an' then we'll finish pickin' up th' wreck.'

"They arranged all th' cages so th' anymules could get a good view of what happened, mos' partic'ly th' ostrich, an' then they let Harold Oscar down. Knuckles takes him by th' nape of th' neck an' explains to th' shack that he's gonna substitoot for th' anymules.

"Now speakin' from a standpoint of justice, it wouldda been a lot more humane to have turned Mister Gilhooly over to them anymules an' let them do their worst. Knuckles blamed th' wreck on Gilhooly, an' I don't mind tellin' you I'd sooner get eat by anymules any day than have Knuckles blame me for a wreck. When Knuckles got done with Harold Oscar—an' what I mean, he took th' slack out—Harold Oscar was right next door to never bein' recognized as human!

"Th' ellyphants they thanked Knuckles for doin' as good a job of stompin' as they could of done pers'nally, even th' ostrich admitted he was right well content. I drifted back to my job of keepin' th' hippypotemus from catchin' cold an' Knuckles he went on pickin' up th' wreck without no more trouble 'cept'n' th' customary rows with th' wreckin' boss."

Monte showed us his watch. "We'd best be checkin' in."

Bill sank his teeth into his plug of tobacco, and we walked toward the time clock, chuckling to ourselves.

Two Important Problems Occupied the Mental Faculties of Smoky Bill

Runaways

Madly the Boomer Wooed and Pursued Without Regard to the Standard Code

By Hardy Reeves

TWO important problems engrossed the mental faculties of "Smoky" Bill Bannon, boomer hog-head, as he sat on a pile of ties in the early Wyoming night close to the water tank at Hoglick. Summer was waning. The grain and produce movement was on with a rush, and the single iron railroad was cluttered. Drags, red balls, and varnished shots were getting in each other's way, and there weren't enough crews available to handle the traffic.

Bill was on his way to Corbin, the main terminal of the central division. He should have reached that point during the afternoon. He would have done so had it not been for "Brake-shoe" Beck, the division's traveling engineer. This same Beck was one of the aforementioned matters which was bearing down on Bill's mind. The other was Beck's brunette daughter, Lila.

Having hooked a free ride on an engine that afternoon which would have taken Bill to Corbin easily, at which point he was determined to go to work, Bill had spotted a familiar figure standing near the high iron at the tank. As the engine had come screeching down for the water stop, Bill had swallowed twice, said some sort of farewell to the kindly brother

who had accommodated him that far, and slid to the ground on the left side of the engine to duck behind the ties.

The last person in the world Bill wanted to talk to right then was the traveling hogger, the very man who could have hired him, and who was looking for engineers at most any cost. Bill gave Beck a wide berth, breathed easier when he saw Brake-shoe leave Hoglick with the engine Bill had ridden in.

The boomer watched the freight's rear end fade away, then settled himself to think up ways and means of steering clear of Brake-shoe Beck, and at the same time, go to work and continue his pursuit of Lila which had been interrupted rudely in the spring before when Beck, then traveling hogger on the Burlington, had fired Bill chiefly to discourage the boomer's attentions to his daughter.

Bill was not going to Corbin with his eyes shut. He knew that Beck had his office there, and he knew that somewhere beyond the hill rim to the west Lila was keeping house for her father while she waited for Bill to shine.

Bill's dreaming and planning ended with the advent of a drag from the East. Bill turned his attention to the headlight and waited. He hoped to find a friendly brother on the head end who would square him out for a ride to Corbin.

He found one all right. The big boomer walked around the jack and right into Sleepy Wamby, who was as short as Bill was tall. Sleepy was sticking a can into a hole when Bill recognized a pal of Burlington days.

"Well you ol' son of a—" Bill grabbed Sleepy's gloved hand.

"Why, you dirty low down ol' decripit—" Sleepy exploded, dropped his oil can, and the greetings roared out.

Bill's face lit up in a goodly smile as he surveyed Sleepy's round features. Bill stood six feet one inch when he took the slack out of his knees and distributed his two hundred pounds evenly on his big feet. He was thirty-three years old, and most of the time looked like he was twenty. He'd been a hogger five years on five different pikes, and before that he'd been a fireman for seven years on twice that many railroads. He was a dyed-in-the-wool boomer, and looked it. His blue eyes had a devilish twinkle and his swagger, when he walked, suggested a certain go-to-hell attitude, and he wasn't afraid of anything on legs or wheels.

"Where you think you're a-goin' way out here?" Sleepy demanded as he resumed his oiling.

"I'm goin' right along with you, pard, right into Corbin," answered Bill.

"You ain't a gonna go to work for this pike, are you?" he asked. Sleepy paused and looked up.

"I ain't gonna do nothin' different," Bill smiled.

"You know who's the travelin' hogger?" Sleepy grunted.

"Sure I know," answered Bill. "What of it?"

"How you gonna go to work without Brake-shoe knowin' about it?" Sleepy queried.

"You don't need to worry none about that," Bill chuckled. "You seen —her?" He looked hard at his pal.

"Beck's gal?" Sleepy raised his heavy brows. "Sure I seen her—three, four times. But I only been here two weeks. She looks 'bout purty's ever."

"C'mon, let's get goin' away from here," said Bill after he'd trailed Sleepy around to the left side of the engine.

Sleepy didn't take long to get under way. He sat forward on the edge of his seatbox and Bill crowded in behind him. Both men were large enough in the hips to make the seating quarters cramped, but they had a lot to talk about. They ruined the tramp head brakeman's chance to slumber because they had to shout at each other over the roar and rattle and clang of the engine.

By the time they reached Corbin, Bill, with the pledge of Sleepy's aid, had his campaign pretty well worked out. He was going to grab off a wife and settle down. Brake-shoe wasn't going to stop him. He'd beat the hell out of Brake-shoe first, he told Sleepy.

II

Bill and Sleepy walked into the roundhouse at ten fifteen, where Sleepy made out his time and work ticket. Bill kept his eye out for the night call boy. Sleepy finished his laborious scrawling as the kid came in with a lantern in the crook of his arm. Sleepy winked at Bill, nodded toward the youngster.

"Hey, boy, why ain't I marked up?" Bill stormed, approaching the lad and shaking a finger at the board on which was chalked the names of the engine crews.

The boy wheeled sharply.

"Don't know, pard," the boy said. "Sure your name ain't up there?"

"He's been waitin' three days to get out," said Sleepy, joining the parley. "Should 'a' got out yesterday before me on the east end."

"That's news to me, Sleepy," the boy answered. Then he turned to Bill. "What's your name again, big feller?"

"Bannon," answered Bill, feigning wrath. "You know damn well what it is! William Bannon! Now, don't forget it."

"Hogger?" queried the boy, looking first at Bill, then at Sleepy.

"Hogger," put in Sleepy.

"Bannon," the lad repeated; then, fishing a piece of chalk from the pocket of his blue jumper and still eying Bill, he approached the board and printed Bill's name at the top of the pile. Bill watched. The boy turned as he finished. "Guess that oughtta fix you, pard," he said, putting the chalk back in his pocket.

"Maybe this won't make you mad," said Bill and shoved a five-dollar bill into the lad's hand as the youth smiled his appreciation. "I'm roomin' with Sleepy."

"Well, that's got you hired for a while, anyway," grinned Sleepy as the boy disappeared into the roundhouse office. "Let's go eat. They'll be lookin' for you soon."

In those wilder boomer days, in a period just preceding the Great War, the art of hiring oneself was much practiced in the Northwest. On this particular road the call boys made almost as much money as division officials because a five-dollar bill would do wonders for a tramp engineman or trainman who, for reasons best known to himself, desired to go to work for thirty to sixty days without the division officials knowing about it.

Call boys equipped themselves with a number of forms, purloined from the office of the division superintendent, which, when filled out, in the name of the self-hired brother, were sent to the division timekeeper's office, where a page was put in the pay roll record for the new employee. Naturally, since the division superintendent or the traveling engineer never looked at the timekeeper's records, a man who hired

himself with the call boy's aid could get by for quite a spell. The confusion of the boom periods, when trainmasters and motive power officials hired and fired gangs day in and day out, was an added help to men like Bill.

Bill went with Sleepy, got on the weather side of some ham and eggs, then scratched off a note to Lila, which he intrusted to Sleepy for delivery the next morning. Bill wanted to use caution, and get himself set in his plans to keep on the dark side of Beck before he even attempted to call Lila on the phone.

"I guess I wrote Lila a dozen letters since her pa chased me off the Burlington," explained Bill. "Didn't hear from her a-tall, an' couldn't figger out the dope till about a month ago down at Minot, where I was workin' for the Big G. Along come a big envelope addressed to me with a typewriter, an' in it was all them letters. Beck was keepin' 'em hid from Lila. Well, I blowed up on the G. N. right now. I just decided if that ol' hell-raiser wouldn't let me write in peace, by hell I'd do my courtin' in person."

"Now all you gotta do is play hide-an'-seek up an' down both ends of this here division with Beck, and he's liable to get on your engine most anywhere," mused Sleepy.

"Not if I know anything about it," chuckled Bill.

At midnight, while Sleepy was getting ready for the feathers, the caller banged on the door and set up a howl for W. Bannon.

"Extra 1202 West an' make it a runnin'," snapped the caller.

Bill took the book, squinted at the line on which his engine was marked, signed his name.

"Drag?" Bill queried, handing back the book.

"Naw," returned the caller. "Red ball an' fast time. Ready to roll at one fifteen." The kid slammed his way out.

"Too damn bad it ain't drag," mused Bill to Sleepy. "Gimme a chance to learn the railroad. Now I got to hightail it on strange territory. Wouldn't mind so much if it was daylight."

"You're a hell of a boomer," grinned Sleepy. "Whatta you care, so long as you stay on the tracks?"

"Well, here goes," snorted Bill, taking up his overalls. "See you when."

III

It wasn't such a bad trip. The 1202 was a good jack, a free steamer, and the tallowpot knew the division. He was a boomer, too, so Bill could put some trust in him. The time card and the tallow helped Bill put the hot one over the pike. To supplement these was a darned white skipper by the name of Landis who wore a thousand mile shirt and a black crush hat and who had a go-to-hell look in his eyes.

Bill left his train in the yard and the 1202 at the house in the middle of the morning and went to the hay with Lila on his mind. Lila was all that mattered—Lila and the art of hiding out from her old man. He was wishing they'd hurry him back to Corbin so he could follow up that note he left with Sleepy to give to her. He only hoped he'd get a good break going back.

He got a drag. Twenty-two hundred tons of dead freight he rolled along behind the 1219, and the 1219 had leaky flues. He left for Corbin at 6.45 P.M. and arrived at that division point at 8.30 A.M. He was all eyes at every point where Brake-shoe Beck was likely to be, and he did a great job of

keeping an eye on the track and keeping his head out of sight as he crossed over from the main at Corbin and eased down into the yard. It was pretty much of a strain.

The Time Card and the Tallow Helped Bill Put It Over the Pike

Bill had the same crew back with him, and he met up with Skipper Landis as he crossed past the caboose track on his way to the beanery. Landis joined Bill and the two struck out in the direction of the station. They became engrossed in a conversation about the evil ways of train dispatchers when it comes to getting drag freight over the road.

"Yeh," said Bill, "I sometimes get to thinkin' them dispatchers ain't got much sense."

"Hell," snorted the boomer conductor, "you don't have to think anything about it. All you gotta do is watch their performance. Now—"

Right then Bill didn't want to take anything but a good, quiet hole. The two men were walking along track one. Two hundred feet ahead of them was Brake-shoe Beck, headed straight at them. Bill saw the pugnacious face and powerful frame and failed to note the skipper's startled look as he suddenly ducked between two cars, scrambled under the couplers and got on the other side. He walked up the track, looked beneath the cars, saw Landis slouching along. The conductor, evidently thinking Bill was crazy, had paused in amazement, but for a moment. Shortly Bill stopped again, saw Beck's legs in forward motion. Bill went about three car lengths, then crossed between two cars and rejoined the skipper.

"What's this sudden hide and seek about?" demanded Landis, looking questioningly up from beneath his hat brim.

"That was the travelin' hogger," Bill explained, nodding backward. "We ain't what you call on speakin' terms."

"Oh, so that's it," mused the skipper. "You're runnin' a engine here, but the mechanical officers don't know it!"

Bill, looking back and satisfying himself that Beck had disappeared at the end of the cut, turned to Landis with a wink.

"Hired yourself!" The conductor's seamed face broke into a grin.

Bill liked that understanding smile and told Landis briefly what had happened. Not that he was used to telling everybody his business. But Landis was a boomer. Landis, thought Bill, had probably hired himself more than once. Even now he might be working under an assumed name. Then, too, a friend in train service might be useful some time to help him steer clear of Beck.

"That's O. K. with me," said Landis, still grinning after Bill finished.

IV

Bill had his breakfast, then went to Sleepy's room. Sleepy was out of town, but on the bureau, standing upright against a hairbrush, he found an envelope. He recognized the large scrawl and feverishly tore it open. The note was from Lila. She was tickled to death, she said, to know Bill was close by. She didn't reckon "pop" would be so pleased about it, but she put her telephone number down and asked Bill to ring her as soon as possible.

Bill knew that Brake-shoe couldn't get back home in the time which had intervened between their near meeting in the yards and the present. Bill got on the phone.

The boomer thrilled up and down at the sound of Lila's voice. He hadn't heard of it for months—not since he'd been fired out of the Big Horn country. Lila told him it would be safe to sneak up for a while. Pop was going down the east end at noon, and wouldn't be home until some time to-morrow night. Bill got running directions and headed for the green and white cottage.

It was one grand meeting. It took Lila, tall as she was, and strong as she was, fully three minutes before she could struggle free from Bill's powerful arms. At that she didn't appear to struggle very hard. She didn't think the front porch, however, was a fitting place for such an affectionate reunion.

"Listen, big boy," she said, her black eyes flashing, "I got a good reputation in this neighborhood."

Her laugh was musical, strong. She led Bill into the parlor and they forgot everything in the world for the next two hours and a half. Lila explained that she knew Bill had tried to write,

but that pop had a mail box at the post office and always got his personal mail there. That's why he'd got Bill's letters and mailed them all back.

"I knew you'd be drifting along one of these bright days," said Lila as she tousled the hogger's hair. "But, big boy, I don't want to be around when pop and you meet up. Not me. That'll be good."

"Maybe not so good for pop," chuckled Bill. "I got notions of my own just what I'm intendin' to do."

"Meaning what?" She lifted her fine brows.

"We ain't gonna be separated no more," affirmed Bill. "We're gonna get married right an' proper."

"Oh, we are!" She gave him a warm glance, a twinkle in her eyes.

"You said it," Bill mumbled. "I'm gonna get by here like I am now for maybe ninety days. By then I'll have a little stake of about eight hundred bucks. Then we can tell pop to go to—"

"Bill!" Her strong hand closed his lips. He kissed it fiercely as he drew her close to him.

"How about it, baby?" he asked, still holding her tight.

"You know me, Bill," she replied. "I'm game. Hell's going to bust loose when pop finds out, but—"

Bill stopped her with a kiss. She settled back on the couch and looked dreamily into space.

"I won't be a boomer always, honey," said Bill. "I can settle an' have a home, an' maybe some—some—"

"Little boomers," she finished for him. "Well, maybe."

Bill took his leave at noon. He was walking on the clouds. He walked headlong into Beck in a crowd near the station, but apparently Beck was too interested in getting somewhere quickly. Bill ducked, his heart in his mouth. But, so far as he could see, Beck had never looked his way.

V

With the help of the call boys, both night and day shift, to whom he slipped a dollar every now and then, Bill got by for two full months. The call boys kept an accurate check on Beck. If the traveling hogger was on the east end Bill would be called for the west end and vice versa. Beck had hired a flock of boomers until he'd got the division well manned with engine crews. He was away from Corbin a good part of the time, which enabled Bill to court Lila regularly. There was no indication of business slowing up. Bill worked more than full time, and the stake at the end of the sixty days had grown considerably. If he could only hold out another month. As far as Lila was concerned, she was ready to step off any time, but winter was hovering near, and Bill didn't want to be caught short on cash with a bride on his hands and no job. Lila was used to things in a modest sort of way, and Bill wanted to be sure he could maintain her once he married her.

Bill might have got along for another thirty days if the night call boy hadn't been misinformed. The night caller checked up to find out that Beck had gone down the east end to Buena Vista, so he told Bill, as he called him for an extra west two hours before daylight. Bill's engine, the 1209, was ordered for six o'clock.

Three hours later, with fifty miles of the west end between him and Corbin, Bill headed in at Pender to cross No. 26, the local passenger from Milan. Bill had given the running gear the once over and settled down on his seatbox for a nap, when the passenger

train pulled in. No. 26's engine stopped beyond the station about even with the 1209. The passing track was on the south side of the main line, which made the main line on the right-hand side of Bill's engine, heading west. Thus, when the passenger engine came to a halt the engineer's cab window on the varnished job looked right into Bill's window.

Bill, before he was fully aware of it, found himself looking squarely into Brake-shoe Beck's eyes. Beck was riding 26's jack. Bill saw the full, pugnacious face of the traveling engineer cloud, saw the massive jaw muscles bulge under the leathery cheeks, saw the dark eyes blink in amazement, then flash wrathful fire.

"Well, what the hell you lookin' at?" Bill thundered after a moment's pause in which he groped desperately for something to say.

"Why, you low-down son of a—" Bill lost the rest of Beck's snarled remarks as he saw Beck spring to the deck of the passenger engine, then to the ground. He was lithe as a panther. He was one of the last of the old school of fighting division officials who believed that the only way to rule was with a pair of brass knucks on one hand and a six gun in the other. Bill prepared himself to face the music. In those few fleeting seconds he saw his house of dreams tumble. He didn't have a leg to stand on.

"Where the hell did you come from?" Beck shot out as he reached the deck of Bill's engine.

"We just come up from Corbin," said Bill, trying his best grin on the traveling hogger.

"I know you didn't come from Omaha," snarled Beck. "What you doin' on this railroad?"

"What's it look like I'm doin'? Runnin' a air brake class?" Bill shot back.

"Who in hell hired you to run a engine here?" Beck wanted to know as he shot that heavy face into Bill's.

"Hired myself," said Bill. "You didn't think I'd ask you for a job, did you?"

"Maybe you did like you say, young feller," thundered Beck, "but I sure as hell am firin' you, right now. You git off this railroad."

"You get off this engine," retorted Bill, sitting erect. "You didn't hire me, an' you ain't gonna fire me."

"You'll get offa this railroad, or I'll have you pulled off," swore Beck.

That's what Beck had to do. Bill wouldn't budge. That didn't help Beck's temper. Finally the traveling hogger called in the Pender police force—both of 'em—and the two cops, together with Beck, separated Bill from the cab of the 1209. The cops had all they could do to get Bill down to the jail, where they jugged him on a charge of disorderly conduct. They didn't look so well after it was all over. Beck had to take the extra west over the road to Milan.

Bill got out of the Pender jail the next morning because no one showed up to press charges against him. The cops told the judge that all they knew about the case was that Bill had refused to leave his post on a freight engine, and had kicked up a rumpus when he was forced off with the help of the law. The judge turned Bill out and Bill got the first train to come along back to Corbin. It happened to be a freight under the guidance of Skipper Landis, so Bill rode in the crummy and told his troubles to the conductor.

"Hell, you ain't got nothin' to worry about," Landis consoled. "Why don't you lay low a couple days an' go

hire all over again? Tell 'em your name's Stanley, or somethin'."

Bill thanked Landis and told the skipper he wasn't through. Not by a long shot. What the hell! Half the guys on the division were "flaggin'"—working under an assumed name—right now!

VI

It took ten bucks each for the call boys, but a new engineer appeared on the board by noon that day. Bill had marked up as "G. Stanley." On the bulletin board, next to the crew board, he read a notice from the office of the traveling engineer to the effect that one W. Bannon, engineer, had been removed from service, and any engineman or trainman seeing said Bannon on railroad property or operating railroad equipment should report same immediately to the office of the division superintendent. Bill reached up, tore the notice from the board, crumpled it in his big fist and tossed it into a cuspidor. Then he went to the room to find Sleepy.

Sleepy was just getting up. He was sitting on the edge of the bed in his underwear, pulling on his socks. His iron gray hair was sticking straight up on his round head.

"Hell, I heard you got fired an' put in jail," snorted Sleepy, turning to look Bill up and down.

"I got all that," grinned Bill, "but I'm back to work now. Just hired out. Name's G. Stanley." Bill dropped into a chair, lit a cigarette.

"Just what might that there 'G' stand for?" queried Sleepy, scratching his paunch.

"Lord, I ain't thought of that," reflected Bill. "Might as well be George, I guess. If I can get by, just another thirty days—"

The first half of that period was easy. The traveling hogger went down with a cold which turned into la grippe. At first Bill thought it would interfere with his calls on Lila, but it happened that Beck's bedroom was at the rear of the house, and he was too sick to get out of bed. So Bill called whenever he had the opportunity, until Lila tipped him off to stay away, that pop was on the mend. On the road Bill breathed perfectly free as long as he knew where Beck was, and while he didn't wish pop any hard luck, he hoped that the traveling hogger would find it to his advantage to rest up a couple of weeks after his sick spell.

The traveling hogger, however, was made of the same general substance as nails. He was back on the job within three weeks. Bill had another week or ten days to go before he was ready to execute a whirlwind elopement with Beck's snappy daughter.

Bill doubled his bribes to the call boys, and the call boys responded nobly. "G. Stanley" was given the best of everything, and was kept clear of territory in which the traveling hogger was known to be operating. Everything was going along like clock work—too perfectly Bill thought, at times, as his last day neared.

VII

It was near the end of October. The weather had begun to get nasty. Cold winds swept down over from the mountains. Snow began to fall in the passes. Bill and Lila met the afternoon of October 24 to make their final arrangements. Lila had lost all hopes that Beck would relent and allow Bill to marry and live in peace. Business was slumping a little, but the crew shortage was growing. The boomers were drifting southward. Great

holes were being made on the engine board.

"We'll plan to get away on No. 1 to-night, honey," said Bill as he and Lila cuddled closer at the base of a tombstone in the little graveyard on the western edge of Corbin. It was the only safe place for Bill to meet her without being observed. "You get your bags ready an' I'll meet you in the alley at ten thirty. I'll get us squared out some way to Milan. That'll help us along that much. I hear they're hirin' down near Frisco on the Western Pacific, an' I know you'll be crazy about California."

It Was the Only Safe Place For Bill to Meet Her

"I know I'll just love it, big boy," said Lila. "I'll pack and be ready. Poor pop, I wish he'd let us stay here."

Thus Bill and Lila made their plans to get away from Corbin. The plans, however, had to undergo some alterations at ten o'clock that night. No. 1 was moving in two sections. Sleepy was called for first No. 1, which was to be pulled by a new type of engine, and Beck was to ride it with him The call boy insisted Bill would have to pull the second section. They didn't have another engineer in sight. Bill, of course, didn't have to do it, but he thought it would be a nice finishing touch to the division to grab off the traveling hogger's daughter and stage his elopement in the cab of one of Beck's own engines. He signed the book, went to the landlady, had her call Lila's home and got Lila on the wire.

Bill told Lila what he intended to do, and Lila said it was "jake" with her. Otherwise everything was as originally settled upon. Beck had left the house, so the coast was clear.

At half past ten two forms met in

the alley behind Beck's cottage. Lila was carrying two bags which Bill relieved her of. What's more, instead of the usual bridal traveling suit, Lila was dressed in a pair of faded overalls which she'd dug out of a closet. Something to remember pop by, she explained.

The elopers skirted the town through alleys until they came out at the far end of a dark street near the west lead of the yards. They spoke little as they crossed the main line, then circled so as to come upon the roundhouse from the rear. There Bill planted Lila and told her to wait until he brought his engine down from the table. At a torch signal she was to climb aboard

Bill took the baggage, got his engine, gave the caller an extra five spot.

"You're O. K.," said the caller. "You know Beck's ridin' the first section with Sleepy Wamby."

"I'll be right on his tail," chuckled Bill.

Bill stalled around at the sand house, oiling and going over the 909 until he heard Sleepy whistle out of the passenger station. First No. 1 was getting away a little off the card. The second was supposed to trail it by five minutes. Bill pulled down a little, waved his torch from the cab window, then saw Lila sneak out of the dark and grope her way aboard.

"Pop's just ahead of us," he told her. "Ridin' with Sleepy."

"Maybe he'll give us his blessings at Milan," said Lila.

Bill put Lila behind him on his seat-box, then cut out the gauge lights in the cab while he went to the west end of the station to pick up his train. It was already at the platform, and the skipper was waiting for Bill to couple on.

"Where the hell's your lights, feller?" growled the skipper, and Bill recognized Landis's voice as the conductor came aboard with the orders. "How you gonna see them gauges?"

"I'm keepin' dark till I get outta town," said Bill. "I got me some precious cargo in this here cab."

"Oh, so it's you," the skipper laughed. "What's the name? Stanley?"

"Naw, sir," said Bill. "To-night it's William Bannon, an' the future Mrs. Bannon's ridin' with him. Skipper Landis, meet Brake-shoe Beck's daughter. We're goin' west."

VIII

Skipper Landis acknowledged the introduction, complained again about the lighting of the cab. Bill lit up long enough to go over the orders with the conductor, who then went back to his plush quarters in one of the coaches, and second No. 1 left Corbin like a streak of blue lightning.

Bill had to give the 909 an unmerciful lacing to keep her stepping on the schedule. He kept his fireman in mind at the same time. He had eleven coaches trailing him, and while the jack was large enough it didn't seem to steam any too well.

Other than that it was a mighty nice ride. Bill and Lila talked all they could, and Bill gathered that she was getting about the last degree in thrills out of her engine elopement. It was during a spell of their conversation that Bill temporarily forgot that second No. 1 had to meet No. 12 somewhere along the line. He had batted it by the memorable station of Pender when he remembered. Bill took a look at his watch, gauged his speed, figured some few miles that lay ahead into the calculations and decided he'd have lots of time to go to another passing track at

Rayland. He wasn't a bit sparing of the side bearings on the curves, either. He supposed that Sleepy, chasing ahead of him on the first section, would beat it to Lone Butte, seven miles beyond Rayland.

Bill nosed into the long curve on the approach to Rayland and saw a pair of markers in the passing track and a lantern high in a caboose cupola. He had the air on his train, but kicked it off in an instant and rolled down to find a freight train on the siding.

"I'll run ahead an' back in," he mumbled to himself.

He ran ahead all right, but he didn't even pause. His headlight had shown him Sleepy's varnished first section nesting in the passing track ahead of the freight train's engine.

In that second Bill decided to take a foolish chance for two reasons. The first was that if he stopped and stayed there he'd meet No. 12 on the main line and have to saw the east-bound passenger by. The second was that if he stopped, Beck's presence on Sleepy's engine wouldn't do him any good. Bill remembered a mine spur two and a half miles ahead that would easily hold him, and as he came alongside of Sleepy's jack he widened on his throttle and roared out through the cut to make the spur.

He made it by the skin of his teeth, and at the same time he temporarily messed up the railroad. He knew just about what Beck was thinking before his rear end had flashed by Beck's berth on Sleepy's seat box.

It's decidedly against the rules on any railroad for a second section to pass a first section of a train unless authorized to do so, and orders are exchanged. Bill had to get off the main line, however, and he couldn't do it with Beck hanging around.

The fireman, who had a switch key, bent the rail at the spur. Bill wasn't clear of the main line twenty seconds before No. 12's headlight came bearing down. Skipper Landis came over to the engine to see who'd gone crazy and decide on what was to be done.

"Damn' if you ain't give me a extra gray hair," said Landis, scratching his dome and grinning at Bill in the light of the cab gauge lamps.

"That hogger on No. 12's gonna be worryin' a lot about where he's gonna spot this second section after he passes the first back down the railroad," mused Bill. "Oh, well. He'll get over it."

"An' this young lady's pa is gonna do a lot of wonderin' about some lunatic pullin' the second section around the first," surmised the skipper.

"Let him worry," was Bill's reply to that. "We'll stay here till first No. 1 gets back in the parade."

Ten minutes later first No. 1 rolled by the spur, but it's doubtful if the division official or Sleepy or any one else in the crew knew whether it really was first No. 1. The physical shape of the country right at the spur was such that when Bill got in clear of the main line the whole train was behind a little knoll and completely hidden. He knew when Sleepy highballed by, because he could see the headlight glare and hear Sleepy's exhaust on the other side of the knoll.

Bill waited five minutes to let Sleepy get far enough in the lead, then took to the high iron. As soon as he saw Landis's lantern swing the high sign from the coach step Bill took her by the neck and gave the 909 her head.

IX

Bill had her rolling above sixty when he straightened out a half mile

above the telegraph office at Birdseye. He was straining forward, the wind whipping his eyes when he saw, far down the track, the red markers of the first section growing dimmer with distance. He saw a lantern waving a washout stop sign, and in the next second he saw a fusee flare out in the same motions. The block light was red. Bill shut off and gave his train line a heavy reduction.

"Guess your pop's gonna meet us," Bill called to Lila. "They got plenty signs out to stop us."

"Pop or no pop, I'm sticking," said Lila, and Bill's gloved hand closed over hers. "Don't take any back talk, big boy."

Bill Ignited a Fusee and Began Swinging It

Bill ground to a stop at the platform directly in front of the telegraph office. But pop wasn't on the platform or anywhere else in sight. A thin, wiry telegrapher, the fusee still burning in his hand, came loping up. His face was pinched and drawn. Horror stood out in his staring eyes. He threw the fusee to the platform and sprang up two steps on the gangway.

"Fer — fer — God's sakes — can — can you catch that first section?" he panted heavily. "There's a freight drag in the block."

"Freight!" Bill shouted, springing to the deck. "Hell, man! How—"

"I—I overlooked a time order on first No. 1. Fort Clark just reported the freight out comin' this way," the operator spoke more rapidly now, having got his breath. "I clean forgot No. 1, an' he got by me a second too quick. God, man! You gotta hurry."

Bill yelled at the fireman to cut off the engine. The fireman sprang to the ground with a lantern, cut the air hose, closed the angle cock on the tank connection, and highballed. Bill tore out after Sleepy's speeding train while the fireman climbed over the coal and returned to the deck.

Bill gave the 909 an unmerciful rapping, threw caution to the winds. No light engine ever sped over anybody's railroad like that one did under Bill's iron fist. Sleepy's train had a three minute start on him, and catching the first section in the short span of a few miles wasn't going to be easy. Lila crouched at his shoulder blade. The fireman stayed on the deck with his scoop. The 909 pitched crazily.

Bill raced the jack at all she would stand for two miles through a snaky cañon before he again straightened on a tangent to catch sight of first No. 1's markers. As near as he could judge a mile still separated them, and every second counted. A chill ran up and down the boomer's spine as he thought of Sleepy wheeling head-on into a drag that an operator had let get away from him—six hundred passengers, some slumbering peacefully in the curtained berths, some dozing fitfully in day coaches.

Lila's tense fingers clutched at the sleeve of his jumper. He took his left hand from the throttle long enough to give her knee a reassuring pat. Neither spoke. A trip that he'd undertaken as a lark, as a last defiant gesture in the face of a man he despised, had turned into a grim race with impending death and destruction.

The hill beyond the next wide curve was Bill's last hope. He knew it would slow up Sleepy considerably, while the light engine could race up like a shot. The 909 careened wildly on that bend, seemed giddy in the jerk with which she took it, then righted herself, but only for a second. Another curve, to the right now, then the hill. Bill was leaning far out of his window. The red markers of the first section, actually almost within a stone's throw, looked a million miles away.

Bill was on his feet, leaning over Lila.

"Lissen, honey," he called into her ear. "You get over on the fireman's side." Lila nodded. "I'm goin' out ahead. Then he called his fireman. "You leave her wide open till I give you a sign with the lantern. Hear?"

The fireman heard.

"When I signal, you shut off. Now pull down your whistle cord an' keep it down." Bill reached under the seat box, took two fusees from the metal case, then grabbed the fireman's lantern and, leaving through the front window, he skinned rapidly along the running board, dropped to the pilot. The wind whipped his overalls unmercifully about him, the cold bit to the bone.

The whistle screamed just as Bill ignited a fusee and began swinging it in a wide underhand semicircle. Bill could see his own headlight glare reflected in the brass railing of first No. 1's observation platform. He kept

swinging his flaming red torch, and prayed that either the whistle, the headlight or the fusee would wake somebody up.

Then he saw the rear door of the observation open and a uniformed flagman blink into the headlight. Now another uniformed man appeared. Undoubtedly the skipper. Bill held his breath. The first section was a thousand feet ahead of him. Bill saw one of the men on the observation platform reach for the air valve and open it. He was big-holing first No. 1.

Bill tossed the fusee overboard, gave his fireman a sign with the lantern, and as he heard the engine shut off he skinned back into the cab and grabbed his brake valve handle.

The first section came to a stop with a grinding scream, sparks flying from gripping shoes. Bill got the 909 under control and coupled into the observation car while the skipper and his flagman stared wonderingly.

"Let's get goin' back—quick," yelled Bill at the skipper, who came fumbling along the gravel to inquire about the merry chase. "You guys are goin' right into a freight drag."

"Wh-wh-what the—the—" The skipper's tongue was tied.

"Come on," yelled Bill, and he tooted thrice on his whistle as the bewildered conductor swung his lantern in a wide, urgent circle as a sign to his own engine up ahead.

Sleepy didn't hesitate a second in giving an answering whistle blast. He had already been pumping up his train line, and his brakes were off in no time. Bill helped the first section wheel backward over the six miles it had traversed in the chase from Birdseye.

Bill cut off from the train at the west switch of the passing track to back down the main line and get his own train while the first section backed in to clear. Landis and his head brakeman coupled up.

"Here's where the fun begins, honey," Bill turned to Lila. His pumps whined as the air was cut into his train line. "Somebody named Beck's gonna ask a hell of a lot of questions."

"After that ride you gave me I guess I can stand anything," said Lila, forcing a smile. Bill studied her closely. Her face was drawn. She was trying hard to be brave.

"Sure's some way to stage our 'lopement," grinned Bill.

Landis came climbing aboard with comment on the brave eagle-eye and some handshaking.

"We'll back down to the other end an' head in the passin' track," said Landis. "We'd better get in the parade where we belong this time."

"Suits me," said Bill, and he started to back her down. Then he made out Beck's rugged form approaching in the light of the station platform.

They backed all the way down to the east switch, where they headed in, closed the gate, and started toward first No. 1's rear end to await developments. Bill's headlight caught Beck's form standing near the passing track and motioning him to come ahead. The second section eased to a stop. Bill saw Beck make for his gangway.

"Open your firebox, kid," Bill called to the fireman. He wanted to blind the traveling hogger as he came aboard. "An', baby," the boomer said to Lila, "you just take it easy an' sit right here so's you're kinda behind me."

"I'm with you, Bill," Lila breathed with a quiver. Bill could feel her hand tremble as she gripped his arm. Beck's heavy feet clanked on the deck apron. He blinked as his eyes got above the level of the fire.

"Hey, what the hell!" Beck thundered. "You don't need to do no hidin'."

Bill grew tense. He squared his shoulders.

"So it's Stanley. Hunh!" Beck snorted. "When the dispatcher said it was Engineer Stanley gone an' made himself a hero I knew damn well I never hired no Stanley, an' I knew damn well they's only one galoot in the country could run a light engine like that an'—"

"Well," Bill's growl was guttural.

"Listen, boomer!" Beck went on. He kicked the fire door shut and, blinking for a better vision, he put his face close to Bill's. "You done a hell of a good job jus' now. I ain't gonna war with you none. All you gotta do is name your ticket. Anything except Lila. What you got to say?"

"I don't have to name no ticket," said Bill slowly. "I already got Lila I just wanna—"

Beck suddenly grabbed Bill by the shoulder.

"Well—well—of all—say—"

The traveling hogger hit the roof of the cab. Bill's iron hand brought him to earth .

"Lila an' me's elopin'," said Bill fiercely. "She's right here with me All you gotta do is let us alone or damn' if I don't raise hell—"

Beck, aware for the first time of the form crouched behind Bill on the seat-box, shot forth a strong arm and jerked Lila into view of the gauge lights. Bill's quick left went out and freed Lila from the traveling hogger's grasp. Lila gave a little cry. Beck stood stock still, bared his teeth as if to snarl a remark, clenched his fists, then suddenly relaxed

"Elopin'," said Beck suddenly, very slowly as if talking to himself. "Elopin'." He scratched his head, pushed his hat back on his crown. The freight train coming from the west whistled for the station board.

The traveling hogger caught Bill by the arm.

"Say, ain't Milan fur 'nough for anybody to 'lope to?" Beck almost smiled. "Lissen. I'm gonna go back on that first section. When we get to town maybe we can find a preacher an' if you two ain't on hand, damn' if I don't send out—"

"We'll be on hand, pop," said Lila with a laugh.

"Count on us, pop," grinned Bill as Beck made for the gangway.

"An' you, yuh crazy boomer," called Beck. "I gotta get some official papers with the name Bannón on smuggled into the boss's file some way."

Beck hit the gravel and loped ahead while the time freight thundered by. The fireman on Bill's engine had to spread some coal, so Bill took advantage of the opportunity to stick his sooty face down into Lila's, just as Sleepy highballed out.

IF YOU'D LIKE A FREE COPY OF HARRY C. TEMPLE'S GREAT COVER ON THIS ISSUE, TURN TO PAGE 310

This Dame Is to Be a Brakeman for Us

"Over There" with Corky

In France During the War They Had No Air Brakes or Hog Laws, but They Did Have a Complicated Book of Rules

By James W. Earp

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

"RAILROADS and railroaders sure have changed styles since I first took my hitch in the game," opined the old freight conductor, who was visiting with the crew on the graveyard shift before he went home.

"When I began braking you had to be a real he-man to hold down a job. But now almost any slick-haired sheik can work in the yards or on the road. In the olden days such guys wouldn't even have been allowed on a right-of-way, let alone belong to the brotherhoods."

Nobody in the switch shanty contradicted the speaker, unless "Humpy" Cain's derisive snort was an answer. "Know-it-all" Bonner, the foreman over Humpy and "Dustpan" Kelly, merely smiled and helped himself to a fresh chew of navy plug as the veteran freight conductor went on:

"I'd sure like to see some of these boys with the manicured nails and number five feet and lily white hands trying to club a bunch of brakes on a

two per cent grade with the thermometer at zero or worse, and a blizzard whipping through their B. V. D.'s like it used to before we got air brakes, hog laws and electric headlights."

He waved his hand to include Humpy and Dustpan.

"If you boys had went through what me and Know-it-all has, you maybe wouldn't be here to-day. You've never had to put up with hardships—"

"Speaking for myself, I've seen more hardships than all the rest of you put together," Humpy retorted peevishly. "I've railroaded where they didn't have no air brakes and everybody rode the top all the time. And as for cabooses, they didn't know what they was. I've been on duty for seventy hours at a stretch and then have a sandwich and go again. And not only that, but the job I was on was one where they didn't fire you if you broke a rule—they just put you in jail and took off three months of your salary."

The old conductor shook his head angrily. "There never was a railroad job like that in my time, let alone your time. They had air brakes and hog laws before you were even weaned."

"Not in France," Humpy said in denial. "And that's where I was for nearly two years."

"France?" repeated the veteran conductor. "You railroaded in France?"

"That's what they called it," Humpy grunted. "If it hadn't been for Corky Jones I suppose I'd still be in France or the Leavenworth prison here for trying to do a one hundred per cent job of railroading."

"Corky Jones?" put in the old conductor.

"Yes," Humpy countered. "He was the smartest, niftiest little O. R. C. that ever cussed out a *chef de gare*. If you don't mind—"

"Shoot!" said Know-it-all. "We're all ears."

And Humpy shot.

II

I'm on my way to Camp Meade with seventy other old rails to help make up a regiment of so-called railroad engineers, when I first met up with Corky. Corky is off the L. & N. We pick him up at St. Louis along with a dozen other guys who start a crap game in the baggage car which I join in.

For some reason a fight starts and I stand back to let them go their gait, it being none of my business. Corky is in that fight, and about four different guys are trying to knock what few red hairs Corky has left on top of his head off into the country along the right-of-way. That sorta makes me peeved, so I get into action and put a couple out of his way so he can have more room to do his stuff, since he weighs only about one hundred and ten stripped.

"Much obliged, mate," says Corky when things settle down again. "I'll remember that. Corky Jones never forgets a favor or a friend. What's your handle?"

I tells him and we shake hands. That's the beginning of our friendship. When we get to Camp Meade we're put in the same barracks together. We stay there for two weeks and then they move us to Camp Leach to join the battalion of railroad engineers which is supposed to be there.

Before I'm there a week I'm wondering whether I ain't been misplaced or something. From what I could find out, there was only about twenty real rails in the whole outfit, and not one of

the officers had ever worked on a railroad in any capacity.

"I think," says Corky, "that we've been gypped. If this outfit is a railroad outfit, I belong on the staff with the generals. About the only railroading we'll do in France will be with a pick and shovel when we ain't shooting a gun."

I'm thinking the same way after I get better acquainted with the boys I'm pretty sure of it as the months begin to fly by and we drill eight hours a day with rifles and bayonets and gas masks and what nots. Just what that had to do with our job was beyond me.

I'm not surprised when we finally land in France and locate at a mudhole known as Montierchaume. Corky just looks at the place, then at me, and grins.

"Our division point," says he.

The next morning, as soon as we've given up trying to swallow our corned beef, the officers line us up for formation and begin to pass out picks and shovels. Then they march us down the road a mile or so and put us to work at learning how to be gandy dancers.

III

For a month we shovel mud and pick stones and build tracks and make ourselves useful. Then one day I mash my toe and have to go on the sick list for a couple of days, after which I'm made orderly for company headquarters. I'm there the morning that an old hard-boiled baby with a captain's bars on his shoulders blows down to go into conference with the C. O. of our outfit.

"I want eight full crews at once," he orders. "Sixteen brakemen, eight conductors, and the same number of engineers and firemen. And I want your best and most experienced men. God knows we've got enough riff-raff and booze hounds as it is. I want real railroad men, and I want them right now."

Do I get tickled at this? I sure do. I figure I'm going to get away from the pick and shovel gang.

"Cain," says the top kick. "Take this list and notify these men to report at No. 2 Barracks to Captain Connoly."

I take the list and go off to round up the men whose names are on it. But the more I look at the names and all, the more I wonder what they are being sent to the hard-boiled captain for. They're not rails at all. However, since it ain't my funeral, I does my duty and returns to the orderly room.

Then Captain Connoly blows back with blood in his eyes. The way he burns the C. O. is good to hear.

"What the hell's the idea of the joke?" he demands. "Didn't I tell you I wanted forty *railroad men?* And when I say 'railroad men' I don't mean street car motormen, Pullman conductors, and apartment house firemen."

The C. O. doesn't get him at all. The C. O. has the idea that any wop or bohunk can be a railroad man.

I'm trying to keep from grinning when Captain Connoly happens to look in my direction and barks:

"What railroad did you work for?"

"T. K. & P. and Central Branch," I replies. "Brakeman and switchman."

"How many more real rails do you know in this outfit?"

I tell him. Connoly grunts and says how he will pick his own, and for the C. O. to call the men for company formation. This over, he gives us a little examination, also rule books to study.

"To-morrow," says he, "we'll make a tour of inspection over the line on

which you will work. I don't suppose any of you boys can speak French?"

"I can," I speaks up. "My mother was from Canada, and I learned Canadian French when I was a kid."

"Fine," says Captain Connoly. "In that case we won't have to bother asking for an interpreter."

"Boy, howdy!" says Corky when we're alone. "We'll sure have some good times together, if you can polly voo this language. I'm sure glad you're one of my brakemen. I'm putting you on the head end with me so we'll be close together."

IV

WELL, the next day we make the tour of inspection. My partner is a hungry-looking gazabo named Simpson, who hails from Alabama.

Out on the main line we go on our flat cars, which has seats on them so we can see the better what it's all about. Captain Connoly is busy explaining the difference between the railroads in France and the ones at home. And take it from me, there are sure lots of differences. At least, there was in those days.

All trains in France use the left-hand track on double track. And the hogger's side is the left-hand side. The cars are dinky little wagons with two wheels under each end and have bumpers on the ends of the cars to keep them apart. The only brakes you have are hand brakes, and lots of the cars don't even have them.

The couplers are of the old hook-and-loop type, a hook and loop being on each car. You take the loop and put it over a hook and then take up the slack with the turnbuckle arrangement in the middle until you have not more than two inches of space between the bumpers.

No air on the engines. No headlights. When the hogger wants to stop he whistles for brakes down and uses the steam jam on the engine to help stop the train.

Instead of automatic signals, they have what they call the checkerboard system. A green-and-white checkerboard is set about a thousand meters or so from the station signal, and in between there and the station you find a red-and-white checkerboard. The green-and-white checkerboard is a kind of distant signal. If it's against you, you can expect to find the red-and-white the same way. If it's clear, usually so is the red-and-white checkerboard.

"And don't run by a red-and-white checkerboard!" Captain Connoly warns us. "You can't get away from it with an alibi. They're handled by towermen just like interlocking plants. Furthermore, when it is against you, it automatically sets two torpedoes on the rails which, if you explode them, gives you a chance to spend the rest of your life in jail. The towerman has to account to the main squeeze for every torpedo used. And remember that walking or standing on top of moving trains in France is also punishable by a prison term."

Oh, it was a cheerful outlook, all right. The way I sized up things, I was liable to spend most of my time in jail in France.

The first station we stop at, we meet up with the *chef de gare*, who is the last word in authority there. Every station has one. No matter what he says—it goes. He explains only to the main squeeze of the streak of rust for anything that happens there under his orders.

"What about flagging?" Corky asks.

I Tackle the *Chef de Gare* and Get the Frozen Eye

"Simple," says Connoly. "Out in the country you flag just as you would back home, except for the fact that when you get ready to go, you leave your flag in the country to come in on the first train. But you stop at the next station and notify the *chef de gare* you want a flagman, which will be given you. At station stops you have what corresponds to our yard limit boards and is known as the *limite de protection*. A train with sixty cars or less will always be inside these limits—and no train here hauls more than sixty cars."

The next morning at four g. m., I gets my first call. It's raining, as usual. It always rains in France. Out in the yards we got to find sixty of the dinky little wagons the frogs call cars. Simpson is already there with his red and white lanterns and flag. All I got is a white lantern.

Pretty soon the hogger, whose name is Gordon, backs down with his left-handed pig and ties onto the train. We let off the brakes and highballs him, and he pulls up to the junction where we head out on the main line.

At the junction we pick up the *chef de train*, a sort of pilot. This one is a

sissified little dude with a thing that looks like a bird cage but is really a lantern having different panes of glass on its sides—every color for a different kind of signal.

"Cut off your engine and pick up the *chef's* dog house," orders the yardmaster to me.

I do. The *chef's* dog house is a car with a covered top at one end of it for him to ride in. The wheel sets between his knees. Later on, I'm to know that all trains have at least three cars with dog houses on top of them, one on the head end, one in the middle, and one on the rear for the crew to ride in

The towerman lines up for us when we're ready and out on the main line we go. Nobody has any switch keys in France, or throws any switches, except the *chef de gares* and their assistants, which we called *sous chefs.*

We pass up two stations, and then find the semaphore against us at the third one. The *chef de train* gets down and strolls over to visit with the *chef de gare,* and they start throwing French at each other so fast that it's all I can do to get sense out of it

"What they saying?" Corky wants to know. "What's wrong now?"

"Well," I replies, "if I know the frog language, the *chef de train* is complaining about women and wine being higher in France since the Americans landed, and that he is going to go up to see if his *mademoiselle* is visiting with anybody else when he's out of town."

"Oh, heck!" Corky swears. "Ask that *chef* when we're getting out of town."

I do, but the *chef de train* isn't interested at all. He doesn't know and he doesn't care. I tackle the *chef de gare* and get the frozen eye.

Later on a *sous chef* explains to me that a *chef de gare* ain't supposed to talk to common privates in the railroad game. He also tells us that we're there for the Paris express, which ain't due for an hour yet.

"In that case we might as well eat," says Corky. "I've got our rations on the engine."

We ate our rations. Nothing but a loaf of bread and a can of corned willy. We ate it all. You can eat anything when you're hungry. While we're still trying to digest the rations the Paris express comes along and soon we get going again, but not until I go uptown and round up the *chef de train.*

"At this rate," says Corky, "we stand a good chance to be late for supper, and no chance at all for a dinner unless we can buy it."

Corky is right. Noontime finds us all starved. I'm so hungry I could eat an old shoe, and Simpson is chewing matches to pacify his stomach. We sure don't do no complaining when we run into another station board and find we're to do the indefinite stay again.

"Now for something to eat," says Corky. "I'll stand the feed. You ask the *chef de train* where a good restaurant is."

As usual, the *chef* isn't much interested. From what I gathered, all the places were closed at that hour. It was against the law to sell food except at certain hours, especially food in the way of meals. It was barely possible we might be able to buy something somewhere.

So off he goes to see another *mademoiselle* he knows up town. Me and Corky nose over to the station to have a look around. At the news-stand there we see a girl behind the counter on which is piled bread and stuff. I

bring out my French and ask about food. Right away she begins to lay out packages and name prices.

"What is it?" Corky wants to know as he looks at some of the packages

"Goat's cheese," I answers. "And that's about all, outside of bread." I points to the bread and Corky stares. The long loaves of bread looked more like sticks of cord wood than something to eat.

"*Chocolat,*" adds the girl just then.

"All right," grunts Corky to me. "Get some cheese and some chocolate and a loaf of bread. It'll eat, anyway."

I get the cheese and the chocolate, but no bread. It seems I've got to have a ration ticket to buy bread—and I don't happen to have no ration ticket. I argue, but it's no good. No ration ticket—no bread.

"Never mind," Corky breaks in. "Get the stuff. Ask her how much?"

"*Cinq francs,*" comes back the *mademoiselle* right off.

Corky hands over a ten-franc note and gets back five in change. The next thing I see is him giving the *mademoiselle* the five francs for herself. When we get outside I find the reason why. Corky had lifted a loaf of the bread and hid it under his overcoat while I was arguing with the *mademoiselle.*

"I didn't know how much it was worth," Corky grins, "but a dollar ought to pay for it."

We round up Simpson and get to feeding. The goat's cheese was tasty as long as you could keep from smelling it. By mixing it with the chocolate bars, which were bitter and unsweetened, we managed fairly well.

The bread was really the best part of the meal and the most tasty. You can believe it or not, but the three of us ate that whole loaf, which was about three feet long. And Simpson finished up the goat's cheese. Trust that guy not to let food go to waste.

V

BUT by the time we pull into Gievres that evening we're ready to eat again. As soon as we can get away we hit for a mess hall and get in line. When our turn comes the K. P. takes one look at us and shoos us away.

"You birds eat at your own mess hall," he says. "You don't belong to us."

"We ain't got no mess hall," Corky fires back. "We're railroad men and just got in here. Come on and shovel us some grub."

"Not here," says the K. P., and calls his mess sergeant, who backs him up. "If you get an order you can eat, but not before."

Out we go, pretty peeved. After getting turned down at two more mess halls we beat it for the yard office to see the G. Y. M. He is not at all concerned about us.

"Why didn't you get ration orders before you left Montierchaume?" says the G. Y. M. "We can't issue them to you here."

Neither could any one else, it seemed. We moseyed about the camp, looking for a place to buy or mooch something, only to find there wasn't any such place. And we don't get any less hungry in the moseying, you can take it from me. By the looks of things, we were due to go unfed for some time to come.

"I'll be damned if we do!" snorts Corky. "I'm an American soldier This is American grub. I'm going to have some of it or know the reason why. Come on with me till I find out who's the boss of this camp."

It didn't take Corky long to find out

the post commander and his office. The colonel himself ain't in, but a little dried-up guy with a snooty face and a baseball mustache is sitting with his spurred boots on top the desk so his feet won't slip off. He's even less interested than the G. Y. M. had been.

"Tell your troubles to your own officers," he says, real mean like, when Corky tells him what he wants. "We got enough to do to feed our own men."

Corky is so mad I'm expecting to see him hit this runt. But he don't. Outside, Corky cusses a blue streak and we help him all we can. We've just about decided to go hungry or else try to steal some food, when Corky lets out a grunt as an officer with a couple of chickens on his shoulders come down our way.

"Colonel!" Corky almost shouts. "That's the old boy himself. I'll just tackle him. He may be the boss of this camp."

He was. Corky gives him the snappy salute and tells his troubles without batting an eye, while me and Simpson do the parade rest behind him. The colonel, whose name was Brown, just sets his jaws real tight as he listens and then tells us to follow him.

We do. Back we go to the office where the runt with the baseball mustache is. The runt is still there. His feet come down with a bang when he sees the colonel. The colonel don't waste no time, but snaps out:

"Make out an order to mess hall No. 3 to feed these three boys. Also an order to Captain Orrison to furnish them with bed and blankets. And make it a permanent order."

Back to mess hall No. 3 we go to dine on cold slum, coffee without sugar or cream, dried apples and bread. However, we don't complain. We're tickled to be able to eat at all. After we're through we find our barracks and hit the hay. I'm just getting to sleep good when somebody starts shaking me.

"You're wanted at the yard office," says the boy. "Make it snappy."

"We can't be getting out?" whines Simpson. "We ain't had our eight hours' rest."

"And maybe never will have again," growls Corky. "This is the old army game. Let's go."

We do. Once we get started I curl up in my dog house for a good nap. It's daylight when I wake up. We're standing in a station somewhere and the *chef de train* is still complaining about the high price of wine. Just as I climb down to the ground up comes Corky.

"I've found a place where we can get eggs and chocolate," says Corky. "Come along, you and Simpson."

"Well, I'm ready," says Simpson.

He was. So was I. We feel almost sociable when we get back to the train. Some four hours later we go up and eat some more eggs and have some more chocolate, as there don't seem no possibility of us leaving town soon. It's two hours after that before we do.

"They certainly don't do things in a hurry over here," remarks Simpson.

"Why should they?" Corky comes back with. "They got nothing to do but live and eat and die and drink a little. Why hurry? Now, I know why the Germans have always licked hell out of France and took what they wanted. If this keeps up I may turn and put in a few licks myself."

VI

It's after three in the morning when we pull into our division again. I'm so dead for sleep that I don't take time to

undress, but just fall into bed and start snoring. It seems to me I'm not much more than asleep when somebody begins to yell in my ear and shake me.

"What do you want now?" I yell "Get away and leave me alone."

"Reveille!" whoops the guy, who is a sergeant. "Make it snappy."

"T'ell with reveille!" I snort back "I'm a railroad man and been three days without sleep."

"You'll get three months in the guardhouse if you don't get out there in line!" barks the sergeant. "You're in the army now, buddy. You ain't goldbrickin' for no railroad company."

I manage to get out of my bunk and stagger into formation just as soon as I can slip on my raincoat and tin hat—because, as usual, it's still raining

Just as soon as roll call is over and reveille, I'm planning to go back and finish my nap. For that reason I'm wondering why the C. O. ain't dismissing us right off. Soon I'm to know, when he looks us over with his eagle eye and announces with a smirk that this morning we're going to do some setting-up exercises before chow.

By This Time I'm Ready for Chow Myself

"Shed raincoats and hats!" thunders the sergeant top kick. "Take space!"

We do. When the boy next to me sheds his overcoat I have to look at him again to make sure I'm seeing right. Believe me or not, that buck

private don't have on nothing at all under that raincoat except his undies and a pair of leggings and shoes.

I kinda gasp at this until I skin and eye down the rest of the line. On the level, most of the guys in the outfit, outside of a few sergeants, were like the buck next to me. By and large they look like a bunch of "September Morns" and billboard advertisements for underwears. One look and the C. O. goes crazy. What he doesn't say to the gang ain't worth mentioning.

Then we do our setting-up exercises, undressed and all. After that he decides we need a little hike in the rain. And so we hike for an hour in the rain and mud, with the C. O. picking the dirtiest, muddiest, sloppiest places for the hike, until he is so tired he can't hike any more. By this time I'm ready for chow myself. I decide to postpone my nap until I eat.

At chow I meet up with Corky and Simpson, who are sure some peeved. We're peeved even more than that when a buck sergeant puts us to wheeling cinders in a wheelbarrow after breakfast. Noon finds us so dead on our feet that we sleep instead of eating dinner. Then back to the cinders again until four o'clock, when we're notified we're getting out.

"I can't do it," I says. "I'm all in."

Nevertheless we go, and we ain't a bit sore when three stations out find us on the spot for four fours while we let the Paris omnibus by.

Another station and a three-hour stop just about gives us our rest. We're feeling almost chipper again when we tackle the corned beef rations for breakfast.

Along about noon we stop again. This time to set out a couple of cars in the train. I'm hoping we're there long enough to find a place to eat some eggs and chocolate. When I mentions it to Corky he says the chances are we will be, and since we don't have to bother with the cars ourselves, we might as well go uptown and look around.

Together we stroll over to the station where the *chef de train* and *chef de gare* are holding a hand-flinging powwow and getting all excited over something.

"*Deux vagons!*" moans the *chef de gare.* "*Nom de Dieu! Nom de Dieu!*"

"*Deux vagons!*" echoes the *chef de train.*

"Whatell's wrong now?" Corky demands.

"Search me," I reply. "They're talking about two wagons. Maybe the two cars we're setting out are in bad order."

"Let them worry about that," Corky comes back. "Let's go eat."

We're gobbling up an omelette and drinking chocolate at one of the cafés when who blows in but the *chef de gare* and *chef de train* and all the *sous chefs.* They sit down at a table and order cognac. Now and then they mention the two wagons.

Evidently, from the way they talked, setting out cars on a French railroad is a tough proposition. It was something that called for lots of talk and care and cognac and studying. Before they finally come to an agreement, we're through with our meal and almost ready for another one.

But we don't. We follow them back down to the station where the dirty work is to be done. The hogger and fireboy are still on the engine waiting. The *chef de gare* shakes his head a half dozen times before he finally goes into the station and kneels down in front of a big safe and starts fooling with the combination.

At last he comes out with a long chain which he ties to his waist. On the end of the chain is what I guess is the switch key. I ask the nearest *sous chef* what's the idea, and he tells me that if the switch key was to get lost the *chef de gare* would lose his job.

One of the *sous chefs* chases out uptown and comes back some fifteen minutes later with an old white horse all harnessed up and a singletree trailing behind him.

They cut off behind the wagons and pull down so they can back through the crossovers where they cut the cars off. The old horse couples into them and pulls them down past the house track switch and then changes ends and pulls them in the clear.

Maybe I forgot to tell you that there were no facing point switches, and that the house track has only one opening, and that flying switches are against the law. If it hadn't been for the old horse, we never would have got those cars set out and got going

VII

It's getting sunup when we pull into Gievres and its nine-mile-long yard track. This time we don't have no trouble getting fed at the mess halls After that we hit the hay and sleep all day. We're just eating supper when we get called to go back.

Late that night we hit a red-and-white checkerboard out in the country and Simpson goes back to flag.

When we get ready to go we leave him there as per rules and regulations, and stop at the next station to notify the *chef de gare,* who begins to throw fits and tear his hair and act crazy. Not satisfied with that, he bawls out our *chef de train* something awful, just as if it was the *chef's* fault that poor old Simpson got left.

After some ten minutes of this he goes in and sits down at his desk and calls a *sous chef.* He tells this *sous chef* to go get a brakeman for us, and the *sous chef* goes off. Soon he comes back with a great big husky female. This dame is to be a brakeman for us.

"Well, she can't flag for me," says Corky. "You'll have to go back and be the flagman."

So back I go with a fresh batch of flagging material to the rear end, where there's a doghouse on top of the car for me to ride in. It's just a little past midnight when we stop out in the country again, and I mosey back to flag. I'm still there when I hear them whistle off and get gone.

They've been gone some twenty minutes when I locate a railroad crossing and the flagman's house there. I make myself at home.

You know, in France all the right-of-way of a railroad is fenced in and all road crossings at grade are protected with gates and gate tenders. You can't get across a track or through a gate unless they let you through. If it's at night you wake up the gate tender and make your wants known.

So that's how the land lies when I see a motorcycle with a side car drive up to the gate, which is closed and locked. A guy climbs off the motorcycle, and seeing my light, yells for me to let him across. Since I'm not the gate tender, and got no keys, I tell him I'm not the gate tender.

He cusses a minute, then goes to wake up the gate tender, who happens to be a woman. While he is doing this, another guy climbs out of the side car and yells at me:

"Who are you?"

I tell him. Then he wants to know what I'm doing out at that hour of the night in the country.

"Search me," I reply. "I'm just flagging."

"Have you got a pass to be out this late?" he shoots at me.

Well, I don't have no pass, and I say so. By this time the gate tender is opening the gate to let them through. The guy who says he is the provost marshal turns out to be a lieutenant of some kind. He points to the side car and tells me to get in it.

"I can't," I says. "I've got to stay here and go on in on the next train. I'm a railroad man, and I'm flagging a train."

"I'll flag your train for you," says the P. M., all grim like. "And I'll flag you down to jail for a little visit."

Then him and the driver laugh fit to kill themselves. The more I try to explain, the madder they get. I give up when the looey shoves a gun against my ribs and threatens to puncture me if I don't get in.

The next morning I'm yanked up before the looey for a hearing, charged with being A. W. O. L. and drunk and disorderly, and with my coat unbuttoned, and for not saying "sir" when addressing an officer. They take me back to Montierchaume, and read the charges to our C. O.

I try to explain, but the C. O. won't listen. They're taking me away to the bastile when who do I spy but Corky himself and Simpson. The guards won't let me talk, but Corky is nobody's fool. He beats it for the orderly room to find out for himself what it's all about. There he learns that I've been classed as A. W. O. L. by the top kick for not reporting in with the rest of the crew.

"But he wasn't," says Corky. "He was on duty. He was flagging."

"Tell that to the C. O.," yawns the top kick. "I've got troubles of my own."

So Corky gets permission from the top kick to see the C. O. He might as well have saved himself the trouble. The C. O. don't know anything about it, and cares less.

That afternoon I'm haled before the C. O. and the court-martial. It don't last long. Nobody had any say but the C. O. and the paper which the P. M. wrote. When it's all over, I'm on my way to do a ninety-day stretch, and do it for ten dollars a month.

VIII

HUMPY paused in his narrative to relight his pipe, which had gone out. Dustpan Kelly grunted and opened his mouth as if to speak, then closed it again.

"And they got away with stuff like that?" demanded Know-it-all Bonner.

"No, they didn't," broke in Humpy with a grin. "Corky saw to that. He got in touch with Captain Connoly and outlined what had happened. Two days later the captain blows into camp with the new colonel, who has just been appointed commander of that sector, and who is an old rail off the Pennsy. When the fireworks quit firing, I'm out of the guardhouse, and the C. O. and provost marshal are trying to explain why they had exceeded their authority."

"And how did you boys make out after that?" put in the old conductor.

"Fine," replied Humpy. "We had a transfer to a new outfit composed of nothing but real rails, and officered by a bunch of real rails, and with an all-night mess hall and a barracks where we could sleep all day if we wanted to. Life wasn't so hard in the army after that."

THE END

He Had Forgotten Something!

Sevens Beat Elevens

Ipecac Inadvertently Leaves Another Lady's Shoes In the Closet Where His Wife's Shoes Ought to Be

By Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

IPECAC INGALLS suddenly felt icy-footed centipedes promenading his spine four abreast, then recognized the symptoms. He had forgotten something! And for a boy with a wife like Susie—and a way with women like he had been displaying around the Greenville depot lately—forgetfulness could mighty easily get into the class with poison and unloaded guns.

Hence Ipecac, low in spirits, was nearing Greenville too fast for comfort in Pullman car 7, of which he was porter. Ipecac wasn't traveling between terminals any more; he was traveling between troubles.

For—as he now recalled—some three hundred-odd miles behind him, in a closet at his home in the same bag with his civilian costume, was what Susie would be sure to find—a pair of high-heeled women's shoes, the shade of a ripe orange.

Which was bad enough. But they were size seven, which was *much* worse. For Susie wore elevens. With a lot of leather cut out of them at strategic points, at that. Everything about Susie was large and strong—including her suspicions of that shrimp-sized Lothario, her husband.

"Knowed all time dat gal Ammonia in Greenville wuz li'ble git my bus'ness in a jam!" mourned the newly repentant Ipecac above his shoe

brushes. "Wantin' me fotch her dem shoes from New Yawk—an' den not gittin' up early 'nough to take 'em off de train when I passes back through. Somep'n back of *dat,* too. Now dey gwine move hell onto my block in Alley G in Bummin'ham!"

The engine interrupted him, whistling for Greenville. Ipecac prepared to become busier than a one-armed tailor with St. Vitus dance threading a needle, brushing off his seat passengers and piling their baggage in the vestibule. Operations which he barely finished in time.

Ipecac had just one criticism of the Greenville station layout; it was too accessible to the general public. Which feature, while making it easy for the better-looking colored girls, like Ammonia, to stroll down the platforms just as the Pullman Company's most sheik-like porter might be idling at the steps of car 7, also had its drawbacks. Such as now.

A strong, silent character with much on his mind was coming along the side of the train, making some inquiry of each porter. A car-length away, Ipecac got his drift—and did some high-speed drifting himself, to the inside of his car, where he became busy making up unsold uppers.

"Sho is pesterin' yo'self early tonight wid yo' call list, Ipecac," offered a co-worker jovially, some time later, as he came upon that worried functionary, pencil in hand, in the dressing room.

"Dis heah ain't no call list," rejoined Ipecac gloomily, as he continued to wield his pencil stub. "I's jes' scratchin' dat 'Monia gal off my callin' list. Been dar one trip too long now. She talk too much."

"How you know she talk too much?"

"Boy, when I sees a' el'phant-sized nigger wid a razah fo' he watch-chahm, comin' 'long de train axin' ev'body is dey name Indigo Blue, I knows two things: dat he wife's been talkin' in her sleep, an' dat I's got bus'ness *inside* de car."

"'Indigo Blue?' Huccome dat name?"

"Dat my trade name—same as cawn flakes. 'Round landlawds an' women—dat's two places usin' you own name li'ble git you in a jam."

"Ain't hit so! An' now whut you gwine do 'bout dis Greenville an' Bummin'ham jam you's in?"

"Gwine see ol' fawtune-teller in Hund'ed an' Thirty-Fifth Street quick as de wheels'll roll me dar."

"Nigger, you ain't need no fawtune-teller—you needs a Boston run."

"Needs a airplane run, you means—back to Bummin'ham befo' Susie open dat bag in my clawset. Dat woman sho is gwine ax questions an' fling fu'n'ture when she find 'nother woman's clo'es in my valise!"

II

At the Pennsylvania station in New York, Ipecac couldn't get through quickly enough. And subways weren't fast enough until he had made a dark splash in the middle of one of Harlem's big thoroughfares. With no mother to guide him, he was hunting help with a dollar bill in either hand. Harlem knows how to accommodate such

"Craves to read de future!" panted Ipecac across a table from "Mme. Octavia—She Reads the Future."

"A dollar a revelation," stated the seeress, checking up on Ipecac's visible supply of cash. "How far would you care to peer—"

"Peer fast! About four-bits wuth," requested her patron earnestly. "Tell

me ef I need mo' peerin' or jes' a tombstone."

"I see iron bars—"

"You's lookin' in de wrong place!" again interrupted her client. "Ain't crave no bars."

"Ah! I have it!" exclaimed the crystal gazer, taking his money.

"Sho is," corroborated Ipecac gloomily. "Whole dollar."

"—an' now I see a large dark man entering your future."

"Nemmind de big Greenville nigger," interrupted Ipecac again. "Git Bummin'ham on dat ball—2924 Alley G is the numbah. Craves to see ef Susie open dat clawset whar dem shoes is yit."

Mme Octavia gazed and seemed to grow more animated. "I see a large woman," she divulged.

"Yeah, dat Susie!" gibbered the alarmed Ipecac. "Whut she doin'?"

"The crystal begins to grow dim—"

"Rub hit wid dis!" instructed Ipecac avidly, shucking out another dollar bill. He had been to fortune tellers before.

"It clears!" breathed the prophetess. "She is moving toward a door—a closet—"

"Holler at her!" implored Ipecac, interrupting the seeress.

The latter took the cue.

"—but she draws back. Some one is coming. It looks like you. Evidently you are going to take a long journey soon. You will arrive in time if—if—again it dims."

"Let 'er dim—I ain't got no mo' money." Ipecac terminated a conversation that was costing more than long-distance telephoning. This ball was all the time needing more rubbing, like old car faucets. Anyhow, he was going to arrive in time to save himself with

"Ah! I Have It," Exclaimed the Crystal Gazer, Taking His Money

Susie. With that known, why pay out more?

III

IPECAC went through Greenville two mornings later with the shades down and a vestibule door on the side opposite the station handily open. But his hunch proved correct. Few injured husbands felt injured enough to get up before dawn about it. Even duels didn't start until sunrise.

Yet passing Greenville had its other aspects. Alley G began to loom nearer with each mile. Ipecac was half hearted at Peachtree Street and practically half-witted with worry at Anniston. Each additional mile added to his conviction that he should have stayed through the full nine innings with that crystal ball in One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth Street. Maybe he had grown economical too soon. For he knew Susie.

And he was going about thirty-five miles an hour toward a situation where lying wasn't going to be enough; facts alone would serve then. But the facts weren't working for Ipecac in this case! He needed lots of facts, new facts—

Something unfamiliar hit Ipecac amidships like a ten-ton truck. He wasn't used to ideas. And this one wasn't so hot at first sight. Nevertheless, it grew on him. Only one thing recommended it, and that was, it would save him with Susie. Otherwise, it had more drawbacks than a hair shirt. It was the lesser evil, but—like the country boy going to town Saturday night to get drunk—Gosh, how he dreaded it!

The cream of the jest was that Susie was to finance its sole expense.

In Alley G that afternoon, Susie set out a row of flat irons in assorted sizes, and sat down to wait—for the erring Ipecac.

Hours passed before there came shuffling up the alley a dusky youth who was owlishly pretending that he could read house numbers.

"Miz Susie Ingalls live heah?"

"Ain't know her." Susie didn't answer general questions until she was better posted on their import.

"Been lookin' fo' her ev'ywhars," complained the youth. "Her husband say fo' me tell her he ain't be home twel he git up fawty dollars fo' de white folks."

"Kept tellin' dat nigger not to buy dat calliope on the 'stortion plan!" Susie betrayed her identity in her new wrath. "Now old muddyfoots done got him!"

"Naw'm, ain't no muddyfoots," divulged the messenger devastatingly. "He jes' in de jail-house!"

"In de *jail-house!*"

"Yas'm. Dat huccome I's lookin' fo' you. He say fo' you to fotch him de fawty."

Susie snorted. "Tell dat nigger he's in the jail-house *from now on,* den, if he thinks *I* gwine spend *my* good money gittin' him out!" She sent another of the best laid plans of mice and men crashingly a-gley. "Whut I want wid him, nohow?"

On receipt of which faithfully relayed news in the scene of his durance vile, Ipecac suffered simultaneously with fallings of his arches, spirits and cash reserves. Next time old fortune teller mentioned iron bars, Ipecac was going to be listening better! And evidently Susie was madder about those shoes than he had figured on.

Groaningly Ipecac dug into his coat-lining for the forty dollars he had been holding out for the big game back of the barbecue stand Saturday night.

IV

ALLEY G foregathered nervously for the home-coming of Ipecac that eve-

ning. Susie often made such occasions quite an event. For the neighbors as well as for Ipecac. Now the shades of night were falling far faster than Ipecac's reluctant feet upon the alley's pavement, as he neared a show-down. In rather less than no time now, he was

Ipecac G mpsed Someth ng That Sent His Heart Into Its Sub-Basement

going to know all about how good his elaborate scheme for fooling Susie about those shoes really was.

Soft-footedly he shuffled within his sagging gate. Nothing happened. Which might mean anything.

Tentatively he flung his cane in through the open front door. It did not come out. Which, too, might mean anything. But there was no mistaking the meaning of what came next

"*Come in dis house, nigger!*"

Ipecac recognized the tone—all full of hospitals and liniment for him. Entering under its compulsions, he glimpsed something that sent his heart into its sub-basement, where it cowered in a far corner. For the door to the fatal closet stood half open, and the even more fatal traveling bag was plainly visible through it.

"Now staht lyin', shrimp!" the voice of Susie cut through the fear that enveloped him. "Who had you 'rested? An' fo' whut?"

Ipecac gulped. Here was the crux of the whole matter. It was his story, and he had to stick to it now.

"C'm awn wid hit!" Susie was tapping the floor with a foot about the size of a suitcase. Belligerently.

"I—I done been framed up," Ipecac launched himself shakily upon perilous prevarication. "Nigger plants a pa'r of gal's new yaller shoes on me. Why, dey wuz even de wrong size fo' you, honey—"

"Don't you 'honey' me!"

"Den he had me 'rested fo' stealin' 'em—"

"Nigger name' who?" Susie interrupted again. She had found Ipecac weak on cross-examination, as a rule, when he was lying.

"Name' Indigo Blue." The Pullman porter was on firm ground now.

Susie paused suspiciously. Ipecac cheered himself silently. Using two names like that sure' helped a boy out when he had *his ownself arrested* this way in order to lend proper plausibility to a later lie to his wife about how he happened to have another woman's shoes in his traveling bag!

It was the very essence of his scheme. And it was working! Susie was—unwillingly—believing him. It was in her face, in her ruminative, "I *could* swap 'em fo' a bigger pa'r," as she cast a softened glance upon him.

Ipecac took one relieved and triumphant breath. Saved! Strategy had turned the trick! Explaining away a pair of sevens to a wife who wore elevens was easy when a boy had brains.

An innocent sentence dropped in passing by Susie caught Ipecac's ear and crashed through his elation like a ten-wheeler going through a string of empty boxes. In a twinkling it had converted a modern Machiavelli into a mere human flat tire, wabbling in sorrowful circles beneath a mocking moon!

"Oh, Lawd! Three dollars fo' de shoes!" mourned the stricken soul. "Two bucks fo' readin' de future. Fawty smackers of my own money—'stead of Susie's—to git me out de jail house! Three days skeered to death! *An' Susie hadn't never looked in dat clawset befo'*, after all!"

BIG ENGINE—LITTLE LOCAL

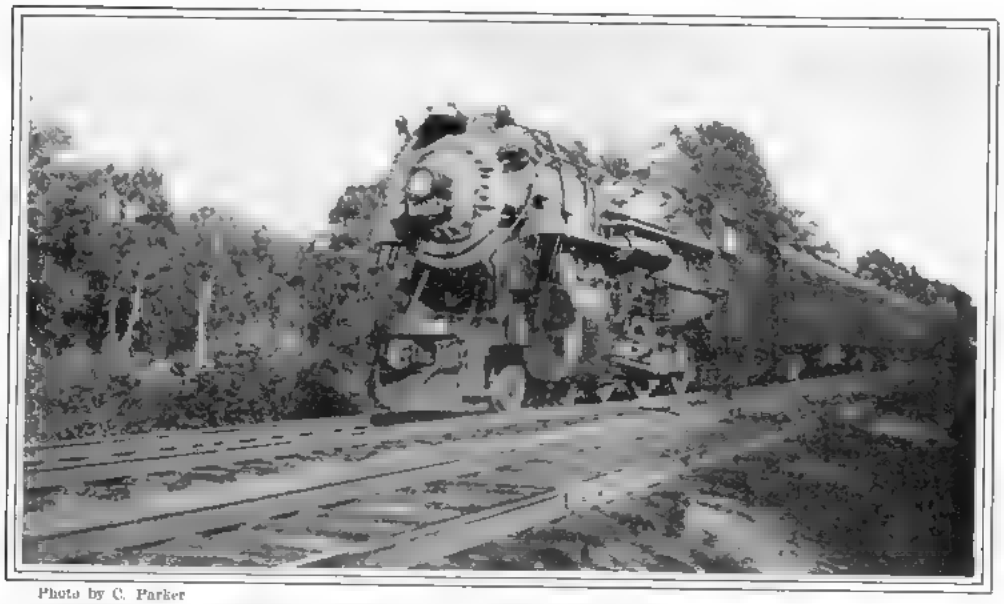


Photo by C. Parker

Locomotive No. 402 on a Boston & Albany Local at Newtown Centre, Mass. Lots of Power for Two Cars

Even the Frankl n Booster Is Provided with Rol er Bearings on the Crank Shaft and Idler Gear

Roller Bearings on a Roaming Jack

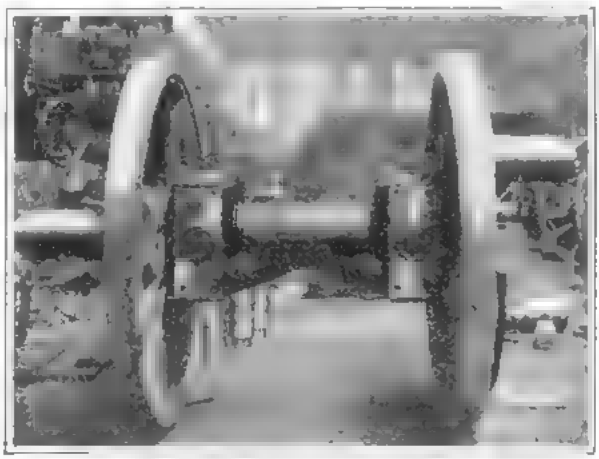
Could You Use a Locomotive in Your Home? Here's Your Chance to Try Out a Big Fellow Without Charge

By John A. Thompson

FOR quite a while now, the high-pressure salesman with a vacuum cleaner under his arm or a folding flatiron in his brief case, has been ringing doorbells and saying:

"Madam, let me leave this indispensable little gadget here for a few days. Try it out in your own home. See how you like it. No obligation madam. A pleasure, I assure you."

It is a swell system. The missus cleans the rugs and the overstuffed furniture, or irons her silk what-do-you-call-'ems, as the case may be, and pretty soon finds out whether she wants the blame thing or not in her housekeeping.



Driving Whee s on the Timken Jack

Now big business has taken up home selling tactics. They are being tried out with the railroads. Tried out on a tremendous scale

The American Locomotive Company recent-

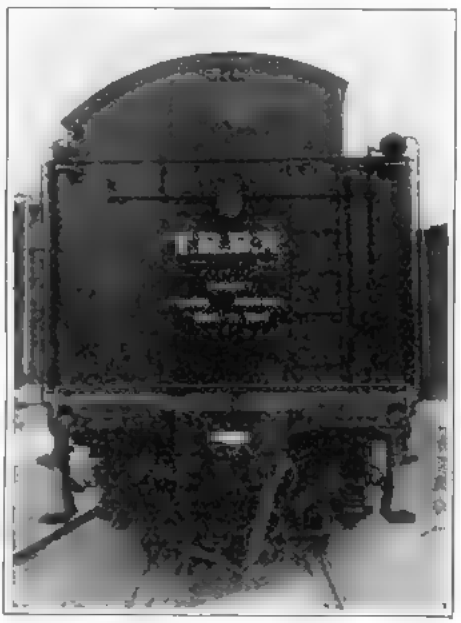
ly built and delivered a huge locomotive of the 4-8-4 type to the Timken Roller Bearing Company. It is a beautiful $150,000 job, designed for both fast freight and heavy passenger service. All of its axle journals are equipped with roller bearings.

The Timken people don't want the locomotive themselves. They really don't need it. But they are very anxious to convince the railroads that roller bearings are the new trend in modern motive power units. Blue prints, figures, theories are fine. But not half as good as actual demonstrations. Hence the big jack

You provide the railroad, the tracks and the traffic, and the Timken concern will let you have their demonstration locomotive for any running tests you desire. It is a great scheme. Something new in the history of railroading.

Just to make things easier, a specially constructed cabin was built on the tender for the Timken representatives to live in and keep an authentic record of all demonstration statistics.

The New York Central was the first to try out the locomotive. The Pennsylvania came next.



Rear View of Tender, Showing Cabin Built Especially for Demonstration Check-up

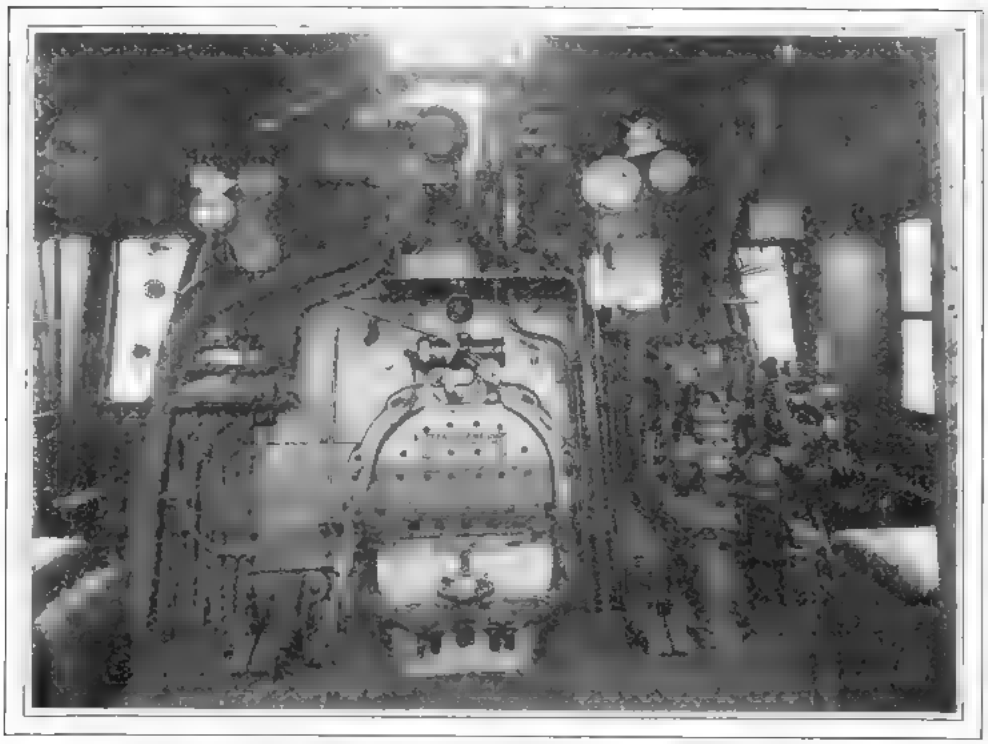
The locomotive operates at a boiler pressure of either 250 or 235 pounds. At the former pressure it is capable of developing a speed of 85 miles an hour. The cylinders have a 27-inch diameter and a 30-inch stroke. The driving wheels stand 73 inches high.

Building the roller-bearing jack offered a practical example of coöperative effort in industry. After the bearing company decided to go ahead with the locomotive, plans for its construction were shown to a lot of locomotive specialty manufacturers, some 52 of whom supplied their equipment on an open account basis.

In other words, they were willing that payment should be deferred until the jack is sold at the end of its two-year demonstration period.

The locomotive was built to prove to the railroads the feasibility of roller bearings on all the axle journals of a big, high-powered, heavy and thoroughly up-to-minute jack. The idea of a new locomotive—instead of reconstructing an existing engine owned or operated by any one particular road — was farsighted. It affords all interested railroads an opportunity of making whatever tests they please.

Furthermore, the locomotive, being in purely demonstration service, can be more readily checked against the operating performance of any road's customary power units. Naturally this required a locomotive of sufficient power and capacity to compare favorably with the best in the business. At the same time, the loco-



Interior View of the Timken Engine Cab, a Mechanical Paradise

motive builders were restricted somewhat by the various weight and clearance limitations of the roads on which tests would most likely be conducted.

Satisfying these limitations and at the same time producing as powerful a locomotive as was desired, was a tough problem. The 4-8-4 was finally decided upon and an ingenious special arrangement devised for adjusting the weight on the drivers.

The roller bearings on the driving axles removed some of the restrictions regarding the speed at which the locomotive could be safely operated with respect to bearing conditions.

Careful attention to the details of design, clever selection of materials the size of the drivers and a neat proportioning of the cylinders all combined to give a very close approach to the ideal locomotive having ample boiler capacity and being still within the weight and clearance limitations required for service on most of the railroads in the United States and Canada.

It is contended that one of the principal advantages of roller bearings on the main driving axle journals is that they permit a full 360 degree bearing. The piston thrust is resisted by 180 degrees of bearing, compared to half this amount afforded by the usual plain bearing and the possibility of the axle lifting out of the bearing is eliminated

The designers realized that the full 360 degree bearing could be attainable over a long period of time only by maintaining a meticulously correct spacing of the driving wheels and side rods

Therefore, adjustable features such as shoes and wedges were considered

undesirable. Likewise, it was understood that the ordinary materials such as iron and brass would not last long if made nonadjustable. So a complete hardened steel set of parts was designed in connection with the mounting of the driver bearings in the frames.

The bearing housing of one piece extends across the frames and contains a roller bearing at each end. Hardened and ground liners are welded to the housings which are also provided with trunnions at the sides having hardened steel bushings which engage with the trunnion guides. The guides are of hardened and ground steel.

It is expected that these guides will not require any service attention for about 150,000 locomotive-miles.

The engine truck has been constructed and designed to permit the utilization of the standard type of rolled steel wheels having the small symmetrical hubs used on tenders. Thus the necessity of carrying engine truck wheels with large hubs is eliminated.

The rear trailer bearings are of the conventional roller-bearing type and take care of the thrust reactions of the trailer truck. The front axle bearings do not take thrust reactions. Instead, they are provided with a self-centering lateral motion device on rollers allowing almost 3 inches of lateral motion, and this is within the I. C. C. regulations.

The bearings on the tender journals are composed of four rows of medium-sized bearings mounted as a unit in the housing. This bearing operates in plain bearing pedestals. No change is necessary in the construction of the truck frames, springs, equalizers or brakes. The units are interchangeable with plain bearings.

Even the Franklin booster is provided with roller bearings on the crank shaft and the idler gear.

As for special equipment, the locomotive is supplied with a Type E superheater, a Tangential steam drier, Standard BK type automatic stoker, a three unit feedwater heater and Nicholson thermic syphons. A 2 per cent nickel steel alloy is used in the boiler and firebox plates.

The tender has a cast-steel water bottom tender frame carried on two six-wheel trucks and has a capacity for 14,200 gallons of water and 21 tons of coal. The locomotive is fitted with train control equipment as a feature taken to remove possible limitations on its use on as many roads as possible.

The operation economies expected from this huge roller-bearing locomotive are chiefly those believed to be possible from long and constant running with a minimum of time out for shop repairs to the driver and other journal bearings.

There is another side to the picture, too. It has been estimated that the roller friction when starting is only about 5 per cent of that of a plain bearing, which means that about 95 per cent of the weight of the locomotive, or over 670,000 pounds, can be added to the train without exceeding the limit of the locomotive's starting resistance.

Power locomotives with roller bearings are expected to pull heavier trains—which is, of course, an important economy in railroad operation.

Incidentally, the speed friction curve for a roller bearing is a straight line from zero to the maximum speeds. What friction there is, is constant and not dependent on the speed with which the train is moving, which is decidedly not the case where plain bearings are used.

In the latter case the curve for a plain friction bearing is high at the start, gradually decreasing as the speed picks up until friction is at its minimum at a speed of about 30 miles an hour. Beyond that speed, increasing the rate of travel increases the friction gradually—due, they say, to an inadequate maintenance of the thin film of oil at tremendously high operating speeds.

Following are the weights and dimensions of the Timken locomotive:

Maximum tractive force .. 59,900 lbs.
(Boiler pressure 235 lbs.)
Tractive force, booster . 12,000 lbs
(Boiler pressure 235 lbs.)
Cylinders, diameter and stroke, 27 in. by 30 in.
Valve gear, type..... Walschaert.

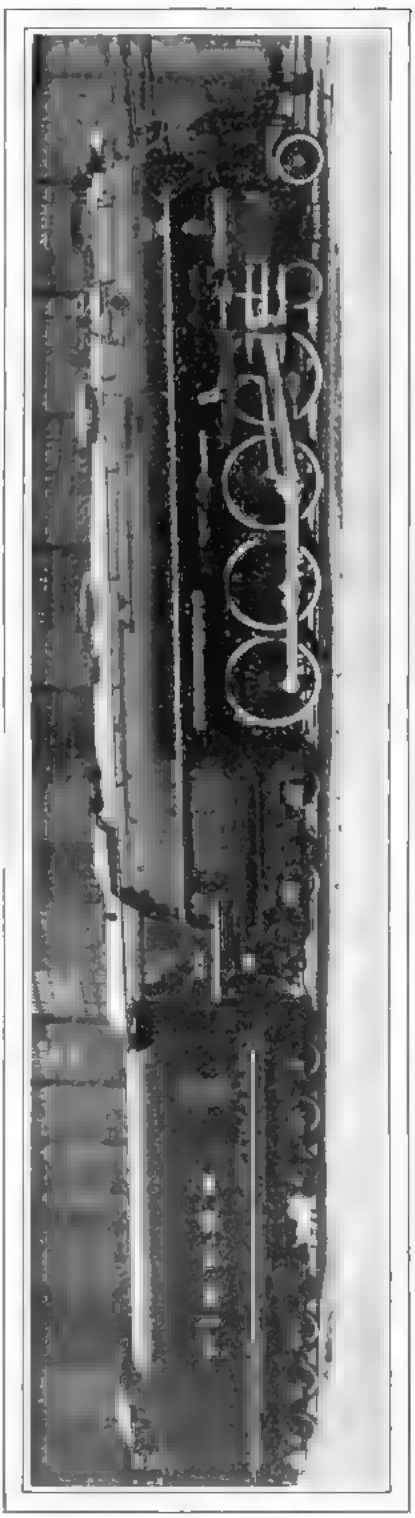
Weights in working order under 235 lbs. boiler pressure:
On drivers ..... 246,000 lbs
On trailing truck, front .. 48,000 lbs.
On trailing truck, rear .. 55,000 lbs
On front truck ..... 67,500 lbs
Total engine ..... 417,500 lbs.

Total weight, engine & tender 711,500 lbs.

Wheel bases:
Driving ..... 19 ft. 3 in.
Driving, rigid ..... 12 ft. 10 in.
Total engine ..... 45 ft. 10 in.
Total, engine and tender 89 ft. 9¼ in.
Driving wheels, diameter outside tires .. .. 73 in.

Heating surfaces:
Firebox and combustion chamber ... . 360 sq ft.
Arch tubes 18 sq ft
Thermic syphons . 105 sq ft
Tubes and flues.... 4,637 sq ft.
Total evaporative . . . 5,120 sq ft
Superheating .. .. 2,157 sq. ft.
Combined evaporating and superheating .. .. 7,277 sq. ft.

Tender:
Water capacity ..... 14,200 gals.
Fuel capacity ..... 21 tons.
Wheels, diameter outside tires 33 ins.
Journals, nominal diameter and length..... 6 in. by 12 in.



Here is the $150,000 Roller-Bearing Jack, with the Observation Cabin on the Rear of the Tender

Two Miles a Minute

The Last Survivor of the Fastest Locomotive Run in the World's History Tells of the Thrill

By D. S. McClellan
Atlantic Coast Line Dispatcher
As Told to W. H. Colson

ASIDE from the fact that I lay claim to being a good train dispatcher, I am, so far as I know, the only man living who has traveled at the rate of two miles a minute in the cab of a locomotive while this locomotive was making a heart-breaking race for an important mail contract.

It happened back in March, 1901, on the old Plant System, which is now a part of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, between Savannah, Georgia, and Jacksonville, Florida. It was in that month that we learned that our contract for hauling the West Indies mail was about to expire and a new contract was soon to be let for a period of years.

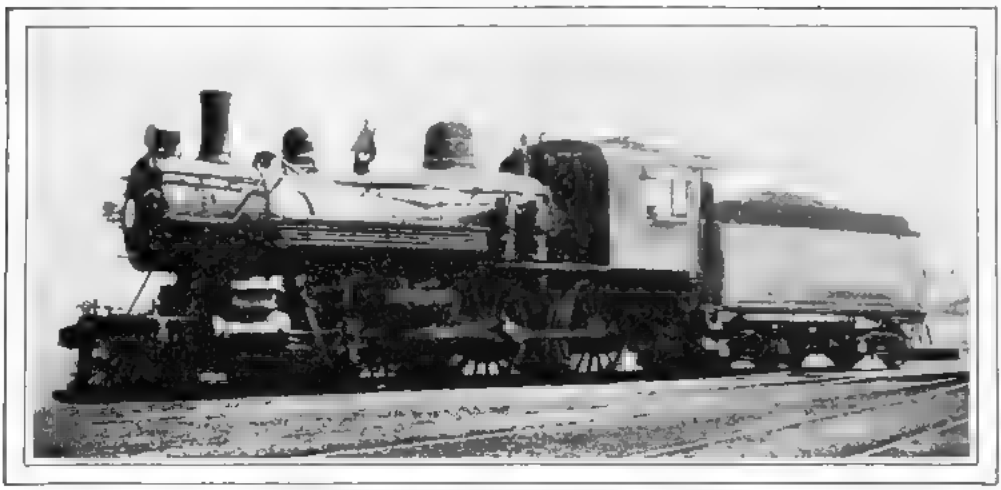
D. S. McClellan, Chief Dispatcher, Atlantic Coast Line Railway

It was the plan of the Government to send eight cars of mail out of Washington bound for Cuba. Our line was to receive four of these cars at Richmond and the other four were to go to our competitor at the same point. From there to Jacksonville it was to be a mad, man-killing pace, and excitement ran rather high over the length and breadth of our road. Naturally, we wanted to continue to haul that mail.

Word finally came through which fixed the date of the race. The officials picked Ned Leake, an engineer who had made some fast time on several runs and a man who was known to be absolutely fearless, to make the run from Savannah to Jacksonville

Leake's engine was the 107. She was put in the shop and given the closest attention and inspection. Everything on her was gone over with a microscope.

Our competing line changed its schedule so that the train which would carry the four cars of mail over its rails would arrive in Jacksonville ahead of the schedule of our No. 23. It was necessary then for the Plant System to run the mail cars as an extra from Savannah to Jacksonville This, it must be remembered, was before the Jesup-Folkston cut-off was



The Old Plant System's Speed Demon No. 111 (Now 210)

built, and our Florida traffic had to go via Waycross. The mileage from Savannah to Jacksonville via Waycross is 172 miles, while our competing line had only 138 miles to go.

We keyed the schedule up to 172 minutes to make our run. Holding to this time would put our extra into Jacksonville safely ahead of our competitor.

I was working the second trick over the train sheet at Waycross in those days and since I was off duty at midnight, I decided to ride a freight train up to Jesup and ride the engine of the mail extra from there to Jacksonville.

When I dropped off the freight train and pulled up at the Jesup platform the 107 was slicked up like a race horse ready for the Kentucky Derby. Every man on the entire southern end of the system was keyed up almost to the breaking point. The very air was surcharged with contagious tensity.

All trains on the road had "31" orders to clear the mail extra by thirty minutes at open telegraph offices. Special instructions were issued to conductors and engineers calling on them personally to examine switches and to see that they were securely locked to the main track.

Start of the Big Race

The mail special rolled into Savannah three minutes ahead of the other line, the 107 was hooked on and she pulled out still three minutes to the good. Engineer Leake, Uncle Jimmy Ambrose, traveling road engineer, a Negro fireman and a coal passer were in the cab. Conductor Lindsay Kirkland, now at the Conductors' Home at Oatman Island near Savannah, was in charge.

At Burroughs, twelve miles out from Savannah, the main driving axle ran hot. Uncle Jimmy wanted to change engines here and take the 111 which was pulling No. 23, and which had come up behind. Leake insisted, however, that he could get her cooled off.

Our competitor's line crossed us at Burroughs and while the mail special was standing there with the crew trying to get the 107 cool, the competing gang highballed by with a lot of funny cracks.

After losing seventeen minutes at Burroughs we got under way again.

Our mail made Fleming, nine miles farther along, at high speed only to have the 107 run hot again. Uncle Jimmy then ordered engines traded with train No. 23 which was close behind. The mail toook engine 111 with Engineer Albert Lodge which was hooked on. Ned Leake was brokenhearted, but he saw it was hopeless with the 107. The delay was a little over an hour.

Albert Lodge, Engineer on the Old 111

The extra rolled into Jesup at daylight. I climbed aboard the engine and took a seat beside Uncle Jimmy on the fireman's side. We hung up there three minutes taking water and oiling up. Lodge got his signal and opened her up with a rush The race looked hopeless.

As we approached Screven, eleven and one half miles south of Jesup, at 5 10 A.M. Uncle Jimmy said to me.

"Son, this train is going mighty fast."

"Let's time her," I said.

I realized that we were running at a terrific rate. We took out our watches. From Screven to Satilla it is five miles, and we were breathless when we saw that the distance was made in exactly two and a half minutes! One hundred and twenty miles an hour!

I shall never forget the things that passed through my mind as we reached the top of a little grade just south of Screven and started down toward Satilla River. There was a curve just after passing over the river and we wondered if she would take it, or take to the woods.

At Patterson the steam dropped ten pounds and the speed went down to 100 miles an hour. We had to meet with No. 32 at Blackshear. It was so foggy we couldn't see more than fifty feet in front of the headlight, so we had to slow down to 10 miles an hour until we saw No. 23 pulling by in the siding. We stopped at Waycross and Lodge examined the 111 again. She was cool in all her bearings.

On Time!

The speedometer again went to 120 miles an hour as we passed Dyal, Fla., and remained there until Callahan was behind us. Right then we struck the schedule which had been laid out for us into Jacksonville

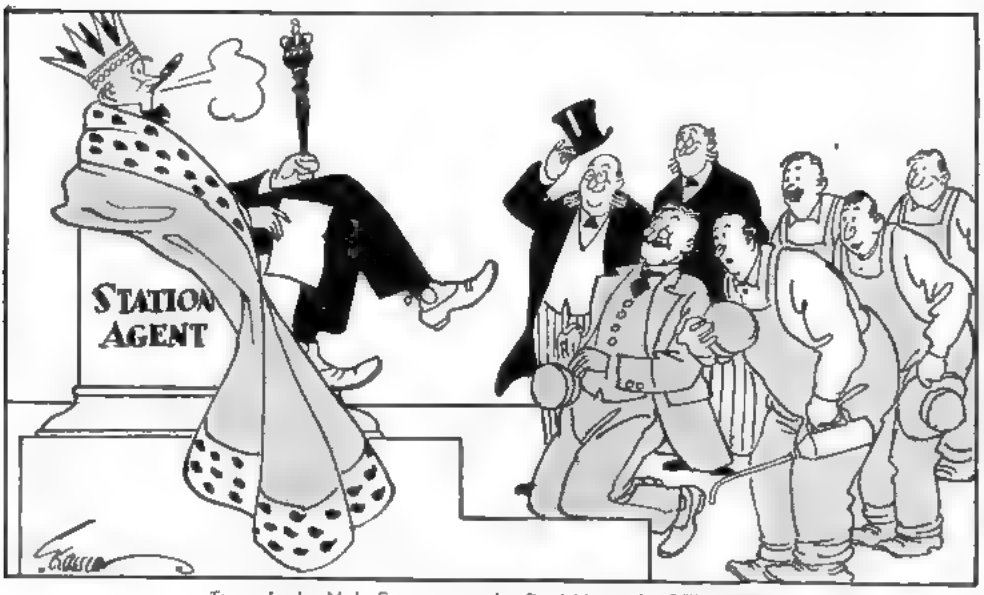
On time! An hour made up!

Lodge took the matter calmly, but remarked he wouldn't do it again for a million dollars.

We went into the restaurant for breakfast, having made history, and about twenty-five minutes later, while in the telegraph office, the conductor of our competitor's train came in to register.

"When is that Plant System special expected to get in?" he asked. "We passed him at Burroughs with an old, broken-down hog."

"Oh," said the op, "the Plant System has more than one engine. Why, man, that mail is in and half way to Cuba by now."



There Is the Mole Sovereign—the Real Monarch of Them All

Observations of a Country Station Agent

Luther Discovers the Answer to That Old Argument: Who Is the Railroad's Most Indispensable Worker?

The Last of a Series

By J. E. Smith

Illustrated by C. Kessler

THIS fair country of ours is always in a state of controversy. Prohibition, tariff, immigration divide us into wrangling groups. Our convictions are not mild or amenable to reason. We take positive and drastic stands; we gesticulate and vociferate our views.

This national trait runs through railroads like a thread in a garment. Wherever you find a group of railroad men, you hear an argument. It may be over the question whether the bat is a bird or reptile, or whether rule 1313 of the rule book tells you to back up or go forward. Some one in the bunch will say something and another fellow is bound to take the negative. The scrap is on.

Peculiarly enough, argument never settles anything. We soon reach the stage of wild gesticulation and top-voice shouting to one another. Then

we get away from the subject and give vent to invidious personal comment. Every one is a dodo or a dunderhead, some one would like to take a punch at the other fellow, and the argument ends until something else comes up

I happened in HY tower the other morning. Operator Horn was on duty, and Conductor Baker, whose train was on the siding to follow 66 out, strolled in.

"Well, Horn, you have it nice and warm up here," said Baker. "I wish I had a nice soft job like this. Nothing to do but be comfortable."

Now, that is a sore spot with every railroad worker. When you tell him he has a soft snap, you start something. Everybody wants to feel that what he does is difficult. We want the flat world to know that we have it harsh and hard.

So Horn bristled. "Nice and soft, eh? Did you ever run a tower job? No! Did you ever have any experience? No! Do you know all about it? Yes! Why is it the less a man knows, the more he shoots?"

"A man needs only one look into a shanty like this to see there's nothing to it," returned Baker. "There's a certain lever—it throws a certain switch and sets a certain signal. That's a moron's job. Any boy of thirteen could handle it!"

"Hear the expert!" shouted Horn. "Hearken to the master mind! How does it come he remains a conductor when the management needs him so?"

"Well, anyway," protested Baker doggedly, "it takes some brains to run a train."

"Brains — brains, wow!" hooted Horn. "Hear him, my countrymen! Behold a human exhibit A. Occupation, railroad conductor. He is called to duty. Called—get me! He does not even have to wake himself up. He reports to the yard and is handed a bunch of bills. He takes them and gets into a pre-warmed caboose—where he makes out a wheel report from the bills. Then he has a nice, pleasant ride to the terminal, where he delivers the bills to a coarse yardman, and the job is done. There is *work* for you! See the long years of training required to ride a cushion from one terminal to another! Think of the patient years of practice in developing dexterity to pass the package of waybills to an attendant at the end of the run! Think—"

"I have known many operators in my time," interrupted Conductor Baker. "They are all bum orators. They are alone too much. Not having any one to associate with but themselves, they sprout some queer fancies, and soon become plain nutty. They always have radical ideas. No matter what is going on, or where, an operator can tell you all about it. He can plan a religion or run a government. He sits here—"

"Well, if I had Mussolini's holt on things," Horn rejoined, "my first act would be to see that all railroad conductors be given some real work to do and pass an intelligence test. I have in mind one particular conductor who would be watching a crossing—"

"Thanks, that's something," responded Baker. "Here's 66—goodby, Horn. You may be addle-pated, but don't forget to give us the block. Too bad we have to depend on you, with your mind all muddled up. But it won't be long—they'll soon be using robots in the towers. Then we'll feel surer—"

No 66 passed, and Baker went out to his train. Soon he got the block and followed.

It was only good-humored raillery—just idle banter—but it carried a few darts to prick the skin. I had the idle thought that, however friendly and flippant any badinage may appear, there is behind it a touch of ill will that exists secretly in every one of us.

II

Mose Hokum, the section foreman, was waiting for me at the station.

" Mose," said I, " I have just heard an argument. Which is the more important worker, a freight conductor or the tower operator?"

" Who wants to know?" asked Mose

" No one," I replied. " Conductor Baker and Operator Horn were quarreling over it a while ago. Maybe we can decide -"

" If you leave it to me," returned Mose, " I'll say neither of 'em. They both have soft snaps. Easy hours an' good pay an' nice workin' conditions. They ain't neither of 'em overburdened with responsibility. But if any one really wants to know who is the most important man on the railroad, I can tell 'em!"

Mose looked at me hard but triumphant, as though he had a cocksure answer.

" The station agent?" I suggested.

" Station agent! Huh! Who'd ever have thought of that one?" Mose registered deep disgust. " The most valuable man on the railroad is the section foreman "

" Since when?" I asked.

" Since when!" snorted Mose. " Since they drove the first spike in the first railroad. There couldn't be any railroad without the section foreman He constructs an' maintains. He's got to know his rail, his spikes, his angle bars. He's got to know bridges, right-of-ways an' buildin's. Then he's got

"Well, if I Had Mussolini's Holt on Things . . "

to know tools—how to use 'em, how to care for 'em. He's got to figger an' write letters. It takes him years to learn his job."

"That's very true," I replied. "Then take his working limits, often five to ten miles from his tool house. The railroad now has him go back and forth on a motor car—"

"Huh, that's not to make it easier for us," Mose explained. "It's so we will have more actual workin' time on the job. Let 'em quarrel an' dispute, but I'm sayin' the section foreman is the prize railroad worker of 'em all."

Mose reached the final announcement with real earnestness. He believed in himself and in his job. I do not mind saying, in casting my vote, that a good section foreman ranks high with me.

After Mose was gone I went into my own office and, with no one present to offer rebuttal, I made myself believe that the station agent was of no mean importance in the scheme of transportation. Who collects the money? Who handles the business? Who cultivates and carries the patrons?

Answer—the station agent. There is the sovereign—the real monarch of them all! Where would the bunch of braggarts and blowhards be were it not for the provender gathered in by the STATION AGENT?

I made that in capital letters. I want to toot my horn and strut my stuff along with the section foreman, the tower operator and conductor.

Now, take people at large, the outside public—they are loud in acclaim of the engineer. He is the real railroad High Panjandrum in rail literature. He is the one spectacular unit. He is the real hero of the rail. The rest of us concede him all this glory and renown.

But just between ourselves, we try to see that he does not become unduly inflated. He does not stride before us with any proud and lofty gait. To his fellow workers he is just another hogger.

Summing up all these arguments, I find every railroad man has it harder than all the other railroad men. Every one has worse conditions and more responsibility than his coworkers.

III

WITH this conclusion in mind, I arose to greet a caller, Mr. Henry Wiggins, aged eighty, a pensioner.

Wiggins calls with a certain regularity.

"I got to come down here, Luther," he explained with a show of diffidence, "to see the trains go by and talk with you about railroading. I get a bit lonesome. It is the same as medicine for me to watch the wheels go round and hear 'em whistle for the crossings and to wave at 'em and they wave back."

His face illuminated with this thought.

"It never quite gets out of the blood, Luther," he went on ruminatively. "I worked for the X. Y. Z. nearly fifty years, then I went on the roll of honor. While I have nothing to do, I do not make many new friends. I live in memory with the workers I used to know. There have been many changes, Luther. You have new systems and mechanical appliances. A generation ago authority and everything were close at hand. We had more intimate personal relationships. We all knew one another, and I think a friendlier feeling existed than in this new technical age."

A further word in introduction of my guest: Until he was retired, Wig-

gins was stationed at Lone Oak for forty years. His strong memories and his talk generally reverted to his earliest years of service, not to those immediately preceding his retirement.

"Fifty years ago, Luther," he went on, "I was agent and operator here, as you know. My salary was forty-five per month. I had an express commission on the side; some months it ran as high as five dollars. This would get me fifty per month, which always pleased me as a high mark to shoot at. Good board—I was not married then—cost three fifty per week. This was not so bad, everything considered.

"Mose Hokum's father was section foreman on Section 27. His salary was forty a month. Conductors made as high as two dollars a day, and brakemen were known to pull down one fifty.

"The word 'overtime' had not then been coined. A week's work commenced Sunday noon and ended Sunday noon following. There was no such phrase as 'stopping for rest.' You plugged along and carried on until you fell over in your tracks. A section foreman's busiest day was Sunday. In fact, the Sabbath was general clean-up day for everybody.

"Among my pleasant duties was caring for the switch lights. They were one-day burners. Every day I had to go a half a mile east and a half a mile west, gather in the lamps, clean 'em, fill 'em and, in the late afternoon, light 'em and drill out with them to the switches.

"We had blizzards and zero then same as now. I have had frozen toes, frozen fingers, frozen ears. It all went in the day's work, and we didn't think much about it. Railroad workers were much tougher then than now.

"I'm Sayin' the Section Foreman Is the Prize Railroad Worker of 'Em All"

Discipline was not rigid. There was a good deal of drinking among the men. They were a tougher and hardier lot.

"Running trains was considered a hazardous occupation. And with links and pins and deadwoods, there were plenty of chances to take. Even now, Luther, when you meet an old time trainman or switchman, look at his hands. I never meet one of them that I do not observe his hands. You will note some ugly scars or missing fin-

gers. Not many men who worked fifty years ago in train service who do not carry marks to show the hazards of their early years.

"I read a great deal about new machinery and construction processes, engineering and laboratory triumphs—and they have been marvelous! But if I were asked for my opinion as to the most notable change in railroading in the past generation, I would say it is in the character and conduct of railroad workers. Nowhere else is there such dependability and stamina."

I agreed with the aged veteran. I think the great thing in American railroading—its strength and backbone—is not mechanical or technical, but the men it has developed

IV

"Booze, Luther," resumed my reminiscent visitor, Henry Wiggins, "entered into the thousands of incidents and accidents. Even so in station work. What would you think to-day if your traveling auditor came to check your station and— Well, let me tell you of a check one of them made of this station when I was first in charge as a young man. I shall call him John Doe You cannot do John any hurt by naming him. He has been the principal in every crime ever committed. He is the arch degenerate and lawbreaker of all time.

"John was a new one to me. He got off the morning train, came into the office and presented a card announcing he was a traveling auditor.

"I never knew a time when I was glad to see a traveling auditor. I was never quite ready for one. I was never collected up just as I should be, and I was likely to be a little behind with balance and summaries.

"John said he felt rotten. He had a nasty headache. He counted my cash. That is the first thing a traveling auditor does. He starts with the amount of money he finds and works out his final figures from it. His hands were a little shaky and his breath had a hold-over, not of a jasmine garden, but of distillate and fermentation.

"He said he would have to go to a drug store and get a quieting powder He returned in about an hour. His spirits were much revived. The powders loosened his tongue and I learned from John Doe that he was the company's prize accountant. When *he* went after malfeasance, he invariably got his man. When the company was confronted with accounting complications, *he* was always called in. No work could get by *him*—such were his powers of divination. I had no distinctive guilt, but I felt a bit creepy that this mathematical prodigy, under stimulation of powders, was hot on my trail.

"He threw figures around like fireworks. He crumpled a great many sheets of clip, shot them at the waste basket and never made a hit. His first cast of figures showed I was short ten dollars— How about it?

"'Something wrong somewhere,' I said.

"'I say there is,' responded young Archimedes.

"Then it occurred to him—he needed another powder—so he was gone another hour.

"I knew I wasn't short one cent. I did not try to find anything in his figures. Let him work them out. That's what they pay him for.

"'Well, have you found it?' John Doe inquired when he got back.

"'Found what?' I asked.

"'That ten dollars,' he replied. 'You are short ten dollars!'

"I suggested he go over his figures again.

"He did. In an hour he emerged with the information that I was one hundred dollars short! Clouds were beginning to gather over his noble intellect, and his figures became vapor-soaked and soggy.

"'You are short one hundred dollars instead of ten!'

"He was greatly annoyed by this new development. More powders were necessary. I locked the station and went to lunch. John Doe did not get back to the office until three o'clock

"Awaiting his arrival, I went over his uncollected list, which is a credit in the account. I found an entry for one carload where the amount was $176.22. He had dropped the $100 and made the entry $76.22. I made a note of this, but I did not inform him of his error. Let him dig it out himself. That is what they pay him for."

V

STAND by a moment—I want to insert a remark. The phrase "That's what they pay him for," is used more in railroad talk than any other one expression. In passing authority or dodging responsibility, every one of us does it with those words. That is the standard railroad utterance for all classes.

"John Doe was visibly wabbling," continued old Mr. Wiggins. "But he assailed the figures once more in a more furious attack.

"'There it is,' he pointed out. 'Your account is one thousand dollars short! What have you got to say abouf it?'

"I was getting pretty sore by this time, so I replied:

"'I am not short one penny. The only thing I've got to say is that you're short a lot! Right now you are drunk!'

"'Drunk, am I?' he bellowed. A souse is always sensitive. He showed his feelings by writing a message to the auditor and to the local superintendent that he had found a shortage in the agent's account of one thousand dollars, and would await instructions.

"'Send that!' he demanded.

"He put on his coat and hat and went out to repowdering.

"I laid a paper weight on the message, taking care to face it down so no roving eyes could see it, then locked the place and adjourned for the day.

"The accountant retired to a room over Jake Hartman's saloon and continued the easing powders. I kept a line on the fellow, but did not go to see him. I let him pull his country carousal to the finish. I asked Jake, the proprietor, to see that he was taken care of, and let it go at that.

"I had a message for him from the auditor. I replied to it that John had been taken seriously ill and was in bed.

"A return wire asked. 'What is the ailment?'

"I replied: 'Ptomaine poisoning from fish.'

"That brought another telegram. 'What kind of fish did he drink?'

"I did not answer that one. I would not turn him in, although I had before me, delayed in transit, his message that I was one thousand dollars short. I never turned in any one without thinking several times.

"On the third day there came crawling back to the office a dejected and subdued accountant.

"'I've been mighty sick,' he explained. 'I got hold of somethin' that didn't agree with me. That's the trouble when a man eats everywhere. He gets poisoned. Any messages?

"'Much 'blige,' he muttered, as he

looked them over. 'Glad you told 'em I was sick and poisoned.' He read the last one aloud. 'That's from Bob Crane, chief clerk. He thinks he's a humorist.'

"Then the accountant wadded them up one by one and fired them singly at the waste basket. He scored 25 per cent hits, which is rather high.

"A man like that wouldn't last long, now, Luther; but John Doe went on for ten years. He finally quit the railroad to go with a coal firm, and did very well, I understand."

VI

THE veteran's story interested me. Then I changed the subject.

"We were talking this morning," I said to Wiggins, "about the relative importance each individual worker was to the general plan of railroad operation."

"Well, well," replied the veteran, "are they still arguing that? We had hot words over it fifty years ago. One night the question was settled in my mind for all time. I'll tell you the story:

"Our company decided to put in a second crossing over the Midland at Seymour, ten miles away. The Midland would not permit it. Roads were then very hostile to one another. No road encouraged a rival's enterprise. Our company went ahead with its secret plans.

"One Saturday night a work train came into Lone Oak at dusk and went on the siding. It consisted of a train crew and a gang of twenty-five or thirty laborers picked up without much choice and put under the authority of Jim Hokum, Mose Hokum's father, who was section foreman then.

"I had orders to remain on duty until the work train should leave for Seymour, which was to be around ten or ten thirty. The plan was to have the new crossing in by Sunday morning and before the Midland awoke. Such were the tactics of earlier days.

"The whole train crew was in the office with me, squatted around on desks and in chairs, under the mellow light of two coal oil lamps.

"We were in furious argument. Whose services ranked highest with the railroad? What particular class occupied the topmost niche? Our arguments ran to deprecation more than praise. Suddenly we became aware of an unusual commotion outside. Loud, angry voices came from down the track.

"A wild-eyed, white-faced messenger came rushing into the station.

"'Come quick,' he cried, they've killed Jim Hokum!'

"Only three members of the full house debating class followed the messenger out to the scene of hostilities. The others remained in Camp Peace to keep up the argument of which one of them was the railroad's paramount ice-cutter.

"Around the hand car house there were wild scenes. Jim Hokum was not killed. He had been laid out with a bad head wound, and was carried home. He wore a bandaged head for ten days afterward.

"The work gang was in insurrection. It all started over a move to take the hand car and go over to Holton, five miles away, for a keg of beer. Jim Hokum, foreman, knew it would not do. Once started on a Saturday night's debauch, the gang could easily get out of control and be useless to him. He coaxed the men and argued with the men to go back to the coach and wait till after the work was done, when there would be refreshments. No avail. The gang was persistent.

"Jim resisted by physical force, but one ringleading bruiser hit him over the head and removed him from further opposition. The lock on the tool house was forced and the hand car was out when Bob Wise got into the fray.

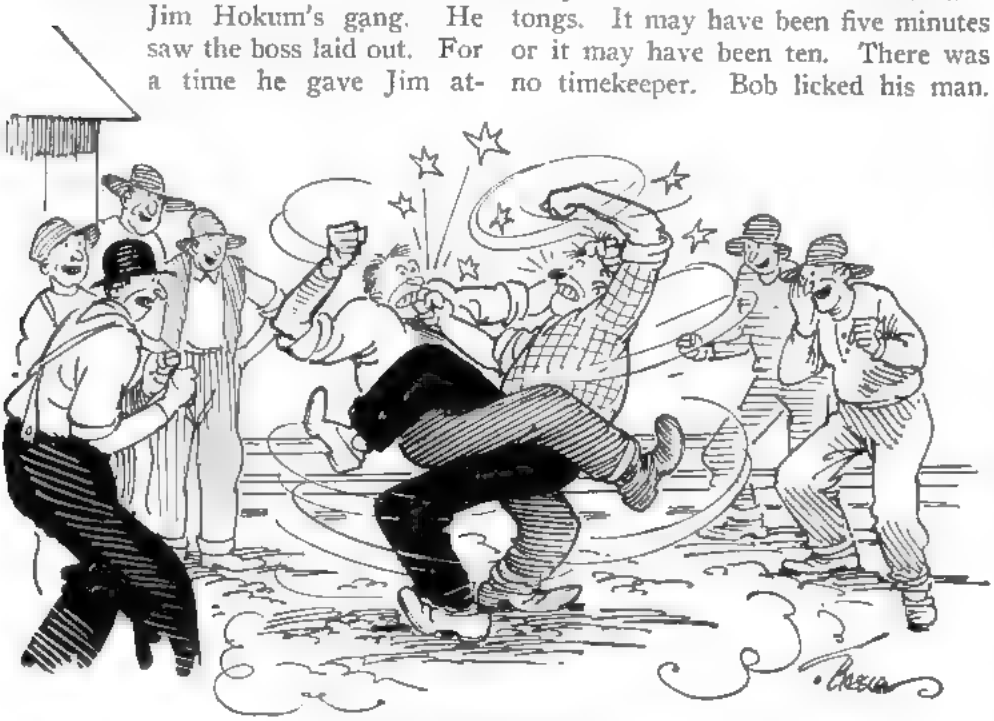
"Bob Wise was a section hand of Jim Hokum's gang. He saw the boss laid out. For a time he gave Jim attention, but very shortly he was back on the scene with a shotgun, which he handed to another section hand to hold for him. He spotted the bellwether of the gang, the one who had laid low the boss, and he waded in

"Here was a real gladiator. He added strength, stamina and real courage. The ringleader himself was no mean man, and had seen action many times.

"A real fight was on.

"The gang forgot about beer. All they wanted was to see the bruisers go to it. No one interfered. A ring of excited watchers formed around the contestants. The gang bruiser had the sympathy of the crowd, but there was spirit enough of fair play to see that the two had it out without interference.

"There were no Marquis of Gooseberry rules. It was all hammer and tongs. It may have been five minutes or it may have been ten. There was no timekeeper. Bob licked his man. He made him holler 'enough.' He made him bellow it so all could hear.



It Was Hammer and Tongs

"Then Bob seized the gun, panting and fierce from the contest, and made the gang put away the car and close the tool house door. A following gathered around him. He ordered the men back into the coach and they went.

"As quick as he could he found me. I will not say how far to the rear I had got.

"'We are going to get out of here right away,' he said. 'We are going to be on the move if it takes us three hours to go ten miles. As long as we are moving there is no trouble. We're

going to do that job—I say we are. Hand up three or four decks of cards so the gang can amuse themselves.'

"This was done. It was a wise provision. In thirty minutes the train was under way. Two hours later it was at Seymour, unloading a crossing frog from a flat car.

"When the sun peeped up on the fair Sunday morning, our railroad had a new crossing over the Midland.

"Bob handled the job without a hitch. The gang was with him. He stacked high with every mother's son of them. He had shown his stuff. He was a real man. The mob is always with the winner.

"Yes, the company rewarded Bob. I don't recall what he got, but it was something."

VII

THE veteran apologized to me for having taken so much time with his stories of earlier days, although he loved to find a sympathetic ear.

He bade me good-by and went out, but presently returned.

"I forgot for the moment, Luther," said he, "the most important part of our conversation. You said you had an argument, and on the night of Bob Wise's fight we were all arguing—who is the most important worker on the railroad. Luther, it was all settled in my mind that night. There ain't no such animal! We all do our part, and all together we make the railroad go. That night we all voted before the work train pulled out that a section hand was entitled to the crown.

"We said it among ourselves that night forty years ago after a foolish argument. I say it again to-day. Any employee, no matter where he works, who does the right thing at the right time, in the right way, and has the grit to carry on, no matter what the obstacles, is the company's best railroad worker! Good-by, Luther."

"Good-by, Uncle Henry," I returned. "Call again!"

"THE FARM BOY"

PROBABLY the classic of all boomer stories is the one told of the fellow who applied for a job as brakeman on the Oregon Short Line, after the superintendent had stated he was making his own brakemen for that particular division to avoid the constant changing of personnel.

The boomer went into the trainmaster's office with a young farmer who was also looking for a railroad job. The clerk sent the farmer in first and he was promptly hired as a student brakeman. Then the boomer was sent in.

"Ever have any railroad experience?" asked the T. M.

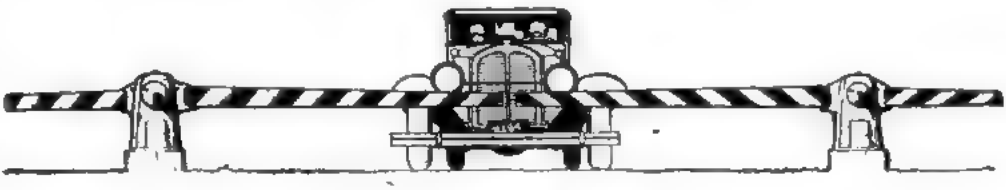
"Nope," replied the boomer. "Raised on a hay farm up in the Bitter Root Hills and never saw a railroad until to-day."

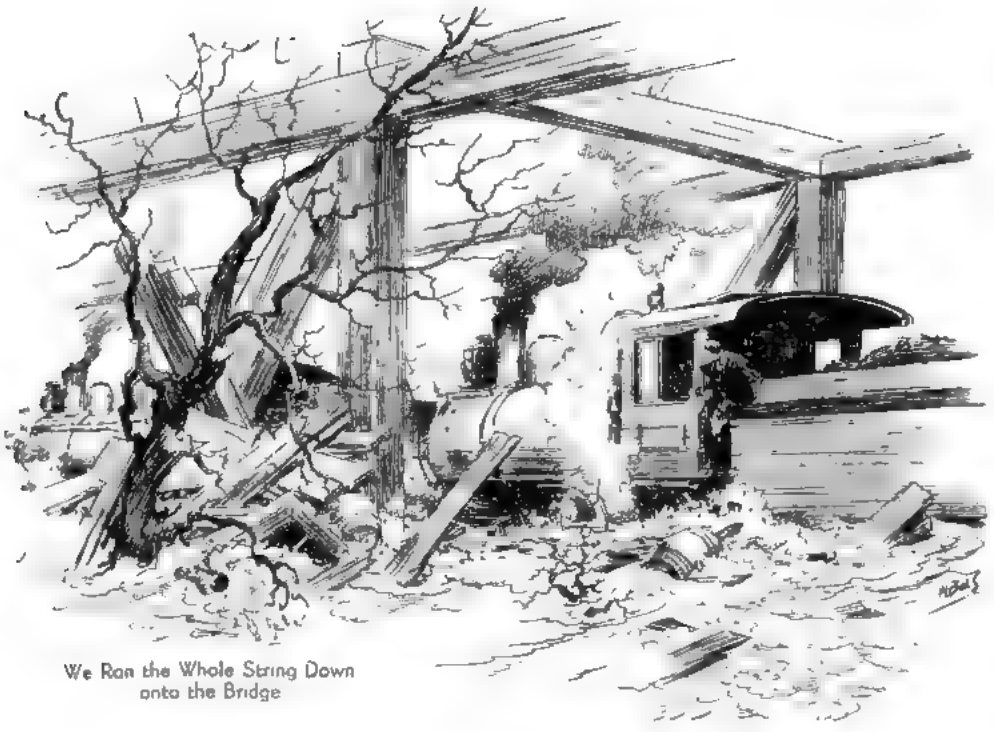
"Why do you want a railroad job?" was the next question.

"Better chance to work up. We haven't had a promotion on the farm since pa married the former owner's daughter."

"So you're a son of the owner, are you? Why did you leave the farm?"

"Well, if you must know," the boomer answered, "I was first out to ride the cultivator, and then they run a home guard around me and I pulled the pin."—*D. R. P.*





We Ran the Whole String Down onto the Bridge

Rolling Wheels

Bob Dorset, Involved in Shady Transactions, Makes a Tempting Offer to Get His Rival Out of the Way

By Don Waters

Illustrated by M. Burs

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

A BOOMER, in telling this story, records the stirring events of his life. He began as an apprentice machinist in Chicago, served his time and became involved in a strike. Then he went south to escape a blackball which prevented him from holding any job more than a few days.

Arrested in Kentucky as a hobo, he assaulted an officer and escaped. After miles of dangerous traveling, with the law on his trail, he found a roundhouse job in the Carolinas on the mountain division of a railroad, where he settled.

There he developed a device that would save money in engine operation, only to have it stolen from him by Bob Dorset, his foreman. Dorset was made master mechanic, and at once promoted the inventor to the roundhouse foremanship, to forestall complaints about the theft.

About this time the Boomer met Mary Henderson, daughter of the superintendent, and gave her brother George a good job. George padded the pay roll, but our Boomer saved the Hendersons' honor by covering his defalcations.

This incident antagonized Superintendent Henderson, and led to a fist fight in which the Boomer beat up Dorset. Thereupon Henderson, socially ambitious, forbade his daughter to associate with the Boomer and encouraged Dorset to call on her.

Mary loved the Boomer, however, and secretly sent flowers while he was laid up at the hospital from an accident in which he had covered himself with glory.

A few weeks later they met without the father's knowledge. The Boomer, risking death, rescued her from a burning passenger coach.

CHAPTER XIII

AFTER this, I saw Bob Dorset out several times with Mary. He didn't look quite so cocksure as he had at first. And I knew the reason. I made no effort to press my advantage, for I was convinced in good time things would all work out. We had not been seen coming out of the coach, and no outsider knew of the close call we both had. I saw an account of the accident in the paper. Mary Henderson's name was not even mentioned, which suited me just as well.

I never have had any craving for notoriety and she, too, shunned it. We kept our secret. She did not even tell her father how she had escaped. After a month or so Dorset must have realized he was playing a losing game, for I noticed when his car came on its frequent trips he did not leave it at night.

Several times, going home at midnight, I could see him through the windows sitting before his desk at work. To give the fellow his due, Dorset was no idler; he put in the time on his job, as did I on mine.

Besides taking care of my regular duties, I was working at something else during what little spare time I had.

When the eight hundreds came on to our division, a couple of them were equipped with a new outside valve motion. Immediately I saw the virtue in this. The old Stevenson eccentric and link motion was up in under the boiler, difficult to get at, hard to keep lubricated, and, worse still, a source of trouble. The babbitted straps wore away, the eccentrics slipped, the valves got out, and many a shovelful of coal went into a firebox, many a cubic foot of steam and gallon of water went out the stack futilely on account of those inefficient valve gears.

But those first "monkey motion" gears were little better. They were a step in the right direction, but needed a lot of improvement, and I thought I could improve them. After hours, I spent much time in the shop making a set of valve rods and levers. As the work progressed, I became more and more interested in it. Twelve, one, often two o'clock in the morning came before I wearily went home for a few hours' sleep.

I used to keep a pot of black coffee steaming on the fire, and every half hour or so during the night, when I got to nodding, I would whip my weary nerves with a cup or two. I know now how foolish I was, but then I didn't. I was too much interested in what I was constructing.

Finishing the machine work on my

valve gear, I assembled it, and hooked it up to one of our engines. The thing worked fine. That is, the lead and lap, and cut-off and expansion of the steam were timed perfectly and controlled to a nicety at any point of valve opening.

A simple rig; I used the old Stevenson link for a throw-over to reverse or to hook up with. A link hitched by a tumbling rod to the crosshead, another to the main driver furnished the throw to the valve stem. No intricate or expensive machine work to be done, no babbitt to renew. It was all outside in plain view, easily oiled, and by far a better gear than any I'd ever seen before.

There was no haphazard guessing about its efficiency. I rigged an indicating device on it, built a shelter over the right cylinder and ran the engine on indicator tests.

That valve motion came near being my finish. We were hauling a heavy train out one morning, piling along at a forty-mile pace. Old Jim Brown was hoghead. He had just hooked up the engine and opened the throttle. I was crouched down behind my flimsy wooden shelter on the front end, adjusting one of the indicator point throw levers, when a sudden squall of the whistle startled me.

I stuck my head up over the top of the w o o d e n wind-break, dropped everything, scrambled on top of the smoke box and hugged the stack. Stalled right in front of us was a big truck loaded with barrels of flour

We demolished the truck in one grand smash when we hit. A white cloud from the broken flour barrels almost blinded me, but I saw the team racing madly up the road with the driver running after them. My indicator rigging had been swept away in that first impact.

The gang around the shop had a good laugh over that. Every once in a while, some one would ask when I was going to make another run on the powder-puff special. It was no joke to me, though. I had to build another indicating mechanism—a job requiring some pretty close machine work to fit up a rig that will take an indicator card correctly.

For the next month I checked up the coal consumption per ton mile on the locomotive I had equipped. She was hauling her loads with a fifteen per cent saving in coal over the same class of engines not equipped with my valve gear.

I began to feel pretty rocky even before I got that valve gear finished. Several mornings I awoke with a dull, heavy pain around my heart and a terrible headache. Lack of sleep and too much coffee, I told myself. I quit the coffee and increased my sleeping hours, but the pains persisted.

As time passed, I was no longer able to sustain effort for any long period. My wind got short. If I ran across the yards to catch a train just leaving, I became breathless and my heart was thumping painfully

I had no time to bother with my ailments then. I was on the eve of a big thing. I knew what a fifteen per cent saving in coal would mean to the railroads. Why, on our division alone that would amount to several thousand dollars a month. Several thousand dollars multiplied by all the divisions on the system, and that again added to all the railroad systems in the United States, would mean a yearly saving of millions in operating costs!

After I had made a few minor changes in the method of connecting the crosshead link, I felt that the gear was as nearly perfect as it could be

made. Knowing it would not be long before what I was doing would be common knowledge, I applied for a patent. I was taking no chances on this being stolen from me as the packing had.

A week after I sent off my patent application papers, Dorset's car was standing on a spur track before the depot when I came down to work one morning. Arriving at the shop office, the clerk informed me that Dorset had come in during the night and had sent word for me to come over to see him.

I was on my guard as I entered his car, finding him at breakfast. He greeted me cordially, invited me to eat with him. I refused at first, but finally consented to a cup of coffee.

After informing me that the company was gratified with my work on the mountain division, Dorset announced that the superintendent of motive power had authorized him to offer me the position of master mechanic on the Sheffield division.

I started. Here, indeed, was a shining chance. The Sheffield was a big, busy division in the rich coal and iron fields of the South. A chance was there for a man to get into a job that would keep him busy, a job where he could make a real record. The superintendent of motive power, the general master mechanic, even the president of the system had got their starts on that division. If a man made good there, the rich rewards of railroading were his—leisure, dignity, authority.

It was just on the point of my tongue to accept. My head had begun to nod when I checked myself. A sudden gleam came into Bob Dorset's eyes; a cunning little smile wrinkled the corners of his mouth. His expression changed, a faint shadow of disappointment swept across it when I firmly rejected his offer.

He soon got himself under control, shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"So you turn down the proposition, eh? Well, if you don't want the job, I know lots who do. But you're throwing away one of the finest opportunities you'll ever get."

I nodded and said I knew exactly what I was doing. I had my own reasons for wanting to stick on the mountain division for a while longer.

Then I handed him a hot shot. "I'm certainly obliged to the superintendent of motive power for the interest he has shown in me and for the offer of promotion." I watched Dorset closely as I casually remarked, "I'm going to put my thanks into a letter and explain to him why I feel it is not consistent for me at this particular time to make a move."

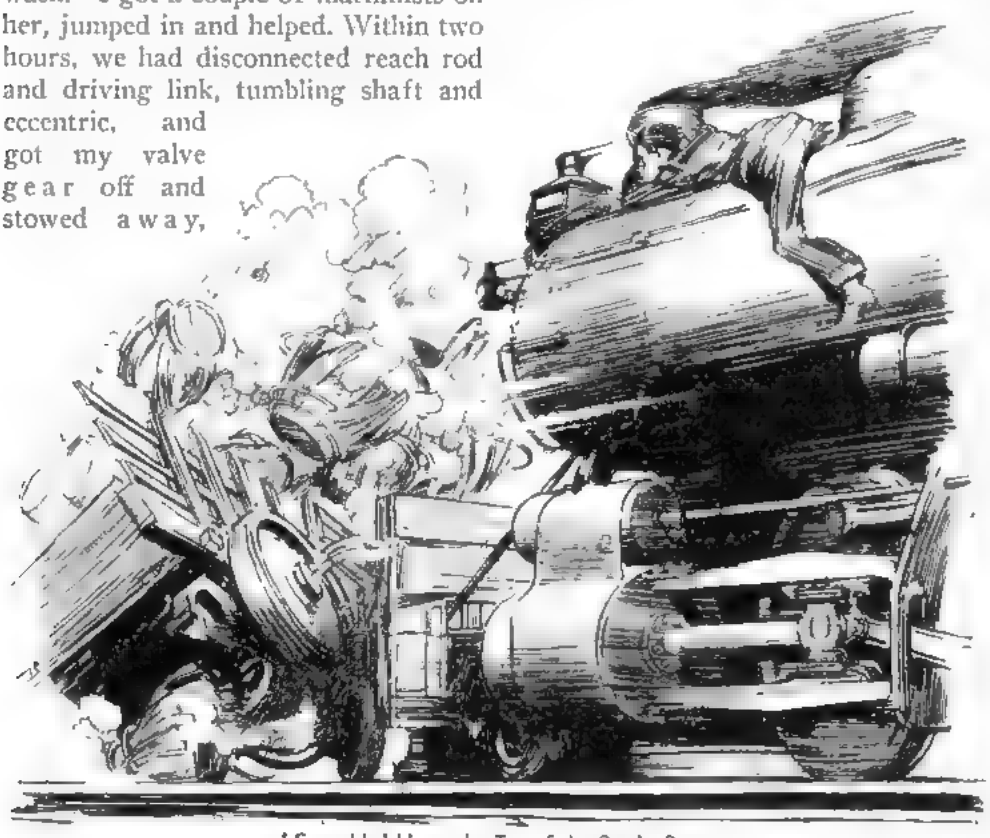
The shot went home. Dorset was plainly confused. His eyes narrowed. He cleared his throat.

"Well," he drawled uncertainly, "I can't prevent you from doing that, of course, but—" There was a long pause, as though he carefully considered his words: "But you've put me into a hole now with Hill. I recommended you highly for the position, and took it upon myself to tell him that without doubt you'd be glad to make the change. Under the circumstances, don't you think you had better let me explain to him personally why you don't care to be transferred at this time?"

I smiled and let it go at that. I had no intentions of pulling anything cheap on Dorset in order to get even with him. When I squared our accounts, I wanted it to be man to man, with no third party implicated. I've never had any use for a squealer. I knew Bob was pulling things on the company, but I could never bring myself to the place

where I would inform the higher officials about it.

I hurried over to the roundhouse. The 800 was in the shops for a boiler wash. I got a couple of machinists on her, jumped in and helped. Within two hours, we had disconnected reach rod and driving link, tumbling shaft and eccentric, and got my valve gear off and stowed away,



I Scrambled Up to the Top of the Smoke Box

and the old Stevenson links and eccentrics hooked up on her again.

An hour later, in the roundhouse, I saw Dorset standing beside the 800, a puzzled frown on his face. I realized then that my hunch was right. He had got wind of what I was doing and wanted to ship me off where I wouldn't interfere till he got his hands on my latest development as he had my first.

CHAPTER XIV

THEY'D had a half dozen different master mechanics on the division since I had come there, but none of them amounted to much. In fact, the shop foreman on the mountain division had a far more responsible job than did the division master mechanic. Most of the fellows who held the bigger position were "weak sisters," relatives of some of the higher-ups who didn't know much about railroading and merely had their feet under the pie counter.

My policy with such men was to have a good hard run-in with them at the first opportunity, tell them where they stood, and let it go at that. I was seldom bothered afterward.

Of course, I know that, generally speaking, the division master mechanic cuts a big chunk of ice, but with us it was different. Our shops had grown

so rapidly; I had taken it on myself from the beginning to handle every job we could possibly do there and had refused to be dictated to by any of the chair-warmers who were supposed to have charge of mechanical work.

The increase of business had brought new revenue to the company, and they were spending it in improving roadbed and shop equipment. We got electric power in the shops.

They scrapped the old locomotive we had set up on stone piers in the boiler house and belted off her drivers to run our machinery. In its place, the construction gang installed a big electric motor.

They set up an air compressor; pipes were led all through the yard. No longer need we run an engine over to her train an hour ahead of leaving time so as to pump up train line pressure. And no longer need we drill with old man and ratchet, or bead our flues by hand. We got a set of air drills and hammers to do our jobs. The work was expedited, but I fear the mechanics lost some of their skill.

We saved a lot of time, though, around the shops, and we needed to save time. A hundred and twenty trains a day now came in and out of our terminal. The bridge and building department erected an automatic coaling chute—a big cement structure driven by an electric motor, hauling chain buckets up a hundred feet and distributing the coal through the bins without the aid of laborers or shovels.

Three men ran that chute, two laborers to knock the hopper latches down on the possum belly coal cars, and a young fellow to keep the records and weigh out the coal each engine used. We used a thousand tons of coal a day. What a gang that would have taken to load that amount with scoops!

Every engine that took coal under the tilting tipples was checked. We knew precisely how much each used and, at the end of the month, we could make out a report showing exactly what it took to haul each ton of freight each mile over the mountain division.

There came other improvements. The yards were strung with arc lights. Fewer cars were smashed in switching. Seldom did we have to call the wrecking crew to put a derailed switch engine back on her feet. The shops were lighted. The brightly illuminated roundhouse was a striking contrast to the dark dingy place I had seen the first night I boomed in off that freight out of Knoxville.

Out of Knoxville—they were laying hundred-pound steel, lining up all the switches away from the direction of travel. Gossip had it that the heavy steel on a double track would be carried right across our division. The bridge and building department was busy reenforcing trestles and putting in new bridge timbers. The roadway department were extending all the passing tracks to hold hundred-car trains, and the old safety tracks down Salt Lick Mountain were now a half mile longer than they were the day I piled up at the head of Number Three.

Our road had now emerged from the wooden axle class. One morning a ponderous Mallet deadheaded in for helper service on Salt Lick Mountain; a big brute, really two engines mounted on one boiler with a duplicate set of cylinders and drivers under it. We got her into commission and sent her down on the Salt Lick hill. Immediately the dispatchers loaded the trains each way with a thousand tons, although we had been handling but five hundred tons up the hill before.

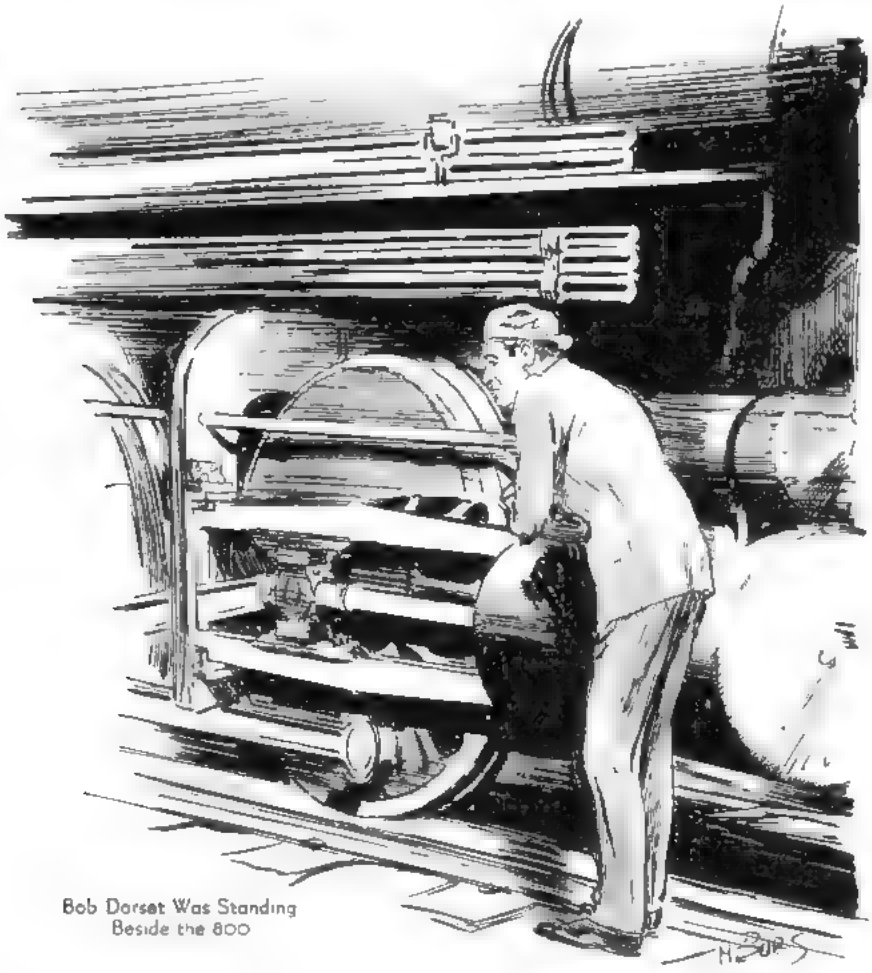
It must not be thought that all these

improvements came without trouble. The firemen struck for double time on the Mallet. They argued that as they were firing two engines, they should be paid accordingly.

The company allowed the extra pay without much argument. A couple of weeks later I saw the reason why. They sent down an automatic stoking device for me to install, a clumsy mechanism of clanking crusher and jamming screw worked by a couple of small steam cylinders, a mechanism that was the very devil to install and worse yet to keep going

The thing was a nuisance. It broke down in service a half dozen times in the first week and took more labor to keep in repair than all the rest of the big Mallet. I heard from the fellow who was then serving as division master mechanic that the thing originally had cost more than $3,000. In the month and a half we had it in service, it cost another thousand in parts and labor

I spent quite a bit of time on it my self. Thus I learned a lot and conceived an idea. Instead of a screw to carry the coal from the bunker into the



Bob Dorset Was Standing Beside the 800

fire door, I used a link and roller chain like the one which fed the hopper on the coal chute. That was flexible and would give with the motion of the engine and tank and, of course, did not snap off like the rigid worm drive on the original stoker.

In place of a mechanical flipper to shoot the coal across the bed of the fire, I rigged two oscillating steam jets on an apron inside the fire door. The roller chain dragged the fuel up on to the apron, the jets caught it and shot it evenly over the bed of the fire. I used but one of the little single cylinder engines to run the chain; the other I discarded.

Instead of crushing the coal on the engine, I ordered the Negroes who worked around the coal chute to shovel all the dirt and dust and small coal which fell to the ground into the Mallet. We had no more trouble with the stoker after that. I made up drawings and sent them off with a patent application, and soon forgot about it in the press of other important things.

But others noticed it. Dorset blew in one morning. As soon as he opened the shop office door I saw he had a bee in his bonnet. I was reserved and cool, although he greeted me effusively, offered me a cigar, and sat down quite at ease to make himself agreeable.

"A nice piece of work you have done on the Mallet," he announced.

I looked at him in wonder.

"Fine job, fine job," he repeated. "Works like a charm. Now—" He drew his chair over closer. "Now, that's too unique an idea to let run free. That stoker is far superior to anything I've seen, and we've had a dozen different kinds on trial." He lowered his voice. "Have you thought of manufacturing it? There's a chance to work up a nice business with that." He glanced at my clerk, busy writing up his reports. "Say, now, come on over to my car. I'd like to talk things over."

My first impulse was to refuse, but I decided it wouldn't hurt to see what he had up his sleeve. I was sure of one thing; he'd gone around me once, I'd not let him do it again.

In spite of my suspicions, Dorset completely disarmed me. He is a clever fellow, there's no two ways about that, and in justice to him, I'll say he is also a natural born mechanic. He can see through a mechanical idea with a quickness of perception that is uncanny.

Dorset wasted no time in getting to the point. "I saw your stoker on my trip down, day before yesterday. I wired to Washington and found you'd applied for a patent. Also, you have been granted a patent on a valve gear."

I blinked in surprise, and he smiled.

"You're protected—"

I interrupted: "Yes, I played sucker with my packing idea and you worked it."

He nodded. "Sure, if I hadn't, some one else would. You stood to lose and I saw no reason why I shouldn't make any money there might be in it. And," he continued with a disarming smile, "I'll lay my cards on the table. All along the system, there are fellows getting up new ideas who haven't the vision or ability to follow them up.

"I underestimated you. I thought you were like most of them, merely interested in working out an idea and, once developed, losing interest in it. I know differently now. And here's a proposition:

"If you'll let me in on what you've done, I'll put you next to a nice income. Some of these are but small things. Others, like yours, are really worth

thousands. I get over the road regularly. I generally see what's going on all along the system. I'm in a fine position to pick up these new appliances. Now, here's what I have in mind. Most of these ideas are applied only locally by the fellows who conceive them. Why not give them a general distribution?

"In other words, I'll let you in on an idea that has been in my mind for some time. We'll organize a company, develop any mechanical devices that seem worth while, manufacture stokers and valve gears," he hesitated, "and metallic packing."

I flared up at that. "Yes, a sweet trick that, you pulled—"

"Let's not argue about what has passed. I'll make it right with you. And to prove it, I'll give you a third interest in the Acme Manufacturing Company. That's no small thing. We're clearing about twelve hundred a month now on it alone. When and if we get organized on the bigger things, we'll triple that income, at least."

I saw no opportunity for crooked dealings, so I agreed tentatively, realizing that alone I could not develop my ideas commercially.

A few days later I received a package from Knoxville, twenty shares of stock in the Acme Manufacturing Company, worth $1,000 a share. I can tell you I felt pretty good that afternoon

Two weeks later, when I received my quarterly dividend—a check for $1,200—I felt still better. Four hundred dollars a month without working for it! Almost twice what the company paid me for running the mountain shops. Therefore, when Dorset again showed up, I readily assigned my patent rights over to him.

Not that my conscience was entirely clear at taking this money, but I had fallen under Dorset's spell and was making myself believe that if I didn't profit by my ideas, some one else would. The railroad had a rule that no man in their employ could engage in any other business while he was on the pay roll. This rule was not rigidly enforced then. I knew the company would have to buy their supplies some place, and why not from the Acme?

CHAPTER XV

DORSET went around me as neatly as a tire goes around a driver. I held my one-third interest in the packing outfit and received my $400 a month—but no more. Instead of putting my patents into the Acme, he organized another company to build stokers, valve gears and other things. And I was out.

True, I got—and still get—my one-third share of the profits from the packing, but the greater share which I do not get is many times that. Not that I particularly want the money, for I have enough to live a comfortable, quiet life, but the thought that I was taken in so neatly hurts every time I think of it

The Acme Manufacturing Company was a clever trick that covered my eyes and closed my mouth. Dorset had me sewed up. If I howled about the bigger profits that he was making, I knew his retort would be:

"You're getting yours, why squawk about me getting mine?"

Once I thought of selling my share of stock, but Dorset had me blocked there, for printed in boxcar letters across the face of them was the notice, "Non-transferable." On the back of the check I got for my dividend was printed, above the place where I signed

my name, the statement to the effect that my signature was in payment for my share of the profits on an appliance sold to the company. I had no comeback whatever.

The winter that all this happened was on us. Old sages said it was the severest winter they had ever known, and the mountain division caught the grief all unprotected. The fills drifted bank high with snow. We had no plows and were forced to hand-shovel them clear, not once but a half dozen times.

The water supply at the shops froze up solid. The pipes leading to the tank from the pumphouse a mile up the river were but a foot underground and might as well have been on the surface. Many a night I spent going over that mile-long wood fire built above the pump line, seeing that the laborers did not let it go out.

Around the shops things were in bad shape. The overflows on the injectors standing in the roundhouse each plugged with ice, the air pumps stuck, side rods snapped like clay pipe stems with the cold, and the sleet tore down miles of telegraph lines and sprawled the splintered poles across the tracks.

I prayed many a time for spring, yet when spring came my troubles did not end. The river that ran just in back of the shops flooded. Water melting from the hills above was augmented by a two weeks' steady downpour of rain.

I came down one morning to find the roundhouse sitting in a lake, the turntable pit flooded full, and the supply house knee-deep in a roiling, yellow flood.

That was a hectic day, for the river was rising fast. At noon we had to move all the engines away from the shops up on to a side hill track above the yards. The water had got up to their fire boxes in the lower end of the back shop yard.

That afternoon the big bridge right below where the main line crossed the river, began to call for attention. I took a switch engine and ran down. As we came in sight of the huge wooden structure, I saw at the first glance that it was indeed in a precarious state and unless something were done immediately, it would go into the flood.

The river level was almost up to the rails. That in itself did not mean anything very serious, but the débris, sheds and trees, logs and big balks of timber, floating boxes and barrels, had piled up on the high side and were pressing heavily at the bridge. Its collapse would put our division out of the running for a long, long time!

It really was none of my affair. If the flood carried away the structure, that would mean a job for the bridge and building department. If the division were tied up, that would mean a kettle of hot water for the transportation department to stew in.

There was a big crowd of people up on the bank watching the wild scene. Every few minutes an uprooted tree would come sailing downstream, strike the bridge and lodge. As each struck, a loud, cracking, complaining creak would well out above the gurgling, sucking sound of the running water.

The bridge and building supervisor was at the pier head, splashing around knee-deep, futilely trying to stick a piece of timber against the abutment, groaning in unison with each groan when log or tree crashed against the timbers.

Up on the bank, Colonel Henderson stood waiting impotently as the river rose inch by inch. Beside him was Mary. She had come down to view the flood waters.

I got off the switch engine, walked up to them. I spoke to Mary. She did not answer in words. The expression on her face, the misty shining light in her eyes, answered me far more clearly than anything she might have said.

"It won't last long, Colonel," I remarked, "unless we do something rather quickly."

"Do something! Good Lord, man, what can we do?"

I turned, looked down at the right-of-way below where the lapping waters were just beginning to cover the bright tread of the rails. Like a flash, I reached a decision. As we left the yards to come down here, we had passed long strings of steel gondolas loaded with rails. Where they were consigned I didn't know or care. The idea struck me, if I weighed down the bridge with them, they might hold it steady till the waters receded.

I explained this to Henderson.

He hesitated, shook his head doubtfully. "I don't believe they would help, and then if the structure goes into the river, the cars and rails would go with it."

Henderson was cautious. He could lay the destruction of the bridge to an act of God, and come out clear. If he authorized me to pile those cars on it and they went, too, that would be up to him.

"No," he shook his head. "I can't give you permission to try that."

My glance turned to Mary. I caught the sporting expression on her face, the almost imperceptible nod when her eyes met mine.

"Very well, Colonel," I answered. "I'm doing it on my own then."

I hurried down to the switch engine, backed it up through the yards, and coupled on to a string of cars. I got a yard switchman to wade around and line me up and I opened the throttle, shoving fifty loaded cars before me down the slight grade toward the bridge.

Taking a long chance, well I knew it, and I realized also that if this jag of steel I pushed before me went overside into the river, they would saddle and bridle me with the blame and rowel me deep. I'd get a swift ride off the job and a chance to lope into pastures new. The whole official family would be aghast if the bridge went and the steel with it.

And if it held? Oh, probably the fellow who was master mechanic then on the mountain division, sitting safe and secure in his office, would take the credit for the stunt.

But little I cared. The memory of a charming smile lingered in my mind, the approving glance from a pair of violet eyes lured me on. I drove down through the yards, through the water that got steadily deeper as I approached the bridge head.

Just as the engine I drove rounded the curve above the bridge, I saw the superintendent and the division master mechanic come piling down the embankment, waving their arms in frantic stop signals, yelling.

I opened up on the whistle, drowned out their commands, laid the throttle clear back, and looking ahead, I saw the waters flying as the first car swung on the bridge tracks. I drove the string across. A gurgling, hissing roar sounded. The fire door flew open, a cloud of steam shot the ashes and cinders clear over the back of the tank when the water hit the fire.

I hoped she hadn't cracked a blue sheet, or ruined a set of grates at that sudden immersion. But what was a few weeks' work on a switch engine

compared to the division being tied up for as long?

I set the air on them and got off, leaving the switch engine standing. There was nothing else to do. The water was up in her fire box. I couldn't uncouple her, for it was breast-deep out at her cut lever. Nor did I want to. She weighed almost seventy tons, and that helped. I fisted my way from the back of the tank across the sloping bridge timbers, jumped down from the abutment into water almost up to my waist, and splashed up on to the higher ground.

The superintendent shook a trembling finger in my face.

"Your high-handed act will bring you down!" he thundered. "If those cars go into the river, we'll not be troubled with you around the division much longer."

The master mechanic opened his mouth to speak. I knew he was going to back up the superintendent, so I silenced him quickly.

"You better be getting back to your office," I said. "Your feet are wet—and cold."

It didn't make me feel bad at all to hear Mary's half suppressed chuckle at that.

Darkness fell, a night that brought no rest to me. I hung around till midnight and began to see that things were not so good. The water was still rising, the bridge swaying. Chances were that it would go, in spite of the load of rails.

About two o'clock that morning, I took a gambler's chance. I went whole hog. On the spur track above the level of the main line, were lined fifteen or twenty engines, a couple of them with banked fires and steam up. I had a downhill shot from the siding in which they stood to the bridge. The bridge was double-tracked; one track was empty.

I got a couple of Negro engine watchmen to help me, and we ran that whole string down on to the bridge The water extinguished the fires as soon as it struck into the fire boxes, but I had enough momentum on them to carry the string across to the other bank.

A long dark night wore to a close. The cold gray dawn disclosed a thrilling scene. The gondolas of rails were almost submerged, the water was up to the running boards of the engines, but steady as the Rock of Ages, the bridge stood!

An hour after daybreak, the river began to subside. By noon that day it was down five feet. And we were doing business. We laid a walkway over the tops of the gondolas out of crossing timbers and transferred passengers and mail over all that day.

Next morning the water had subsided, the litter of trash and débris piled against the piers had swept under the arches, and things went back to normal.

Luck was with us in more ways than one. The Interstate, our competitor, that paralleled our line down to tidewater, had been hard hit. They had a couple of bridges down and several fills washed away on the division near ours. We handled all their freight and passenger traffic across the mountain division for six weeks. A fat and juicy bit of revenue!

Old Man Hill, our superintendent of motive power, wrote a nice letter, complimenting me on what I had done. A few weeks later he came through on an inspection trip, sent for me, and we had a friendly chat in his car.

That didn't make me feel at all bad. It added to the pleasure of having

heard from another person over the phone:

"Good work! I'm proud of you."

Nothing more. The phone clicked off.

But I recognized that voice. I could pick out of an angel choir of ten thousand the low vibrant tones of Mary Henderson.

CHAPTER XVI

Our big two hundred horse power synchronous motor that furnished the power to drive air compressor and shop machinery had been under water, and the windings were all soaked. The boss of the electrical gang came to see me one morning about shipping it off to the factory for an overhaul. I asked him how long it would be gone and when he told me at least two months, I was rather flabbergasted.

Electricity had become such a standby that we had almost forgotten the time when we used to do without it around the railroad shops. In our conversation the boss mentioned that he didn't think there was anything radically wrong with the motor except that the windings were soaked and needed baking to dry them out. The current for it came right off a twenty-three hundred volt primary, and if we shot that high tension juice into it as it was, he claimed it would puncture the windings and make a bad mess of that unit.

It seemed to me a terrible waste of energy to load that machine, ship it clear to New York for repairs and then have to unload it and get it back up on to its pedestal again, let alone doing without the machine while it was gone.

But I could see no way out, till that afternoon when I went into the sand-drying house to see the foreman there.

That sand house was one I had worked up myself. I had the boiler makers cut half the flues out of a couple of old boilers. I mounted them on rings so they would revolve and built a brick fire box under them. We set them up on an incline and once a hot fire was started, they dried sand far faster with less coal than the old sheet metal stoves that had been in use previously.

When I opened the door that day, I immediately perceived we had as good a place for drying out water-soaked electric motor windings as could be found anywhere, so we moved the big machine over to the sand house.

Inside of two days the heat from the dryers had done the work. The boss of the electric gang pronounced it okay, as well as three or four other shop motors which had got wet during the flood.

Bob Dorset wired me that night: "Understand motors at your shops are out of commission. Wire me what is needed. Will try to supply same."

I took a good deal of satisfaction in wiring back: "Thanks. Have repaired motors myself."

When we got our motors working, that put us ahead by sixty days of the time which had been set for full repairs to the terminal shops. But we were far from being ahead on motive power. It was the same old song, first verse when I got down in the morning, last verse when I went home at night:

"Despatcher's office has ordered another engine."

I accused them of having a trained parrot up there and when they wanted some light amusement, of poking him up in front of the telephone and jerking his tail feathers.

The extra tonnage we handled for the Interstate called for a score of engines we badly needed for our own

freights. I took up the matter with the superintendent. He shrugged his shoulders, said the mechanical department had that to arrange.

I wrote Dorset, telling him that at least two dozen engines were badly needed on my division. I waited a week for an answer. It didn't come, and then I acted.

I wrote to Hill. He had told me that he'd back me if I needed backing at any time, and I surely needed it now. I made my letter strong, told him I had brought the engine shortage before my immediate superiors and had got no satisfaction. What did he intend to do about it? Unless I got some more motive power, there'd be a lot of annulled trains on my division.

I got results. Two days later, the superintendent of motive power came on to the division. Dorset was with him. We had a conference in the division superintendent's office. I stated my case and wondered at Dorset's confusion when Hill asked why Dorset had not called this matter to his attention.

I told Hill what a jam I was in, how that very morning I had run an engine out—the 816, if I remember correctly—with another engine's tender hooked on behind it. One locomotive was laid up in the shop with a set of leaky flues, the other had a broken flange on her tank trucks. I split the two and made one ready for service.

Old Man Hill laughed when the superintendent told him how the chief call boy had called the crew for "Engine 816, tank 817, called for 8:50 on 91." I told him how I had run a yard switch engine out to the foot of the hill ten miles beyond our yard limit board the night before with 72's train. Here she took the siding and waited for 65 coming down the hill. When 65 arrived at the meet, her engine doubled back with 72 and her crew brought 65 in with the switch engine.

The engineer and fireman on the outgoing freight set up a howl about changing engines on the road, but as I had stood up for them in a case of trouble over a burned boiler just a couple of weeks before, they soon calmed down and nothing more was said about the swap.

Those two cases were only a few of the dozen I related. When I got through telling of all the tricks and dodges I had been forced to resort to in order to keep the yards clear, Hill shook my hand and voiced one of the finest compliments I've ever received.

"You're a railroader, a dust-flinging, freight-moving son of a gun! I wish we had more like you!"

Dorset had little to say. A suspicion entered my mind that things were not going well with him. He sat slumped down in his chair, grimly silent, those steel gray eyes of his hard pin-points of light. I wondered if Hill had been raking him over the coals.

Later, I made it a point to see Dorset alone and tell him that I regretted the necessity which caused me to inform the superintendent of motive power how things stood.

Dorset merely waved his hand depreciatingly and replied: "I should have known about the shortage of motive power on this division myself, but—" he checked himself quickly. "No harm done, I assure you."

It struck me as strange that he hadn't answered my urgent letter. I found out later that at that time he had been in Washington on business of his own. He had been visiting the patent office!

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

(*See Next Page*)

The Panoramic Heights at the Hanging Bridge in Colorado to Let Passengers View the World's Highest Automobile Span, Far Overhead

High-Wheeling the Panoramic

Author Depicts Thrills of Riding in Cab Through Royal Gorge of Arkansas River on D. & R. G. W. Special

By Gilbert A. Lathrop

BACK in 1806 Lieut. Zebulon M. Pike, the discoverer of Pikes Peak, tried unsuccessfully to traverse the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River in what is now Colorado. A third of a century later John C. Frémont, another daring explorer, also pronounced this gorge impassable.

It was not until 1878 that a hardy gang of railroad engineers found a way to make the Royal Gorge a scenic pathway of railroad travel. A narrow-gauge line was built through this chasm, fifteen hundred feet deep, and those first diminutive narrow-gauge trains chuffed their way toward the land of gold and silver.

Physical barriers challenged those railroad builders. On the other side of the Royal Gorge, Old Man Continental Divide frowned and rubbed his gnarled hands with satisfaction over his impenetrable fastnesses. But those pioneer engineers looked at him with contempt and proceeded to run their lines over him, following from one towering mountain to the next in getting a practical railroad grade.

"Dave" Miniar

Roaring torrents howled their way through chasms where the walls towered thousands of feet on both sides of the rock-lashed water. Timberline crags were capped with eternal snow. These and many other obstacles were surmounted in the building of what is now the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad.

From Denver the main line plunges southward, skirting the foothills of the Continental Divide. West of Pueblo it turns and dashes straight toward the towering mountains. West of Cañon City, as though laughing defiance at the gigantic scale of nature, the line suddenly leaps into that colossal gateway, the Royal Gorge.

From Cañon City westward the landscape is a panorama of grandeur, and that is why the company's crack passenger train is called the "Panoramic."

Time Cut Nearly Four Hours

THE special consists of solid Pullman trains with the exception of one baggage car, one diner and the observation. All of the cars are twelve-wheelers, all steel vans which create a soggy drag on the locomotive. Traveling in one of the observation cars is almost like riding out in the open where the view is

Harry Fields

The Panoramic Curves Through Castle Gate in Price River Cañon, Utah

unobstructed, but without cinders or dust.

Following the trend of modern railroading, the time on the Panoramic has been cut down to where no grass will grow under the wheels of the train. On the two hundred and fifteen mile run from Denver to Salida the time has been clipped fifteen minutes. Nearly four hours has been saved on the seven hundred and fifty mile run between Denver and Salt Lake City.

"Ed" Miller

This has been made possible by the expenditure of thirty-three millions of dollars in the past five years on a program of rehabilitation. Seven hundred and fifty miles of main line were virtually rebuilt. New power, cars and passenger equipment were purchased. Six hundred miles of automatic block signals were installed. The track was ballasted with smelter slag and gravel. One hundred and fifty-five curves were eliminated, cuts were widened, and grades reduced.

Last spring ten of the newest type of mountain passenger locomotives

"Bob" Pridemore

were put into service. These jacks cost exactly one thousand dollars per foot, and they are ninety-nine feet long!

I was fortunate enough to ride the left side of the 1708, last word in passenger jacks, between Denver and Salida, Colorado, on the first trip of the famous Panoramic this year

At seven thirty one morning I dashed through the Union Station in Denver, met Conductor F. Q. Ward, oiler in his hand. I extended my credentials.

"My name's Harry Fields," he said "Gonna write a story about the run, are you?"

"Gonna try. I want to get a picture of you and your fireman, too," I answered

Fields chuckled. "Be sure you get a good one," he said with a humorous twist to his lips. "The last time I had

The Royal Gorge Just Around the Curve Is Colorado's Famous Hanging Bridge
Note the Automatic Blocks and Slag-Ballasted Track

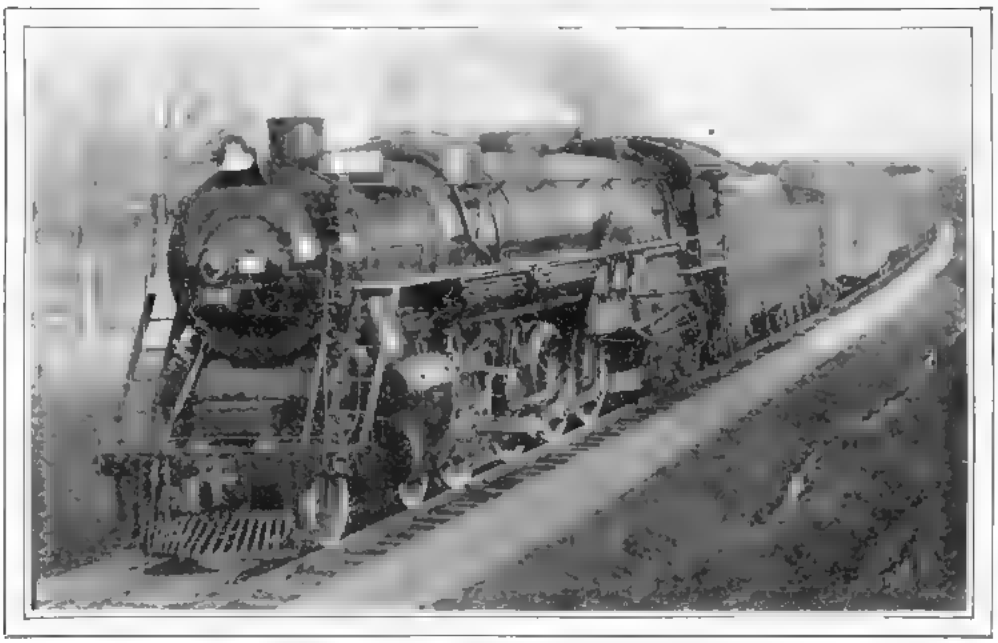
and peeped into the observation car. After noting that the train was well loaded with passengers, I struck for the engine.

I walked around her ninety-nine feet until I found a grizzled, keen-eyed, overall-clad man with a long

my picture in the papers I was advertisin' Peruna."

An Artist at the Throttle

I CLAMBERED up into the cab of that big jack. Fields pulled out his watch. When he finally got the "gate" and



One of the New and Powerful 700's on the D. & R. G. W.

widened on that high-wheeled jack, I knew an artist was at the throttle. The engineer started that ten-car train without a perceptible jolt

Then he played "Yankee Doodle" on his deep-toned chime whistle while he tore through the suburbs and out toward the climb to Palmer Lake, fifty-four miles away. Grade, seventy-nine feet to the mile

When Fields got his jack set where he wanted her, he took out a piece of chalk and drew a line on the air reverse quadrant and the throttle stand. The fireman, "Dave" Minier, confided to me that those chalk marks would be used by every engineer over the seven hundred and fifty mile run made by the engine.

I mean just that. That 1708 would take this train from Denver to Salt Lake City.

She would be handled on the trip by six different engine crews, and after a twelve-hour rest she would bring number eight, eastbound Panoramic, back to Denver.

And did we go when we finally hit the clear stretch! We had picked up our time at Littleton, ten miles out.

Engineman Fields made that jack sit up and speak. He made her sing a song of flashing rods and chattering exhausts. Automatic stoker, two hundred and forty pounds of steam, feed-water heater, back-pressure cylinder gauge which showed him exactly what that old girl was doing every second.

And Dave Minier, the tallowpot, is a master of the automatic stoker. The needle on the steam gauge stood exactly at two hundred and forty pounds, and it didn't vary one ounce over the hundred and twenty mile division to Pueblo

Running time, three hours and twenty minutes. Not fast on the surface, but fifty-four miles of that run was just steep enough so Harry was rapping her on the back every foot of

it. He hit Palmer Lake right on the tick. He hit every station and passing track exactly on time

Remember that this was the first trip made on a brand-new schedule, and with the time shortened by ten minutes!

As the train streaked through those stations and sidings, I wondered how Fields could judge speed and time to such a nicety. He didn't worry about it! He knew exactly where he was every second. And he slipped into Pueblo exactly on time!

We changed engine crews at Pueblo. "Ed" Miller took the helm and "Bob" Pridemore officiated on the left-hand side.

The going is different from Pueblo westward. The track follows the Arkansas River in great sweeping curves. Where the curves might have been too heavy, the Rio Grande has literally driven their main line through hundred-foot-deep cuts.

Ed wound her up leaving Pueblo. He knew his quadrant, and he knew just how fast he must run that 1708 to step through every town and siding on the advertised. When Ed came up against a curve a little too heavy to stand our gait, he pinched them down with an easy shot of air, and held them steady in that manner.

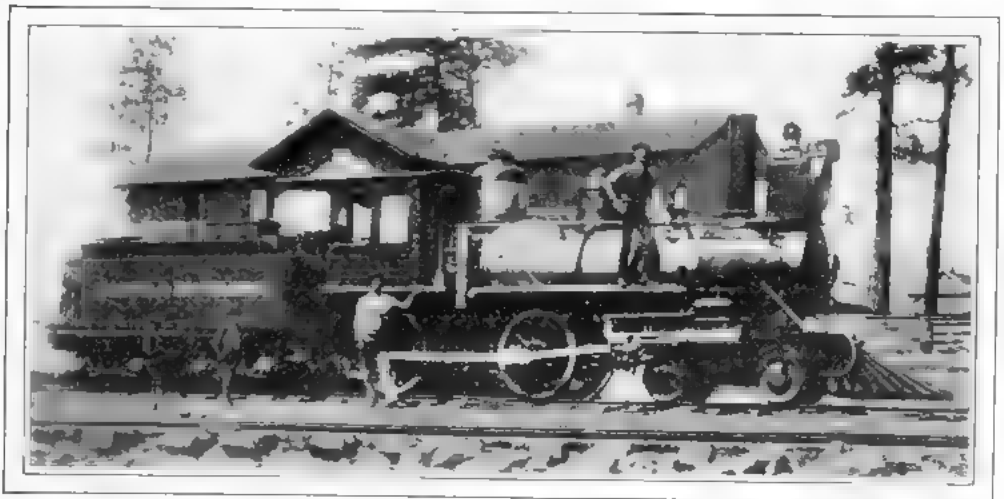
From Pueblo to Salida the time has been reduced by five minutes. We hit those automatic block signals west of Pueblo. East of Pueblo the line is joint track, eastbound traffic using the Santa Fe line and westbound traffic the Rio Grande. This stretch uses manual block signals.

Two Unique Bridges

AFTER we had nosed into the Royal Gorge, Ed pinched them down and took it easy. The track is crooked and the grade heavy. But those hundred and ten pound rails, tie-plated, with guard rails around each curve, and the slag ballast under every foot of the way, spoke for utter safety.

We halted at the deepest spot in the gorge so the passengers could unload and look up where 1,053 feet above the main line track is suspended *the highest automobile bridge in the world!*

This bridge is a marvel of engineer-



This Little Narrow Gauge Jack Known as a "Rockaway" Pulled the First Passenger Trains Through the Royal Gorge Fifty Years Ago Note the Ornament in Front of the Headlight

New and Old Roadbeds of the D & R G W near Salida, Colorado One of Many Improvements Which Cut the Panoramic Time
Observe Also, Across the River, the Abandoned Main Line of the Defunct Colorado Midland a Great Boomer Road in its Day

ing. Over a thousand feet long, it spans the gorge and looks like a spider web up there in the vault. The railing was lined with diminutive dots which represented human beings. They were looking down on us, and to their eyes we were little specks around a toy train

A forty-five degree inclined railway will soon carry sight-seers from the trains almost straight up to the bridge.

The famous "hanging bridge" on the Rio Grande is almost directly below the automobile suspension bridge It is unique in that it does not cross the river. It merely supports the railroad track over the boiling water for almost a hundred feet where the engineers could not blast out solid granite walls

The Arkansas River roared at our sides and made us realize what small objects we were in the scheme of things.

After ten minutes we pulled away from this chasm and were on our way again

Several miles of slow, crooked going and then Ed widened on his jack and wound her up again. Always that emerald green panorama unfolding on both sides of the cab. Always some new landmark to catch the eye and make one gasp

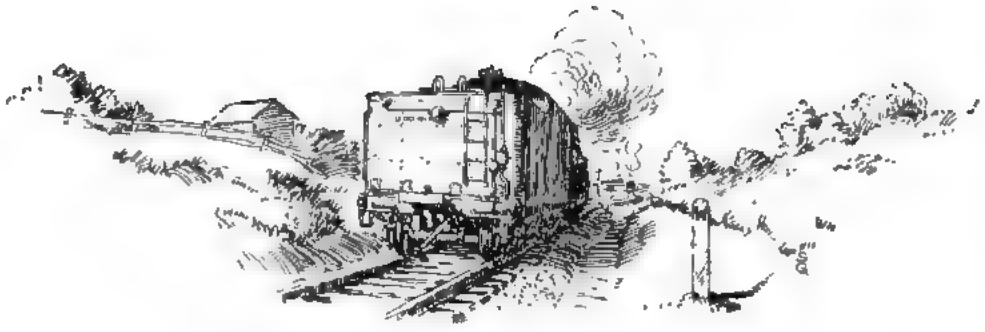
At 2.30 P.M., right on the tick, Ed halted his train at Salida, the foot of the Continental Divide, where snow-clad timber line ridges of granite frowned defiance at the 1708 and her train

It was with reluctance that I unloaded. I would gladly have continued on over Tennessee Pass, down the Western Slope, through the cañon of the Colorado River, and into Grand Junction with that tireless locomotive, but my permit had run out, so I took one last affectionate look at that marvel of steel and left her.

DOUBLE-HEADING THE MINUTE MAN

Photo by C. Parker

Crack Run of the Boston & Maine Hauled by Engines 3688 and 3636, Snapped Wheeling Them Through Shirley, Massachusetts



Black Smoke

By Floyd T. Wood

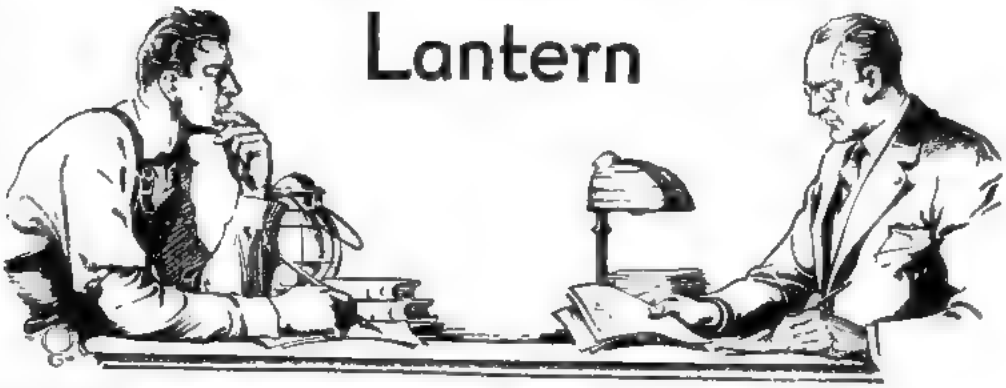
"I'M quitting your darned old railroad,"
Said Fireman Jones with a curse.
"For stoking the boilers way deep in hell
It couldn't be any worse.
I ain't got a dollar of savings;
Don't know how I'm going to eat;
But whether it's oysters or hobo stew
'Twill still have a railroad beat.

"Last trip we come in with the red cards,
A bit over two hours late;
And the brass hat guys what live up town
They welcomed us at the gate.
Sure, Nine Twenty was once some engine;
Free steaming, and run—boy, how!
She ain't seen the back-shop for three, four years;
She's ripe for the scrap heap now.

"I'm called for a turn this morning,
That hog, Fourteen Seventy-three.
We ate our lunch cold; we never had
Enough hot water for tea.
I'll swear I slaved like a nigger;
I shovelled and poked and sweat.
If I gained a pound that eagle-eye
He pulled on her tail, you bet!

"That's always the way when you're extra;
You never draw nothing good.
And time after time you dump your fire,
And build her up new with wood.
I'm quitting your darned old railroad,
An easier job to seek—
But just mark me 'Sick' and not 'Resigned.'
I'll likely book on next week!"

By the Light of the Lantern



WE want to be as useful as possible to our readers, but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are obliged to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials. The editor begs that readers sending in questions will not be disappointed if the answers do not appear as early as expected. Delays are often unavoidable for two reasons: the magazine is printed two months in advance of the date of issue, and it frequently takes weeks to secure correct answers, owing to the complexity of the questions.

R. L. B.—The B. & A. Railroad is leased by the New York Central Lines and is a part of that system. P. E. Crowley is the president. You perhaps can secure the local time-table of the Texas-Mexican Railway by writing to C. M. Fish, Traffic Manager, Laredo, Texas. This railroad runs between Laredo and Corpus Christi, 116 miles, and has daily service in each direction.

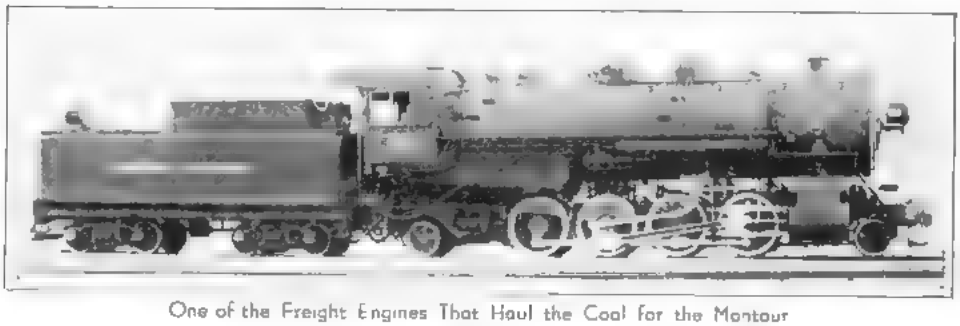
F. S., Ambridge, Pa.—Although the length of The Montour Railroad is only 57 miles, they have some husky locomotives. As you undoubtedly know, the Montour is a coal line and does not carry passengers.

The Montour type of locomotive illustrated here is a 2-8-2 built in 1923 by the American Locomotive Company. It has a tractive power of 64,600 pounds. Cylinders, 27 x 32 inches; diameter of drivers, 57 inches; steam pressure, 185 pounds; weight of the engine and tender in working order, 470,000 pounds; weight on the drivers, 250,000 pounds. They burn soft coal with a heating area of 3,834 square feet and a superheater of 872 square feet; grate area, 66.7 square feet.

PLEASE give me the addresses where the New York Central, Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio Railroads have their apprentice courses.—L. DeM., Homer City, Pa.

The New York Central Lines maintain their courses at their principal shops such as West Albany, New York; East Buffalo, New York; Depew, New York; Bucyrus, Ohio; Collinwood, Ohio; Elkhart, Indiana, and Avis, Pennsylvania.

The New York Central has in effect certain rules and instructions governing these courses and, in addition to the definite shop schedule of training



One of the Freight Engines That Haul the Coal for the Montour

apprentices, schools are maintained in the larger shops where each apprentice is given four hours per week in school under pay with compulsory attendance.

The Pennsylvania Lines has fifty six per cent of its apprentice courses at the Altoona Works, Altoona, Pennsylvania, and about fifteen per cent at each of the shops at Wilmington, Delaware, and Columbus, Ohio, and the remaining fourteen per cent is distributed among other shops on different parts of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

The Baltimore & Ohio maintains apprenticeship courses at some of its stations and terminals where roundhouses and backshop facilities are located, as follows: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Baltimore, Maryland; Brunswick, Maryland; Cumberland, Maryland; Grafton, West Virginia; Parkersburg, West Virginia; Benwood, West Virginia (near Wheeling); Connellsville, Pennsylvania; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Akron, Ohio; Willard, Ohio; Lima, Ohio; Chillicothe, Ohio; Washington, Indiana; Indianapolis, Indiana.

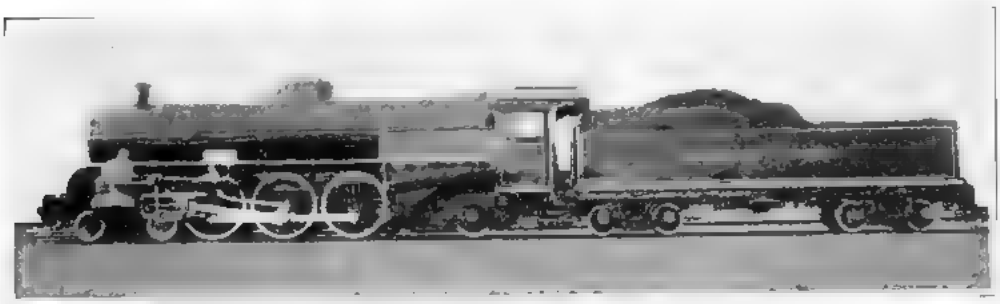
The following trades are listed: Machinist, boilermaker, pipefitting, sheet metal worker, electrician, carman freight carman—passenger, pattern maker, and cabinet maker.

In addition to the men taking the B. & O courses they must also take up a course with the Railway Educational Bureau which is a correspondence school under railway supervision.

P. A. T., New York City—The American Locomotive Works is located at 30 Church Street and the Baldwin Locomotive Works at 120 Broadway, New York City. The plant of the American Locomotive Works is at Schenectady, New York, and the plant of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, together with the general offices, is at Eddystone, Pennsylvania.

It is possible that you can secure the photograph you have in mind from either one of the companies. There may be a fee attached to such service. We are sorry we can't print a picture of the Twentieth Century as you request. If you still have the cover of your December issue you will have a picture of the Twentieth Century Limited from an actual photograph.

R. H. C., Binghamton, N. Y.—The 4-6-2 high pressure Delaware & Hudson locomotives are numbered 651 and 652. They are termed the class P-1 and were built by the D. & H. Company. These engines have 22 x 28 cylinders, 73-inch driving wheels and a total weight of 300,000 pounds in working order. The length over all is 87 feet 1 inch including the tank, and the engines carry a steam pressure of 275 pounds.



New High-Pressure Passenger Power on the D. & H.

They are equipped with Walschaerts valve gear, of the Poppet valve style. The two locomotives are designed for passenger service.

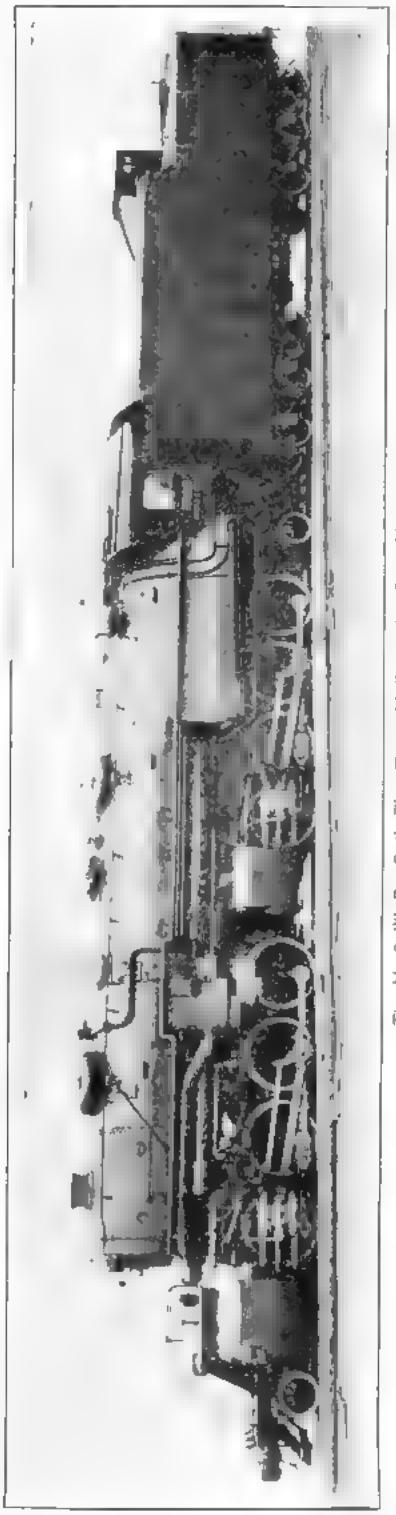
THE Pennsylvania time table of April 27, 1930, gives the following schedules: The New Yorker, No. 52, between Warsaw, Indiana, and Ft. Wayne 39.3 miles in 24 minutes, at a speed of 98 miles per hour. Is this true? Also the Manhattan Limited, No. 22, between Englewood and Ft. Wayne averages 62.1 miles per hour and No. 58, the Liberty Limited, between Gary and Ft. Wayne is shown as averaging 60.2 miles per hour. Are these the fastest schedules in the United States?

(b) Is the 4-8-2 the largest engine on the Pennsylvania?

(c) How fast have the 5400's on the Pennsylvania and the 5200's on the New York Central traveled?—L. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

(a) The time-table you refer to shows the arrival time of No. 52 at Ft. Wayne as 12.40 and its departure at 1 o'clock. The 12.40 is an error in the printing. The time should be 1 o'clock at Ft. Wayne for arrival and departure which would make the time between Warsaw and Ft. Wayne forty-four minutes for the 39.3 miles. The schedules are correct on the other two trains.

(b) The New M-1-A type engine or the 4-8-2 of the Pennsylvania Lines is their latest and largest locomotive for road freight or passenger service.



The N. & W. Ry Built This Giant Mallet in Its Own Shops

(c) There is no official timing to indicate how fast either of these engines has traveled. The 5400's on the Pennsylvania, or the K-4 type, are capable with a moderate train of as much as 95 miles an hour, while locomotive engineers who drive on the New York Central say that even they have no idea how fast the Hudson types will run if they are opened up.

CAN you give us, please, a picture and the principal dimensions of the new Mallet built by the Norfolk and Western Railway in its own shops? C. J. F., Baltimore, Maryland

The Norfolk and Western Class 2000, type 2-8-8-2, has just been turned out of the company's own shops. This locomotive has a cylinder diameter of 25 inches and 39 inches x 32 inches. The driving wheel diameter is 57 inches, the steam pressure is 280 pounds and the total wheel base of the engine and tender is 97 feet 10 1-4 inches. The length over all is 102 feet 9 inches. The total weight of the engine on the drivers is 522,850 pounds and the total weight of the locomotive is 582,900 pounds. The tractive power, simple, is 150,322 pounds and compound is 125,268 pounds. A photograph of this locomotive is reproduced herewith. It represents the last word in freight power in the South.

WHICH is the most powerful of the following locomotives: the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific electric bi-polar gearless type 10250, the Milwaukee Quill Spring Drive type 10300, the Chicago & Northwestern steam type 3006, or the D. L. & W. steam type 1505?

(b) Which is the fastest of these?

(a) The tractive effort of the 10250 is 40,300 pounds and the 10300 is 46,800 pounds, while the tractive effort of the Chicago & Northwestern's 3000 class engines, as already described and illustrated in this magazine, is 65,200 pounds without the booster, and the D. L. & W. 1505 is 64,500 pounds, therefore, the Chicago & Northwestern locomotive is the most powerful.

(b) It is hard to say which of these locomotives will make the highest speed. Speed always depends on gradient, physical operating conditions, train weights and tonnage.

HOW many locomotives do the Missouri Pacific Lines have on the Texas Division and what is the tractive effort of one of their 4-6-2 class engines?

(b) How do you start to work to become an engineer? W. D. S., Lovelady, Texas.

(a) The Missouri Pacific Texas Line varies in the number of engines it uses according to the season of the year. For instance, in the month of January the Texas division used 323 locomotives, in February the same number, 329 in March and 335 in April. As to the tractive effort, the Missouri Pacific Lines in Texas have various sizes of Pacific type engines ranging from the 6400 class with a tractive effort as low as 34,875 pounds up to the 6600 which has a tractive effort of 47,535 pounds.

(b) Get a job as a locomotive fireman.

Honk and Horace

By Emmet F. Harte

Midnight Marauders at Gypsum Junction Cook the Goose That Laid the Golden Eggs

Ham's Moods Ranged from the Pit of Despair to the Peak of Ecstasy

THE bloke who can put a fast one over on us railroad men must be an early riser and a quick stepper, you bet your rompers. Still and all, I suppose there are instances where we misjudged the other guy's hand.

Hancock Simpson and I were adorning the positions of pumping experts at Swan Lake pumping station, in the vicinity of Gypsum Junction. We were each getting fifteen dollars a week remuneration. The job afforded us opportunities for various social and sportive activities on the side, since we'd trained the pump to function pretty dependably of its own initiative, thereby relieving us of worry.

I'll now introduce the villain. Name of Wallace Hunter. He arrived in our town one spring day. Having

established residence at the Cosmopole, crack hostelry, he proceeded to circulate and radiate. He was the lion's kitten. Fortune's advance agent.

Mr. Hunter was a promoter. His credentials were accepted by Major Bolivar Timmons, president of the Farmers' and Traders' Bank, as above reproach. He was presumably the special field representative of the North American Coffee and Rubber Plantations Company, which owned thousands or millions or some such number of acres of subtropical land in the Rio Grande valley in Texas and old Mexico.

The company was a sure enough outfit, from all accounts, and was really and truly engaged in what it said it was engaged in, namely, planting and growing rubber trees, coffee bushes, and so forth. While the trees were coming on it was getting quick returns and large profits from bananas, pineapples, tea, indigo, vanilla, and other hot climate flora.

The rubber and coffee chappie deposited five or six thousand iron men in Major Timmons's bank and started promotion. His business was to sell shares in his company. He was a beaming, large-fronted, massaged, magnetic, well-dressed young man with a hypnotic eye and a voice like a saxophone crooning sentimental ballads.

I

Everybody liked Wallace Hunter. He had a big nickel-plated imported motor car, with a colored boy in green regalia to drive same, and he was a genial mixer. Played golf with the idle rich at Swan Lake Club, danced, bridged—and also mingled with the engine wipers, switchmen, car operatives, and other unwashed hombres on the Transcontinental pay roll.

The plan of purchasing stock was simple. A share of preferred and a share of common cost $105. You had to buy 'em in pairs. You could pay a tenth cash, and give your note for the balance. Preferred stock paid 12 per cent. Common paid whatever was left in the kitty—might be anything from 1 per cent to 100 per cent or more That was what gave the proposition a bonanza flavor.

I'll now introduce the heroine. Mary Lou Gracey was the orphan daughter of old Hawkeye Gracey, deceased, one time veteran passenger engineer on our great railroad. The girl was twenty-two, cute as a baby doll. She'd inherited a wad of money and property, and lived on her big estate at the edge of town, with a couple of old darky retainers.

Lastly we come to the hero. Hamilton Stephens, third trick operator at the Junction. A clean, long-legged lad and a square-shooter, but painfully girl-shy. Anybody that's scared of a mere pinch of pinkness with curls and a knack of giggling should consult a veterinary.

Ham was goofy about Mary Lou. He wasn't in love with her money. No. He would have worshiped that damsel just the same if she'd been broke and owed fifty thousand simoleons. Ham's moods ranged from the pit of despair to the peak of ecstasy. When Mary Lou flashed her dimples he went vertigo; but when she sort of gazed through and past him, he cursed his birthday and refused food Love is horrible.

But let's adhere to our knitting. Hancock Simpson chose to discuss with me the gum and caffeine stock-jobbing proposition.

"The thing sounds like a nifty buy," he said. "However, you can't tell; it

may be one of those wildcat deals. I can't make up my mind to plunge on it, but my good judgment says—"

"So?" I snorted. "Listen, weakling. While you hesitate and procrastinate, I act. I've already bought a block of stock myself. A block of five pairs. I paid $525 for 'em, $52.50 spot, and my note for the remainder, payable $47.25 per month."

"Wha-at!" he yelled. "You've signed up to pay $47 25 per month, when you're getting only $65! Five from nought's five, two from nine's seven—hey, you'll have exactly $17.75 left. How are you going to live and keep in chewing tobacco on that?"

"I've quit chewing," I announced. "And I'm on a diet. Fish and water. I aim to save all but one dollar of my entire salary. The dollar goes for picture shows."

Honk breathed heavily and left me. He seemed too dazed to argue further, at the moment. In a day or two, though, he pompously informed me that he'd hypothecated half of his own lavish earnings in a deal with Mr Hypnotic Hunter, contracting for four helpings of preferred and common, total $420, initial payment $42, and the rest at $37.80 monthly. Anyhow, I was the king-pin with the largest holdings in our pump shanty. I could crow over him and also outvote him at the annual stockholders' meeting.

Mr. Hunter had good success with the Transcontinental outfit at the Junction, once he'd crashed through the ice, as it were. There were about a hundred knuckleheads affiliated with the transportation industry at that point. Roundhouse and shop men, yard and maintenance-of-way hounds, freight-hustlers, car repairers, machinists, signal tinkers, brass pounders, pencil pushers, and of course train crews with lay-overs between trips. A financial windfall looked propitious to them naturally, and they let go of their coin liberally for stock in the big plantation project.

Everything was seemingly ootsey-tootsey on the battle front when our Spanish castle fell down. Life is like that in the back reaches of the hinterland, ladies and gents. I know, because I've probed into a lot of things in my time, including hornets' nests.

Honk Simpson, who reasons well but unwisely, had a grand idea—except that there was a joker in it. And I—well, I pride myself that I made things hum when the worst came to the worst. I saved the day, and most of the night, for our outfit. But are they grateful? Ask 'em.

II

Ham Stephens came blubbering with a hard luck story to our pump residence. He was too bashful to besiege Mary Lou Gracey in her citadel and carry the young thing's heart by storm, but at the same time he was violently opposed to anybody else doing it.

"That pink-jowled sport, Wallace Hunter, is making love to Mary Lou," he yammered. "He's been joy-riding around with her now for three or four evenings in his high-toned auto. Once they went to the Bijou Palace together to a picture show. It's getting awful serious. It's mighty plain that he's a victim of Cupid's dart—"

"More likely it's cupidity's dart," I said, with attempted lightness. "The gentleman is selling stock, remember. And the young lady has the doubloons. All he wants is her name on the dotted line for about ten or twenty shares."

"Yeah, maybe—and maybe not," Ham contended. "I got a sinking feel-

ing to the effect that he's planning to marry Mary Lou for her money. Things like that've been done, haven't they?"

"Right," I corroborated. "You must use strategy and chicanery. For example, start a cock and bull story of some kind. Nothing definite, just hints. Such as 'They say Hunter's wife has sued him for divorce' or 'Wonder if this man Hunter is the same gink that used to sell electric belts on the streets back in the come-on days?' Then watch the tale expand as it travels."

"Say, that's a hot idea!" Ham approved.

"Er—Horace, you don't really think the galoot is a faker, do you?" Honk demanded later, such is the insidious influence of evil suggestion.

I deprecated the thought, reminding him that we were both large and enthusiastic stockholders in the enterprise ourselves.

"Humph!" he mused. "Nevertheless, I'm going to look into the matter. I had a picture post card yesterday from Clancy Chitwood. He's down in El Paso, and has attended a couple of bull fights in Juarez. I'll wire him to investigate the plantations fully and submit a detailed report at once."

I've never placed much reliance in Clancy Chitwood's intelligence. My estimate of his mental capacity is that if brains were worth a million dollars an ounce and he sold his entire holdings he wouldn't realize enough to pay his fare home on a street car. However, I uttered no protest. Let Clancy look over our plantations and welcome.

Then Ham started the rumor that Wallace Hunter had once been a toy balloon salesman in Chicago. A week later the calumny had gathered colorful trimmings and additions. It was generally bandied around that Hunter was an ex-ballyhoo man for sideshow freaks, a former manipulator of pea and shells with a circus, that he had run an Indian medicine show for many years, that he'd sold gold bricks, machines for making paper money, phony oil wells, and on at least one occasion the Brooklyn Bridge to a jasper with a good eye for a bargain Propaganda is powerful stuff when properly misdirected.

This gossip helped to mold the plastic mud of public opinion—among the railroad coffee and rubber investors, at any rate—so that all it took was a spark to send the whole vat of home brew up through the roof.

III

MAYBE I'd best present the culminating sequence of incidents in the form of news flashes, as follows:

Bulletin: Relayed from the Farmers' and Traders' Bank via Dick Dillon, teller, a pal of Ham Stephens. Mary Lou Gracey buys 100 shares each, Plantations preferred and common, price $10,500. Initial payment $5,000 cash, balance note for $5,500. Hunter deposits check for five grand. News spreads rapidly. Idea grows that Mary Lou has been gypped somehow, nobody can say how, where, or why. Still, she's been buncoed. And her an orphan.

Bulletin: Wild rumors to the effect that Hunter is about to skip out. He's made a clean-up at this point, and will seek new coveys of suckers.

Bulletin extraordinary: Telegram for Honk from Clancy Chitwood. Report on North American Coffee and Rubber Plantations Company's development in Rio Grande valley:

> Inspection completed. Whole place is desert waste. Miles of mesquite and greasewood. Fields of cactus far as

eye can see. Rest sagebrush. Glad to oblige. Hello everybody in God's country.

A cheering message, I don't think, couched in double the words necessary, at day rates, stop. Or don't stop, I should say.

Bulletin: Me to the rescue. Action! No redress possible, eh? I summon the cohorts of the Transcontinental to arms. In the words of the dauntless Charley Pinckney, I thundered: "Millions for defense, but nary a rusty red cent for tribute!"

My skirmishers began to fetch information late that afternoon, as I sat at my table in pumphouse headquarters, mapping our campaign, establishing communications, posting lookouts, and all the complicated matters of a great offensive drive.

It was true, our adversary was preparing to beat it. Word came that he had closed his account at the bank, having drawn out an immense sum of money in cash, drafts, travelers' and certified checks. His car was parked in front of the hotel, gassed and oiled for traveling. I issued a few general and special orders.

Honk watched me in fascinated admiration. "Horace," he said, "you may be foolish, but you're not crazy. I feel that you're cooking up trouble for that financial wizard. I sure want to be in on it. When does the big doings begin?"

"Shortly after sundown," I said. "But you're on duty at the pump. You can't go."

"Watch me," he retorted. "I'll shut down this outfit, right now."

As the shades of eventide were deepening, we left the Swan Lake pumping station and cantered up the cinder path to the Junction. We joined a group of a dozen other adventurers from the railroad ranks who were waiting for us behind the engine shed. They had a couple of decrepit flivvers ready to ramble.

Among the daredevils present were Ham Stephens, avenger; Red Hawes and Dingbat Weems, switchmen; Bellwether Brown, yard engineer; Fletch Hawkins, engine foreman; Dusty Denton, signal inspector; and a mixed gang of machinists, freight-handlers, car carpenters, and others.

The westering sun, like a coy *señorita,* had hid its blushing face behind a fan-shaped cloud. There were only three ways to get out of the village. Outposts had been stationed on these trails in touch with a telephone. Whichever way Hunter departed, we'd nail him.

I was pleased to find our bunch of advocates of illegality augmented by one supporter of the statutes. Shelby James, city marshal and sworn agent of peace and order, was a noisy member of the vigilantes. He'd bought a pair of shares, it seemed, and was out for gore. So he'd left his oath of office at home, and brought handcuffs and leg irons instead. Hunter's large and opulent chariot was still parked at the hotel.

Our rabble occupied the period of waiting by going over the plan of procedure I'd hatched out. It was discussed in detail, and voted a star-spangled example of the wildcat's whiskers. I thought rather well of it myself. All were given stellar rôles, with the understanding that the show was a benefit performance. We were doing it for Mary Lou.

Mr. Hunter, bathed and barbered, issued from the hotel. He bore a document case. His black boy carried two traveling bags. They embarked. The motor whirred and droned with the

chuckling of happy cylinders purring in harmony. The car moved, taking the west road.

Mr. Hunter glanced grandly at the quiet street with its drab buildings, its seemingly stupid loafers leaning inert against insensate walls. His lip curled in a sniff of contempt. Yokels! Easy picking! Poof! Step on it, Dewberry!

Dewberry stepped on it. The motor hummed in a higher key. Gypsum Junction slipped behind and faded into the mauve haze of the dulcet twilight. Mr. Hunter pointed his questing nose toward fresh fields, new prospects.

IV

About three miles out Dewberry's attention was claimed by a red lamp ahead. He applied the retarders. Across the paved slab of the road stood a wooden barricade bearing a large placard and the red lantern mentioned. On the placard was the word "Detour," with a rude arrow pointing to a side road. The big car turned into the side road

It was a narrow lane, rough and rutted, grown up with weeds. It rambled ahead for a mile or so, then ducked into a patch of woods and turned into a twisting, primitive trail Mr. Hunter did a lot of bouncing up and down on the cushions along this stretch.

Another mile, and the road vanished entirely. All around was dark, gloomy woods full of trees and thickets and hills and hollows and bugs chittering. A wild, lonesome spot, like a dark pocket in the wilderness, a solitude that looked forbidding at night. In a little open space on a sloping hillside stood some kind of a tumbledown building that gleamed dimly in the darkness. This was the remains of an ancient stone church

The edifice was in a cemetery, and the white, spectral shapes of gravestones were visible in the high grass and underbrush. It wasn't an inviting spot for a tryst at night. Legends had it that spooks held high jinks there.

But Wallace Hunter wasn't familiar with those legends. Dewberry wasn't either, but he knew a graveyard when he saw one, and graveyards were no place for nobody after dark.

"Tombstones!" he shuddered. "Ah reckon we bettah tu'n roun' an' light out uh heah."

"Very well, do it then," coincided Mr. Hunter testily. "You must have missed the real road, blundering around like a blind bat in these cursed woods—"

And then the two of them noticed several indistinct figures that had popped out of the surrounding gloom and assembled in a shadowy cordon, round about the car. Hunter didn't recognize anybody in this gathering, but they seemed to know him.

"Why, it's the get-rich-quick man, Mr. Hunter," a voice spoke. "Howdy, sport. Are you traveling, or just going somewhere this evening?"

"Ah, we've lost our way—" Hunter began haughtily.

"Hail, brother," the voice said "You're a member of our order, it seems. You've given the password of the lodge. Light down and mingle."

"Lodge?" snapped Hunter. "I don't belong to any lodge. Turn around, Dewberry, and drive on. Stand aside, you rubes, or you may get hit."

A shadowy arm reached in, fumbled along the dashboard, and twisted the ignition key. The motor ceased purring. It was at that moment that our two corps of reserves arrived. All hands piled off, and joined the cordon about Hunter's big bus.

"What's the matter here?" I demanded briskly.

"A spy has been caught spying," voices announced. "When apprehended he gave the dread password, but denied being our exalted lodge brother."

Other heavy hands grabbed Hunter. He objected, but his captors were not particularly gentle. They didn't seem to care if his apparel got mussed or not. He was led and pushed toward the spooky-looking pile of ruins.

Telegram for Honk—
from Clancy Chitwood

"Oho!" said I. "That's bad. It's a stormy night ashore, mates Drag the rascal out where we can see him"

Arbitrary hands yanked open the car doors. There was a clicking sound. Dewberry, the dusky driver, found himself handcuffed to the steering wheel. He didn't object. He had temporarily stopped thinking

"I'll have all of you jailed for this!" he squealed. "It's a dastardly outrage!"

Honk was dancing around excitedly. "Lynch him!" he brayed. "Who's got a rope?"

That's the way mob psychology affects your puff-brained advocates of law and order, but I commanded

solemnly: "Lead the prisoner to the hall of inquiry for questioning."

Mr. Hunter was conducted into a chamber in the cellar of the ruined church. It was a dank, tomblike crypt Candles were lighted and stuck in crevices of the stone walls. The brethren formed a sinister circle around the nervous captive.

In the semidarkness the faces of our company looked grotesque and terrible. The fact that all of us had enhanced the mugs we presented to view ordinarily by the addition of frightful falsefaces such as youngsters wear on Hallowe'en gave us quite a carnival air.

Bud Lewis, who had a voice like a bullfrog growling in a barrel, opened the proceedings.

"Mystic majesty," he grated. "We have with us this evening a stranger. The brethren nabbed him in the act of trying to swipe our secret and sacred mysteries. What'll we do to him?"

Having been chosen to play the rôle of master of ceremonies, I replied—speaking in sepulchral tones through a short section of air-brake hose: "The penalty for spies is—not nice. Not even to look at, and a whole lot worse to undergo. This misguided peeping Thomas has certainly got himself into a morass of troubles. He has a nasty night before him. And nothing pleasant to look forward to at the end. Prepare the spy for the painful ordeals he must experience before the final climax—"

Mr. Hunter was beginning to be impressed. His assurance was getting wabbly.

"It's all a—a misunderstanding," he squawked a little hysterically. "I had no intention of spying on your lodge affairs, my good men. I—I'm innocent. We'd simply lost our way in the woods, you see. I assure you, your secrets would be safe with me even if I did know them, which I don't. I don't want to know them, either."

"The time for excuses is past," I droned. "The suet is in the fire. Make the victim ready for the torture."

Hunter was scared. His pink jowls turned chalky. The tough-looking hombres around him were displaying an array of suggestive tools and accessories: a blow torch spewing blue flames; pincers, saws, butcher knives, pipe wrenches; and what was unmistakably a real coffin, which four guys carried in and made ready for business.

Rude and horny hands seized the trembling victim and removed his apparel. He made a feeble show of resistance, but was pawed into docility. A garment improvised from a gunny sack with holes cut in it for his legs was adjusted on his person. It was belted about his paunch with a girdle of binder twine. His arms were manacled with a second pair of Marshal James's darbies.

"We better gag him," Red Hawes advised. "I never could stand to hear 'em scream when we begin to tear 'em apart. I'll just shove this wad of waste into his trap and tie it tight with my bandanna."

Hunter was gagged and also blindfolded. Then he was led round and round the cellar in a slow march step to a kind of groaning chant of voices. Finally the candidate was halted.

"Who is this wretch, and what is he doing here?" I moaned through my air-hose

"He is a lost soul," chanted the growling chorus. "He is here for judgment."

"Let him be given the unspeakable tests," I ordered. "The fearful ordeals of water, and fire, and lightning, and snakes, and the cold, cold grave."

Ham Stephens handled the ordeal of water, with a couple of bucketsful brought from an ice-cold spring near by. The first one shocked the candidate into a state of rigidity, if there is such a word. Maybe I should say frigidity. The second douse stimulated him into wild activity. Somebody snatched him away from the blow torch in time to prevent his legs from getting singed; others kept him from dashing out his brains against the stone walls.

Trials and tribulations followed. Mr. Hunter made quite a poor showing in the different ordeals. The fire ordeal got his goat. His imagination ran away with him. He fancied he was being branded with red-hot irons when he was touched with chunks of ice. The test of electricity almost ruined him. Spitting sparks from a couple of dry cells—entirely harmless—did it. After an hour he went limp.

Then he was placed in the coffin, gibbering with terror. Wriggling serpents—pieces of small garden hose well wetted—were tossed in with him, and the lid was presumably nailed down. He was lifted and carried, then lowered down, down. The sound of clods thumping completed the allegory.

It came near being a casualty. We found it necessary to resuscitate the poor nerve-shattered wretch. He barely had sense enough left to bargain for his life. He was willing to talk turkey.

"Have mercy," he pleaded. "I'll give you everything—money, car, my clothes, all I've got—if you'll let me go—"

"Listen to this crook," I growled. "First he spies on us, then he wants to bribe us. Sir," I informed him, "the members of our order are incorruptible. But since you're in a negotiating frame of mind, we might do some swapping"

"Yes, yes," he declared. "I'll do whatever you say, willingly and gladly, if you'll let me go."

"Fine," I approved. "We want to barter some papers with you. We'll trade you our papers for your papers. You're agreeable? All right. Brother Bellwether," I addressed the throttle-twiddler named, "have you Miss Gracey's stock certificate?"

Brown had been delegated to get the document prior to our jamboree. He had it. Business began briskly.

In a jiffy Mary Lou's stock was exchanged for five thousand cash and her note. Mr. Hunter was so eager to swap he shook like a leaf. Seeing that he was such a cheerful trader, the whole outfit started bartering certificates for cash and promissory notes.

The old church basement resounded with the bustle of stock-jobbing, like a bucket shop at a lamb-trimming. The field representative of Plantations preferred and common never had a busier half hour, I'll bet, in his financial experience. And he did it dressed in his gunny sack doublet, with his brief case on a coffin for a desk and our carnival crew for customers.

When the trading was finished, and every Transcontinental gazabo present had received his cash paid and personal note in exchange for a surrendered certificate of stock, we slapped Hunter fraternally on the back and helped him rehabilitate himself in his garments of civilization.

We escorted Hunter to his buzz boat, unhooked his flunkey, and wished him bon voyage. He still had a bale of money and securities obtained from other share buyers. That was outside of our jurisprudence. We weren't righting the wrongs of a bamboozled world. We were looking out for No. One only.

"Adios," we told Hunter. "A short life and a merry one. Beware of railroaders, detours and easy marks. Go back the way you came."

It was unanimously voted that Ham Stephens should comprise the committee to visit Mary Lou and restore to her the bundle of ducats and her note which we had retrieved from the talons of the despoiler. Ham was scared silly, but he couldn't sidestep it.

"By heck!" he swore. "I'll do it. I'll take her by storm!"

He did too, and thus Ham and Mary Lou got engaged to be married.

A month afterward there was a blow-out over at Swan Lake clubhouse, celebrating the finals of a golf tournament or something. Honk and I were invited. I hired some soup-and-fish clothes and went, mainly to kill time.

Among those present was Clancy Chitwood. After the major doings, several of us were telling Scotch stories in the smoking room, and the talk got switched to financial channels. P. Q. Armitage started telling about a fat investment he'd been dabbling in—one of the juiciest plums offered in many a day. Some of the other boys were in on it also.

"Make the Victim Ready for the Torture!"

"It's the North American Coffee and Rubber Plantations project," Armitage explained. "A man named Hunter sold us the stock. A quarterly stock dividend of fifty per cent was declared yesterday. Preferred stock pays

twelve per cent. The company is garnering wealth in tropical products. When the coffee and rubber trees get to producing it'll be a gold mine for those who got in on the ground floor."

Honk gaffed Clancy Chitwood with a cold, icy eye. "How about your report of the Plantations proposition?" he asked grimly. "Was it meant to be funny, or what?"

"Oh, by Jove, you know," cackled the saphead, with a titter. "I fahncy I jumped at conclusions in that matter, I'm afraid. It was a blawsted bally joke on me, I suppose. You see, I'd gone rusty on my botany, by Jove! What I thought was greasewood was really rubber trees, you know. And I mistook the coffee shrubs for mesquite, I declare. But the best wheeze of all was my blooming error of thinking I saw miles and miles of cactus. The things were actually pineapples, they tell me. A silly mistake to make, wasn't it?"

There appeared to be nothing appropriate for Honk to say, so words failed him. As for me, I have always found words inadequate to express my appreciation of Clancy Chitwood. I might do it with a handful of cockroach powder, but not with mere language.

Ho, hum! Signing off—good night!

If you'd like a free copy of Harry C. Temple's great cover on this issue, turn to page 310

ABANDONED

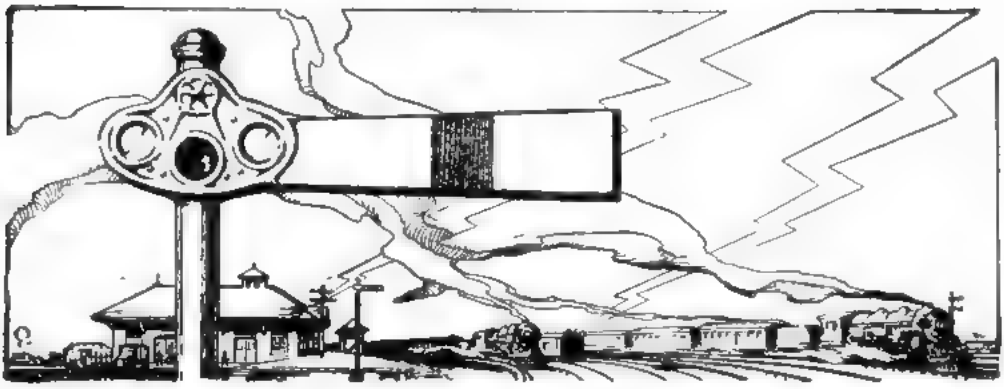
By Olin Lyman

THE old branch line with its rusted rails
Wends on through the ancient hills:
The shadows creep as the sunlight fails,
And the calls of the whippoorwills
Sound in the thicket where verdure lies,
Shading the green of the grass-grown ties.

The night is born, and the stars awake
While the moon ascends the sky;
A ghostly wind stirs a lonely lake
To the wail of a loon's weird cry,
And the vines creep up to the broken door
Of a station where man will come no more.

Midnight and hush—then a phantom roar
And the note of a ghostly bell
And an eerie whistle, while pistons pour
Their wraiths of steam . . . The knell
Intones again . . . past the stunted pine
The ghost train rolls on the Memory Line.

My Greatest Thrill



A department where true experiences of railroad men are related. Prompt payment at good rates is offered for narratives of personal thrills. Each story must be verified.

The Drop That Failed

The Engine and Two Cars Turned Completely Over, but the Man on the Pilot Escaped Hurts

By Ben S. Horton

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

I HAVE been roadmaster on the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad for over twenty years. We are out on the Mojave Desert, running from Ludlow, California to Goldfield, Nevada, a total of 248 miles. On this small road I have seen some of the worst wrecks I have ever witnessed in over fifty years of railroad experience.

I was going north on No. 9 one fine spring morning about sixteen years ago when I received the biggest thrill I have ever had in the railroad game.

We had to set out two empty box cars and take them up a spur about two and a half miles to a talc mine. This spur was on a 3.5 per cent grade and the last 800 feet were on a 6 per cent grade. Right at the end of this spur was a loading platform with a track on each side of it.

At Acme, where this spur led off from the main line, was a wye, the continuation of which was the mine spur. This certain morning we stopped on the main line between the legs of the wye. We cut off two behind the engine, pulled up over the switch and backed up the north leg of the wye and on up the spur to the mine.

The northbound crew, every morn-

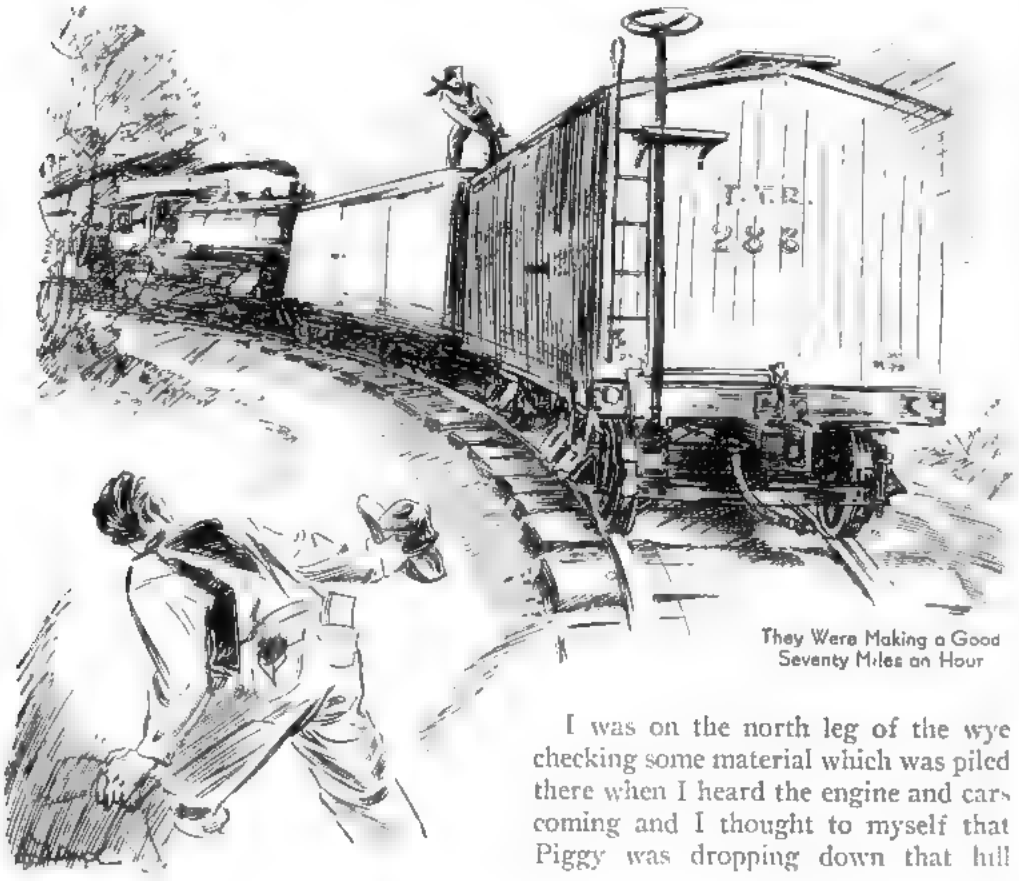
ing had to take two empties up and spot them at the platform and bring two loads down and set them just in to clear on the south leg of the wye, for the southbound train to pick up.

Arriving at the mine, Conductor French decided to drop the two loads down over the switch by hand. Then the engine could push them down the hill ahead of it and head in on the south leg of the wye and spot the cars. That would save making a drop of them down at Acme.

French climbed on top, released the hand brakes. The brakeman kicked out the blocks and they started to roll. When he started to wind them up he broke a brake chain on the first car. He ran back to the other one but one brake couldn't hold two loads on that 6 per cent hill.

"Piggy" McDonald, the engineer, saw what was happening. He got the brakeman on the pilot and started after them. The first time he hit them the coupling didn't make. He just gave them a kick.

Piggy started after them again and caught them. By this time they were doing a good thirty miles per hour When he tried to pinch them up those two loads pulled that little 140,000 pound engine along like it was a toothpick. Mac knew he couldn't stop them, so he gave the brakeman on the pilot the slack and a signal to pull the pin. But the brakeman didn't understand or else was too scared to do it.



They Were Making a Good Seventy Miles an Hour

I was on the north leg of the wye checking some material which was piled there when I heard the engine and cars coming and I thought to myself that Piggy was dropping down that hill

pretty fast. Pretty quick I saw them as they came around a curve out of the mesquite trees, which lined the track on either side.

They were making a good seventy miles an hour. I could see French over one of the loads and Gus Holmes, the fireman, was standing on top of the engine tank. I stepped over to the north side of the track. In fact, I guess, I ran over there, because I noticed that the switch was lined for the north leg of the wye, and I knew that they would turn over as soon as they hit the switch points.

The two loads and engine did turn over when they hit the switch just across the tracks from me and on top of the material I had just been checking. Believe me I can see it yet, and that was some thrill.

Gus Holmes, the fireman, had his spine broken and died several months later in a hospital in Los Angeles. Piggy had both legs, one arm and several ribs broken. French had his foot broken, and Young Major, who was still riding the pilot when they turned over, didn't get a scratch.

If he only had had the presence of mind to lift that pin that wreck would never have happened and there would still be a good fireman or engineer working somewhere to-day.

These are the real names of the men involved, and Mr. W. W. Cahill, the same superintendent, is still here at Ludlow, California.

Weird Dream Comes True

Fred A. Seglar, Section Boss, Relates Amazing Incident of $2,000,000 Flood in Bad Lands of North Dakota

As Told to H. L. Childs

Illustrated by John R. Neill

EVEN a section boss and his "gandy dancers" find thrills in railroading now and then. Life isn't all "joint ahead and center back"—the monotonous routine of inspecting tracks, replacing old ties or worn out rails, keeping ballast neat and repairing "run through" switches.

In June, 1921, after working five or six years as a laborer and then foreman for one of the big Northwestern roads, I had charge of a crew in the Bad Lands of North Dakota.

It was a dry country, dry in every sense of the word. Grass withered under the blazing sun and cattle died on their feet. About a mile from our section house was a creek from which we got our water. It emptied into the Little Missouri River, but how it finally got there was a marvel to me, flowing as it did through a parched landscape hot as an oven.

Our favorite song was, "It ain't gonna rain no more." Then, one Friday, it did rain! And, boy, when I say "rain," I mean it made up for lost

Suddenly a Wall of Water Hit Us

time. We had put through an exhaustingly hot day, as usual. The men living in the vicinity had gone home and I had made myself as comfortable as possible in the section house, where I resided with my family.

At nine o'clock that night the dispatcher phoned me:

"There's a bad storm breaking twenty miles west of you. Get your crew together and proceed over your section. See what's doing."

Within a half hour I had assembled five men, equipped with lanterns and tools, and we six were joy riding along the rails in "Casey Jones," our motor car. We journeyed two miles through a night blacker than coal before encountering any rain, and then it came down a-plenty, together with one of the worst hail storms I have ever seen. We were compelled to seek shelter in a culvert for nearly an hour.

After the hail was over and the rain had abated somewhat, we proceeded westward. Progress was very slow because the car's belt was wet and slippery. Finally, about 11.30 P.M. we arrived at a tiny station on a blind siding, equipped with a telephone. The dispatcher had asked me to report from there, but that was impossible, as the line was dead.

Our instructions were to inspect the track, so we pushed on cautiously around curves and through cuts, although the block signals were all set at "Stop." Rain was falling in torrents.

Years before, in making that roadbed, the little creek which had crossed and recrossed was filled in and its course changed. Until the night of our adventure, the water apparently had been taken care of. In other words, Nature had behaved herself and let man's interference stand unmolested.

A mile and a half west of the station and where one of those fills had been made, we encountered about six inches of water flooding the track, so we started to turn back. Then suddenly a wall of water two feet high hit us, putting our motor out of commis-

sion. At the top of my voice I yelled to the boys: "Leave the car and save yourselves!"

Believing they would follow my advice, I did likewise. How I ever got around that car, through a ditch with water up to my armpits, dressed as I was in heavy clothes and a long cowboy slicker, is more than I can recall. But I finally found myself, worn out, struggling to higher ground.

One of the men crawled after me, then a second. Neither of them could tell what had happened to the other three. The missing men were all good swimmers, however, and we hoped they had saved themselves by swimming with the current.

Huddled together in the inky black night, lashed by the tempest, there was nothing we could do to find our lost companions. One of the boys wanted to climb a signal mast which stood near by, but before he could do so it had disappeared in a swirl of waters.

The island on which we were marooned was about fifty feet by twenty-five. Water rushed and roared on all sides. A stray telegraph pole drifted our way. By concerted effort we landed it and started a fire as soon as the rain had slackened.

We three wet and bedraggled men were not the only occupants of that haven. A sinister warning announced the presence of a rattlesnake, but it seemed too terrified to attempt to strike. Nevertheless, we gave that reptile a wide berth.

Long after daylight the flood subsided sufficiently for us to wade, waist deep, from the knoll upon which we had spent a miserable night. On our return journey along the devastated and tangled débris of what once had been a roadbed, we kept a sharp lookout for our fellow workmen.

Late that day the body of one of them was discovered in a clump of brush near our "island," and a second body had come to rest half a mile farther down the stream. The third could not be located. We thought perhaps he had been swept into the Little Missouri River.

It remained for the victim's eleven-year-old son to solve the mystery. I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't been right there on the spot.

The lad awoke from a dream, crying: "*I know where daddy is!*"

Some time elapsed before he could persuade an uncle and another man to accompany him to the spot, which he was unable to describe, but which he felt sure he would recognize when he saw it.

The trip seemed like a wild goose chase, but the men acquiesced, more to humor the tear-stricken little fellow than because they expected results. Every now and then they would stop and ask:

"Is this the place?"

At length they came to a water hole four or five feet deep, near the track, whereupon the child cried excitedly:

"There's the place! That's it!"

The uncle took off his shoes and cautiously waded around the edge, making what he considered a thorough search, without finding any trace of the missing laborer.

"Nope, he's not there."

"But I'm sure my daddy is in that water!" the chap persisted. "If you won't find him, I will."

Naturally the uncle would not permit that, so he tried again, and found the body caught beneath a wire fence entirely buried under water—*just as the child had dreamed!* Section workers are about as hard-boiled and skeptical a gang as you'll find anywhere,

but after such an incident as that I am ready to believe almost anything.

Damage from that washout cost the company a cool couple of million. Sixteen miles of tracks and bridges had to be rebuilt, and traffic was tied up for nearly two weeks.

Although I have since quit railroading and am now farming at Brainerd, Minnesota, I still have a warm spot in my heart for the boys who trail "the streak o' rust." Any of them who pass my way are welcome to "git off, come in an' set down for a bite," 'most any day. But say, don't all come at once, please.

Flagging a Fast One Up the Main

It Saved Time, Even Though Plenty of Rules Were Broken; but One Night It Didn't Work So Well

By Harry C. Temple

Illustrated by the Author

TIME was an element of consideration in the old days, just as it is to-day. Saving a few minutes at one point often prevented hours of delay at another. Many rules of railroad transportation were broken constantly for this purpose. "Flagging a fast one up the main" is an instance.

I recall how we telegraphers used to accomplish this feat. The origin of the signal with a red flag in daylight or a lantern at night is unknown to me, and I dare say to many others, but it always brought two blasts of the whistle from the right sort of an eagle-eye down at the east switch. There were a few engineers on the division, however, who would not risk coming up the main against another's right-of-way. The signal we used consisted of a wide arm's length overhead circular swing.

When one of our pet fast merchandise trains was on close clearance time ahead of or opposing a passenger train, or the dispatcher could change the meeting-point to advantage with another train of the same class, we would flag them up the main to give them more time on No. 4 or a new meeting-point with a 52. With the right sort of crew it generally worked to the advantage of all concerned, thus avoiding hours of delay to our fast freight.

If a man like "Old Scotty," for instance, were on the right side when you flagged, he would whistle off with two short jerky ones and open her up. By the time he swung low on the bottom step with his lantern caught in the crook of his arm, ready to grab the order, he was sailing 'em along at twenty-five or thirty.

It takes nerve for the telegrapher to stand close enough to the track with order at arm's length, holding it outstretched with both hands for the engineer to grab it as he goes by (we had no hoops as other roads had), and yell, above the roar of that big Mogul engine:

"You've got ten minutes on No. 4!"

The operation was repeated with the

conductor when the caboose came along at about forty miles an hour. A highball then to the head end would show them that we had been successful. Two short blasts from "Old Scotty" and he would open her another notch and hook her up. They were on their way then to a new meeting-point or clearance.

First No. 2 Was Just Pulling Up for the West Switch When I Swung for Him to Keep Coming

I remember one night when it didn't work so well. I was "night owl" at ——, about six or seven miles east of the division point and yards. It was a busy outfit and an important point in getting trains in and out of the yards. Young DeWitt, the third trick man, and I were chummy (on the wire), and worked together very well. He was a clever dispatcher. It was his delight to get one of the fast eastbounds on the hip and chase him all night. Sometimes he did it just for the excitement or to break routine.

I kept a train sheet for my amusement, and could watch his every move. Thus I was in close touch with everything on the division and could tell just about what DeWitt wanted when he gave me a call.

No. 2 was late this night, and he had been putting out time on her for an hour or more. First 54 had cashed in her manifest at "Q," the yard office, and was on her way with an hour and ten minutes on 2. I noted the O. S. from "Q," and filled in the crew, engine number, and so forth, on my train sheet. The engineer was a new man to me.

DeWitt jumped down the line a few

miles and played with a couple of westbounds against First 54, on time orders. He had a couple of 37's coming out of "BU," the east terminal, so he fixed them up. There were several odd jobs to take care of along the way, with no particular worry.

DeWitt had a habit of giving me one call and waiting for my "I" "I." I had a hunch it was about due, and figured he was ready to spring the old familiar: "Flag 'em up the main."

The weather was cold, with several inches of wet snow on the ground, and snow was still falling. Just the kind of night for interesting things to happen. I did not have long to wait for my call, and was close at hand. The expected came through:

"Flag that 54 up for more time on 2."

First 54 was just pulling up for the west switch when I swung for him to keep coming. The engineer hesitated quite a little before he gave me two whistles, which caused no ordinary comment from me to myself, as I stood in that wet snow with no coat or hat, waiting for him.

At last he came up slowly, jamming on his air for a stop. I motioned frantically to keep him going, but he swung down from his engine and ran to me, quite excited to think he was out there on No. 2's time.

I yelled: "Ten minutes more on 2."

Then I thrust the order into his hand, with the command, "Beat it for XN"—the next siding east. He ran to his slow-moving engine, released the air and pulled her open.

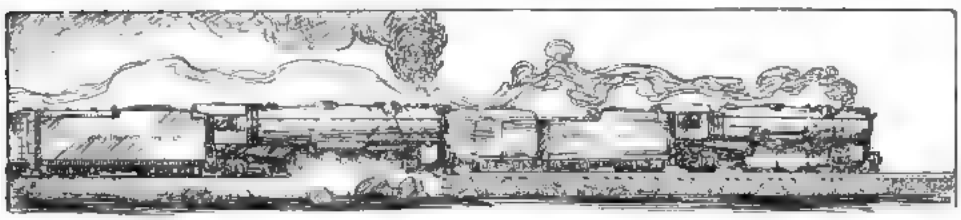
The train parted about fifteen cars back, with a drawhead dangling on the ties and the air still set on the cars behind. The caboose and rear end hung over the west switch, so when No. 2 came along, close on her time order, there was nothing for her to do but push First 54 on past the siding and out of her way clear of the switch.

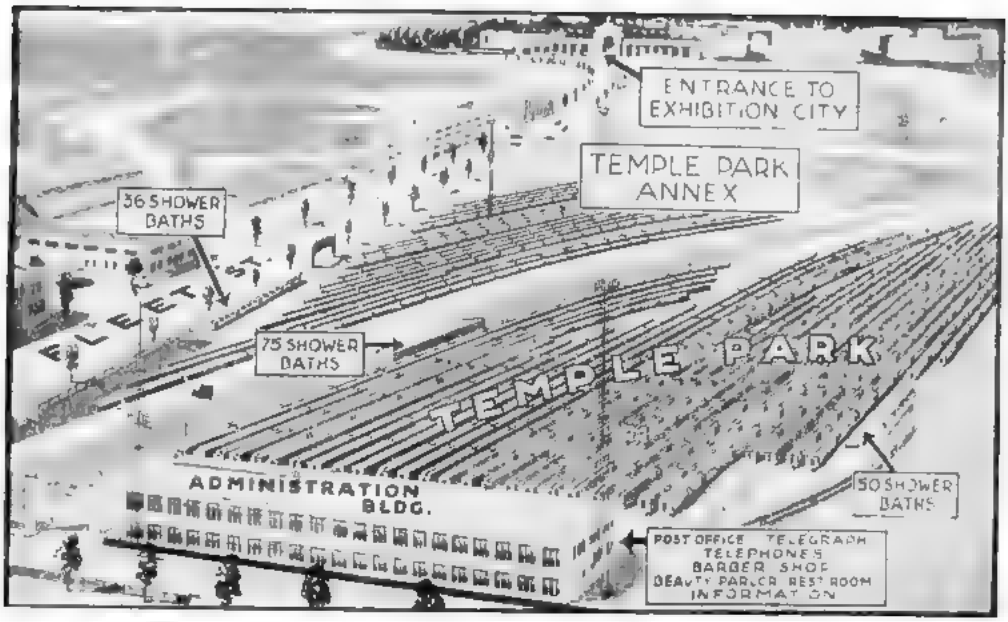
By the time No. 2 came in on the siding for her station work of mail, passengers and baggage, I handed her an additional late order of thirty minutes. First 54 got away after poling the lame duck with the missing drawhead into clear on the ice-house spur, then coupling up for a fresh start.

DeWitt cleared his decks again in a couple of hours, by changing all of his orders on First 54 and getting No. 2 on a late order, which she seemed able to hold. Everything moved smoothly once more

Next day the old man wanted to know what it was all about, and we—DeWitt, the engineer and myself—enjoyed several days' vacation without pay for "flagging a fast one up the main."

If you'd like a free copy of Harry C. Temple's great cover on this issue, turn to page 310





A City on Wheels

Railroads Solve Housing Problem for 10,000 Shriners at Toronto Convention

A CITY on wheels, consisting of more than six hundred sleeping and dining cars—a city within a city, with every conceivable comfort and convenience—was created by Canadian railroaders at Toronto this summer to accommodate ten thousand Shriners unable to get hotel rooms at the annual convention.

Special trains from all parts of North America were parked in the coach yards of the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific railways. The C. N. R. section was called "Temple Park," while the adjoining C. P. R. section was "Temple Park Annex," or "Fez City."

The terminal offices set aside trackage to store the extra cars. Into this depot rolled more than one hundred trains within a seventy-hour period, besides the two hundred and fifty trains operated in and out daily.

Over this unique community presided "Mayor" W. J. Moffatt, assistant general passenger agent of C. N. R., and chairman of the transportation committee of the Imperial Council, Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

The city had its own police force and an administration center (the new stores building of C. N. R.), which housed the post office, telephone and telegraph offices, barber shops, rest rooms, and a ladies' beauty parlor.

Scattered through the city were bath houses, while restaurants and dining cars served hungry nomads of the desert. At night flood lights illuminated the entire colony.—*E. W. G.*

What Operator Writes the Finest "Fist"?

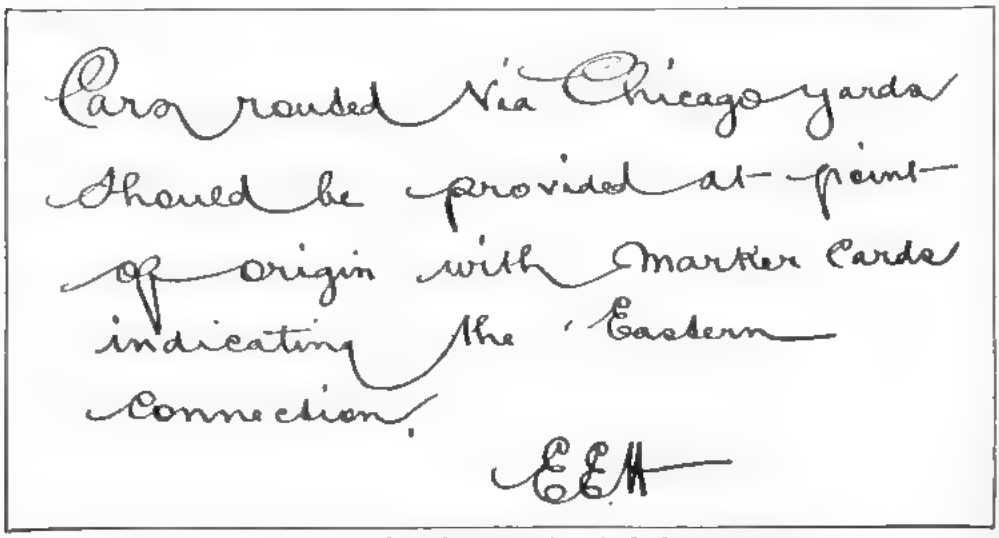
With Another Month To Go, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE Competition Among Brass Pounders Gets Heavier

WHEN we started this Operator's "Fist" Competition with the August issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, we started something! At the end of the first month it was pretty definitely established that we had reached at least half of all the operators in the world who could write the old op fist, and we expect to hear from the other half before October 1, 12:01 P.M., when this contest is due to close.

What is the idea of such a competition, you ask? Well, we'll tell you. It hasn't been so long ago that somebody remarked that since the war the ops were getting scarcer and scarcer, and the good old swinging penmanship had just about passed out of the picture.

Now we didn't quite agree with that statement. In the first place the editor's desk sees letters every day from ops in various parts of the world, and there is plenty of evidence of the op fist. In the second place we thought it a pretty good time to hold an exhibit of our own so the world could see how lightning slingers once did, and now do, handle the pen.

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is offering three prizes for the best specimens of telegraphic handwriting, and the awards are, first, a silver plaque on



This Specimen Is Typical of the Old-timer. Note the Perfect Letter Formation

which will be reproduced the exact specimen of the winner's fist, together with his name and the date; second, a bronze plaque, and, third, a copper plaque. These will be trophies to treasure; something you can display with pride in office or home.

One reader wrote in and wanted to know if this affair was limited to men only. Emphatically no. All the ladies who have ever copied an order or pounded out a message are invited. In fact we'd like to see every woman op in the world take a shot at the awards.

There is no entry fee in this contest—no expense at all. The contest is *not* limited to subscribers of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, and no preference will be given to subscribers when the judges make their decisions. Names and addresses of the winners will be published as soon as possible after the contest closes.

Now you've just got a month yet—until October 1—to get into the swim if you haven't mailed your entry blank already. The points on which the handwriting will be judged are speed possibilities, letter formation, alignment and neatness. The rules are simple and are not hard to follow, and, aside from complying with them, we only ask that you do not expect us to enter into correspondence about your entry.

The Rules

1. The entrant must now be, or must have been, a telegraph operator, either railroad or commercial.

2. The entrant must fill in the entry blank printed herewith, or a copy of it, and supply the information requested therein.

3. A specimen of the entrant's handwriting must accompany the blank. The writing must be in black ink on unruled white paper 8½ inches wide and 5½ inches deep and must be written the long way of the sheet.

4. The entrant must submit the following paragraph in his own handwriting, together with the entry blank, or a copy of it:

The distinct success of the new RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE *is due to its complete and exclusive presentation of the quick drama and high romance of railroading.*

5. The entry blank, or a copy, with the specimen of the handwriting, must be received in the office of the Editor of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE before 12.01 P.M. of October 1, 1930.

6. The name and address of the entrant must be written clearly on the reverse side of the submitted specimen.

THE ENTRY BLANK

TELEGRAPHIC "FIST" EDITOR,
RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE,
280 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

In accordance with the rules prescribed by RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE in its competition for the finest specimen of telegraph operator's handwriting, I herewith submit my own script and my notification of entry. It is understood that the decision of the Board of Judges, appointed by the magazine, shall be final.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Years employed as an operator .....

Railroad ..... *Commercial* .....

Present occupation .....
(Give title if in official capacity)

Employer .....

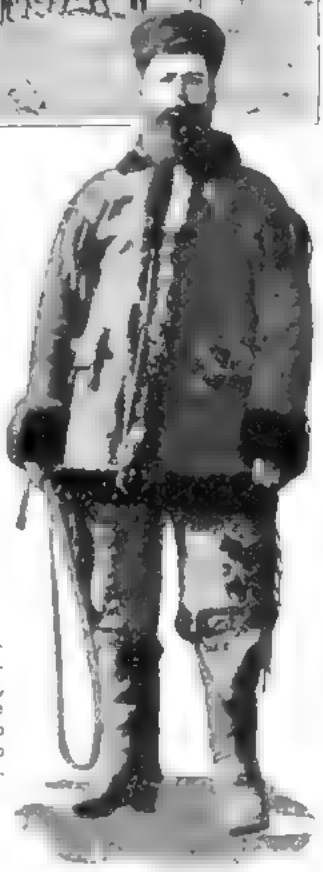
(9) *Signature* .....

Steel to the West

"Hell on Wheels," They Called Those Mushroom Towns which Followed Railroad Builders Across a Continent Beset by 25,000 Bloodthirsty Indians

By Edwin C. Hill

Author of "The Iron Horse," "Right-Hand Side," etc.



Gen. Jack Casement, U. P. Construction Boss, and Some of the Pioneers Who Helped Him to Build the Transcontinental

UP to the middle of 1866 not one American in ten thousand had any real faith in the ultimate completion of the transcontinental railroad—the boldest enterprise ever undertaken in peace time by our people.

By summer of that year, however, the Big Four of California had climbed the Sierra with the Central Pacific and the indomitable General Grenville M. Dodge was driving the Union Pacific westward from Omaha. Then the whole country awakened to a miracle. The Far West, which had hungered and prayed for a tie of iron to unite it with the East, "back home," thrilled to the bulletins which the new telegraph flashed to them, while every community in the East itself hummed with excitement.

In October General Dodge invited the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Senators and Members of Congress, the commanders of the Army and Navy, the principal railroad men and leading capitalists to be the guests of the Union Pacific to celebrate the attainment of the 100th meridian, the 247th milepost in 182 working days.

The excursion which followed reflected the tremendous interest

throughout the nation. Railroads, steamboats, and stages, connecting New York and Omaha, were placed at the disposal of the distinguished guests.

In those days steamboats were at the height of their glory and fed their patrons with a lavish hand. Dodge's guests, on their way to Omaha, had their choice of thirty different entrées—larded antelope, braised bear, saddle of venison, buffalo hump or tongue, wild turkey, teal and mallard duck, and the finest of beef — along with eleven kinds of vegetables and eighteen varieties of pastries, washed down by torrents of French champagne.

An Unforgetable Excursion

Money was no object to the Union Pacific builders when it came to a junket to impress the country — and particularly the bankers. What mattered a hundred thousand or so for entertainment when millions were rushing out of the treasury like water over a dam?

There were big guns in the party of junketeers. The suave and affable vice president of the Union Pacific, Dr. W. C. Durant, headed the company's staff. There were Senators, Congressmen and Governors in shoals. Rutherford B. Hayes, soon to be President of the United States, was in the company, along with the merry George Francis Train, with wife and maid; Kinsley, the famous caterer; Joseph Medill, owner of the Chicago *Tribune;* George M. Pullman, just beginning to build sleeping cars; Robert T. Lincoln, eldest son of the martyred President—scores more.

Omaha did them proud with a banquet, and after vast quantities of sonorous oratory they found themselves actually rolling out over the western plains, bedecked with ribbons and rosettes.

In the whole history of the country there probably was never an excursion to match that one, for it was an emotional spree in the anticipatory celebration of an "impossible" achievement. Sixteen hundred miles from home, these silk-hatted, frock-coated notables frolicked, while the Light Guard Band of Chicago, and Rosenblatt's Band of St. Joe blared the popular airs of the day; while Major North's Pawnees war-danced for the picnickers and Kinsley's waiters dashed hither and yon, opening quarts and magnums of champagne and passing the Bourbon whisky.

It was an excursion typical of the florid sixties, the day of Patti and Ole Bull and General Tom Thumb, when people were crowding into P. T. Barnum's New York Museum and into "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as played all over the North; when in the Far West, beyond the Mississippi, Ben Holliday's stages lumbered their steady five miles an hour across plains and over mountains; when the ladies wore crinoline and no Western gentleman felt dressed without his shooting iron.

Where Ignorance Was Bliss

It was boisterous and gay, for it reflected the nation's optimistic feeling, suddenly arrived at, that the worst hardships of the transcontinental were over, and the remainder of the building would be comparatively easy.

Never was there a more mistaken idea. Two and a half years of inhuman toil and terrific struggle against nature and the Red Man were to ensue before the Central Pacific could win down from the Sierra and cross the baking desert to join the fighting Union Pacific at Promontory Point.

In these two years of heroism and bloodshed are contained one of the finest sagas of the American people.

As the red year of 1867 dawned, the Central had climbed over the Sierra and was pushing rapidly into Nevada, with Charles Crocker, steam engine in boots, driving his eleven thousand Chinese like a madman. "Crocker's pets," they called the slant-eyed coolies, and there was truth in the derisive fling.

The Fighting Face of William B. Ogden, Organizer and First President of the Union Pacific

In heat or cold, storm or fair weather, they carried the road forward, these peaceable, patient, industrious Chinese. Under the lash of Crocker's tongue they chiseled through rocky mountain walls with only black powder and hand tools to aid them. Harnessed with struggling horses and mules, they had dragged locomotives over the crests and down into the alkali flats in order that the road might spurt ahead while its tunnels were dug behind the advancing rails. They had clustered like insects in the headlong passes, building snowsheds and spidery trestles

The dash of the Irish was carrying the Union Pacific forward, but it was the placid endurance of the sons of Han that had lifted the Central over the great Sierra wall and was now running it swiftly eastward in the great race for Ogden.

The progress of the Central was not an armed march. The Big Four—Huntington, Stanford, Crocker and Hopkins—were fighting a gigantic battle against the fiercest forces of nature — terrific cold and blazing heat but the Indians troubled them not at all The Indian tribes through which the right-of-way of the Central lay were not of warlike breed.

It was bloodily different with the advance of the Union Pacific. For nearly three years every foot of rail was laid down in the face of fierce Indian defiance, and not ten miles of it could have been constructed without the protection of the United States Army and of General Dodge's own fighting Irish

Indians on the Warpath!

Trouble began in August, 1866, as the Union Pacific end of rail reached Plum Creek, two hundred miles west of Omaha. Dodge was ten miles west when messengers, pumping a handcar, got word to him that a band of Indians had captured a freight train and looted it

Always alert, the great Indian fighter and railroad builder ordered his private car—an arsenal on wheels—hooked on to the handiest engine and went racing back over the quaking roadbed, with only twenty companions.

Halting his train, he deployed his men on either side of the track and opened a raking fire on the redskins. They had set fire to the freight train, and, crazy with whisky, were riding wild circles around the barricaded train crew. Dodge's rifles scattered them in no time. It wasn't much of a fight, but it marked the beginning of two years of bitter Indian warfare.

"Every mile had to run within range of the musket," Dodge explained later. "In making the surveys some of the ablest and most promising of our engineers were killed. During the construction our stock was run off by the hundred—I might say by the thousand. Our cars and stations and ranches were burned. Graders, tracklayers, tie-men and station builders had to sleep under guard and go to work with pick or shovel in one hand and a rifle in the other, and often they had to drop the first to use the second."

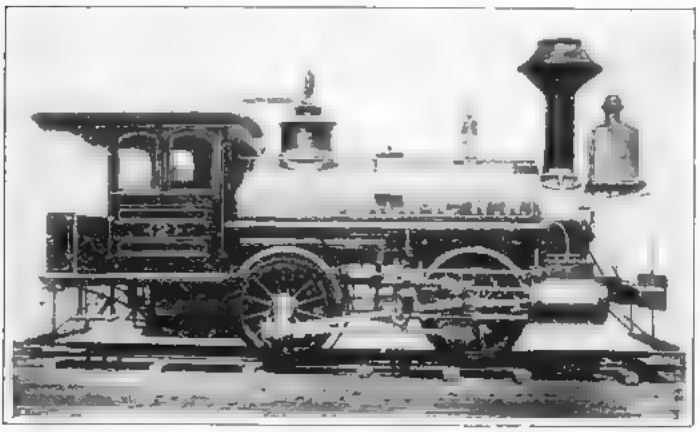
Buffalo vs. Iron Horse

Chief Red Cloud of the Sioux captured a party of Dodge's engineers in the Black Hills of Wyoming. He sent them back to "Long Eye," as the Indians called Dodge, with the message:

"We do not want you here. You are scaring away our buffalo. Turn back or we make war"

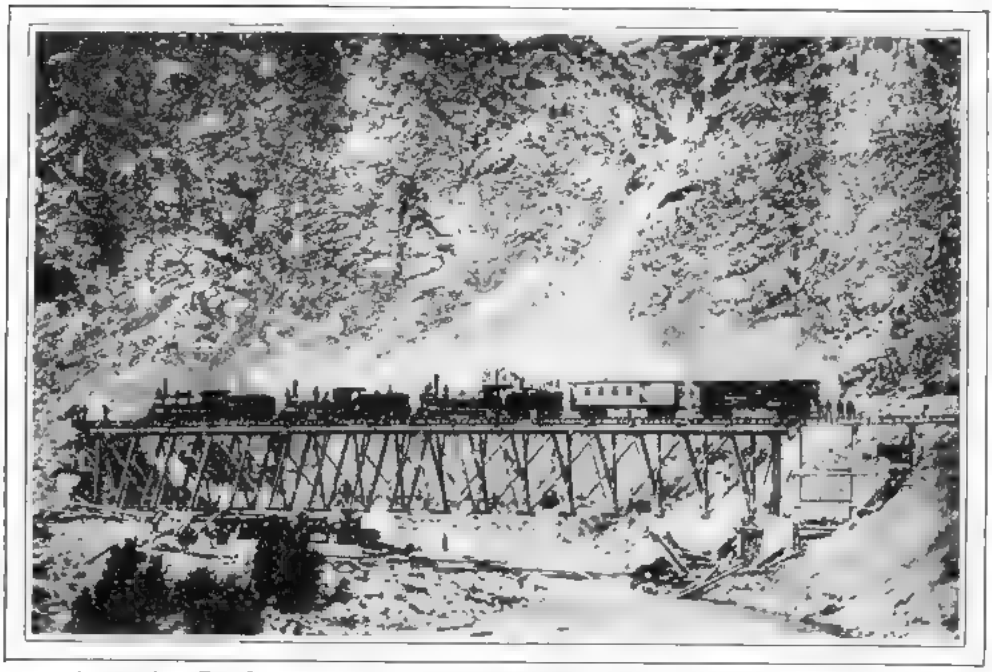
Colonel William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," slaughtering buffalo by the thousand to feed the Union Pacific's hungry mouths, had warned that trouble was coming from the savages.

"I don't say they're without fault," he told Dodge, "but they've been cheated and lied to and robbed of their lands and pushed back until they figure that they must make a stand now or cave in utterly. The buffalo is their very life, general—food and clothing and shelter, with its meat, sinew and hide. For years and years we've been taking heavy toll of the buffalo herds All these settlers swarming into Texas, eastern Kansas, Iowa, and the whole length of the Missouri River, the hunters for the emigrant trains to Oregon and California, the bull train travel throughout the West, the mining camps, military posts, and now us fellows shooting to feed a railroad—the fact is, we're wiping out the herd mighty fast, and the Indian sees it. If it were killing for food alone he probably wouldn't care so much, but it's the killing of hundreds of thousands, yes, and millions, for the hides alone, and leaving the carcasses to rot where they lie—that's what's making the Indian determined to fight."



U. P. Engine No. 2, Named General McPherson, but Often Called "Grasshopper" It Was Taken to Omaha by Steamboat in 1865

Dodge knew the truth as well as Bill Cody. He had seen a single hunter slay as many as 2,000 head of Buffalo in a day—had seen many such wholesale buffalo killers. Thou-



Looks Like a Toy, Doesn't It? One of the First Union Pacific Trains to Cross the Famous Devil's Gate Bridge in Utah

sands of hide hunters had been fearfully destructive. The vast numbers that had darkened the plains for many miles were thinning out and separating into small herds.

A Broken Covenant

DODGE himself had gone to Medicine Lodge, and had been present when a solemn covenant was entered into with the Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Apaches and Comanches that if the Red Men would lay down the hatchet and remain south of the Arkansas River the government would permit no buffalo hunting in that region. Possibly the government meant to keep its word, but the government was a long way off—in Washington—and the buffalo-hide hunters were near at hand and numerous

So the covenant had been broken. The tribes had buried the hatchet among themselves, only to unite in raising it against the advance of the Iron Horse.

The whole right-of-way of the Union Pacific became a battleground. Troops did what they could to protect the track layers and the advance guards of engineers and graders, but there weren't enough soldiers to go around.

"How in hell," asked rough old General Crook, "do they expect me to surround three men with one?"

In the bloody year of 1867 the plains Indians made their final desperate effort to halt the march of empire. All along the Smoky Hill emigrant route through Kansas into Colorado, and all along the great Overland Trail through Nebraska, ranchers and stage hands fought for their lives from sod walls and galloping coaches. Custer rode, Hancock marched, Sherman raged.

Meanwhile the Union Pacific pushed straight on, doing its 260 miles of

track, 1,600 miles of line, and 3,000 miles of reconnaissance in defiance of the devil and his red myrmidons.

For defense Dodge depended heavily upon the free-roving Pawnees and their white chief, Major Frank North. The Pawnees trusted North because he had organized them and had taught them how to fight. He spoke their tongue. Four companies were enlisted in the United States Army as scouts, and outfitted with regulation arms and clothing.

As soldiers they were incorrigible. They preferred to ride breechesless, so they cut the seats from their breeches. But when they sighted their hereditary enemies, the Sioux and the Cheyennes, they fought ferociously for the Union Pacific.

In May, 1867, Dodge got the shocking news that a Sioux war party had attacked surveyors six miles east of Cheyenne, and had killed L. L. Hills, assistant chief of location work.

The next fatal bulletin told of the slaying of Percy T. Browne, another assistant engineer. He had been with an escort of Second Cavalrymen. Nearly 300 Sioux surrounded his party in the Laramie plains. On a knoll, from noon to night, a little band of nine stood off the Sioux rushes—an action similar to General Custer's last stand at the Little Big Horn nine years later.

The Plum Creek Massacre

THERE were many heroes such as Hills and Browne, for the toll of engineers that went to their last reward under the hatchets of the Indians was long.

The Plum Creek Massacre took place in the dusk of August 6, 1867. Chief Turkey Leg of the Cheyennes, and a big party of warriors had been watching the continual passing of trains over the U. P. line. Chief Porcupine, who took part in the massacre, told the story years later:

"In the big wagons that go on this road of iron there must be valuable things—perhaps food, perhaps clothing, perhaps firewater. There must be valuable things or the white man would not bother with them. If we could throw these wagons off the iron road and break them open we could have these things for ourselves. So we got a big stick, and just before sundown we tied it to the rails and sat down to watch. We built a fire to comfort our bones. Presently there was a great rumbling in the darkness. After while we saw a small thing (a handcar) coming, which jumped up and down. Then the small thing left the iron road and we saw many white men on the ground."

Six men aboard the handcar jumped right and left as soon as they glimpsed the Indian fire. A mounted Cheyenne chased William Thompson, head lineman, shot him through the right arm, knocked him down with the butt of a rifle, stabbed him through the neck and then scalped him.

"It felt as if the whole top of my head was coming off," Thompson told Henry M. Stanley, young correspondent for the New York *Herald*, who saw him some time later in Omaha.

The Cheyenne who took Thompson's scalp lost it in the confusion of the fight, and the victim was able to recover it. Thompson kept his scalp in a pail of water for a long time, hoping that moisture might make it grow back upon his head. Some doctors thought it could be done, but none of them succeeded. Thompson lived many years after that, and his scalp was on exhibition in the Omaha Public Library Museum.

As Thompson lay bleeding on the ground, two westbound freights approached the spot where the handcar had been derailed. The first was wrecked in a twinkling. Its engine leaped from the tracks, dragging the tender and five cars, including two flat cars loaded with brick. Fireman Gregory Henshaw was hurled against the red-hot boiler and roasted alive. Engineer Brookes Bowers was catapulted through the cab window; the throttle handle cut open his abdomen. All this the scalped and sickened Thompson saw by the light of the leaping flames.

Conductor William Kinney, the two brakemen and an ex-fireman who was deadheading west, leaped to safety.

"Go and flag that train behind," Kinney ordered Brakeman Fred Lewis.

"I don't dare. There are Injuns all around," said Lewis.

"Damn the Indians!" Kinney thundered. "Somebody flag that train or she'll be on to us!"

Kinney himself ran back along the track, Lewis and the deadhead stumbling after him. They sighted the oncoming second freight. As it came nearer, their figures were silhouetted black in the glare of the headlight. Pursuing Indians were close at their heels.

All three yelled at the top of their voices and waved their arms like maniacal scarecrows. They heard the blasts

Sacramento Yard of the Central Pacific (Now Southern Pacific) About Sixty Years Ago. Notice the Switch Engine Loaded with Cordwood for Fuel, also the Link and Pin Coupler, and Ropes Used in Switching. At the Left Is a Hand Car Typical of That Period

of the whistle and then the blessed grinding of the brakes. The freight took them aboard and backed rapidly out of trouble. All of the population of Little Plum Creek Station climbed aboard the freight and were carried to Elm Creek, eighteen miles to the east.

Orgy of Blood and Horror

Poor Thompson, back at the wreck, witnessed a saturnalia. The engineer had been shot and scalped and his body thrown into the fire. Indians danced around the flames like imps out of hell. They had plundered the box cars, stuffed with bales of calico, cottons, boxes of tobacco, sacks of flour, sugar, coffee, shoes, boots, women's bonnets, hats, saddles, ribbons, velvets—a whole department store

Women's flowered hats hung from the heads of the dancing braves. Ribbons fluttered from scalplocks. Indians on ponies unrolled whole bolts of cloth and velvet, shrieking like lunatics.

A barrel of whisky was found and opened. Drunk with the raw spirits, the Cheyennes set fire to the freight cars and circled the pyre with a furious war dance.

Word was got to Major North's Pawnees and they came on forced march with blood in their eyes. But they were too late. The plunder-gorged Cheyennes had cleared out.

A year later the Sioux tried the same trick. They wrecked a mixed train near Ogalalla in Nebraska, cooking the firemen when the ends of bent rails pierced the boiler of the freight train's locomotive. But the other trainmen and Father Ryan, a Catholic priest as brave as a lion, stood them off until a wrecking train with troops pulled in.

Such records are fragmentary. Hundreds of these iron-hearted railroad builders gave up their lives on the long march from Omaha to Promontory Point; their courage and sacrifice are a golden shield in the great hall of the traditions of our railroads.

There were 25,000 Indian warriors among the banded tribes of the plains when the U. P. was pushing through, and they fought under able commanders, including Red Cloud, greatest of all; Spotted Tail, Little Thunder, Standing Elk, Swift Bear, They Fear Even His Horses, and Rain in the Face. Not until the Union Pacific reached its goal did the first great flare-up of red rebellion die down.

Meanwhile, General Dodge and his railroad builders had other enemies to fight, for eleven hundred miles, as they pushed forward from Omaha in a furious race with the Central Pacific for the Ogden goal. They had to combat massed elements of the dregs of humanity — gamblers, liquor dispensers, ex-convicts, loose women, thieves and bandits—males and females beyond the pale of law and order.

At each base of the advancing road these pariahs, dangerous as rattlesnakes, assembled by thousands in the tent cities and shack towns that sprang up in mushroom growth, only to decay as the road caught up with them one by one and moved on westward. Such communities were called "moving towns," although Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, who gazed disgustedly upon the rum and riot in one of them, had another title, "Hell on Wheels."

Sink-Holes of Iniquity

There was a long string of those towns—each a little more steeped in vice, if possible, than its predecessor—North Platte, Julesburg, Sidney, Cheyenne, Laramie, Benton, Bryan, Green

River, Wasatch, Corinne, Promontory Point—all sink-holes of iniquity!

Perhaps they were unavoidable, for the laborers who built the U. P. in old army uniforms of blue and gray and in cowhide boots, toiled desperately hard and craved crude, brutal play. Wherever "Little General" Jack Casement, boss of construction, stamped his foot, there sprang up one of the toadstool communities, rising out of nothing to extreme wickedness.

The Central Pacific and Charles Crocker had moving towns of their own to deal with—Cisco, Truckee, Reno, Wadsworth, Humboldt, Lovelocks, French Ford, Carlin, Elko, Wells and others—but they were mild and peaceful compared to the hell-roaring centers that bloomed like noxious weeds along the soil of the Union Pacific. The reason was, of course, that Crocker's Chinese were not the sort to roister away their wages in such places; the rapscallions and masterless men who flocked to the Central's moving towns were forced to prey pretty much upon each other.

North Platte was the first big contribution to Hell on Wheels. It grew and swelled apace in the fall and winter of 1866 as supplies for the railroad poured in and the Casement brothers prepared for the spring construction drive. Idle laborers loafed there. Blacklegs came in a hurry from as far east even as New York. So did merchant adventurers and scarlet women.

It was a harvest for the Devil's children, and they broke all records arriving. Almost everybody and everything bound westward paused at North Platte. They had to.

There were Mormon settlers, Idaho settlers, Montana gold seekers, overland travelers waiting for a place in Ben Holliday's coaches to Denver or to Salt Lake City; plains and mountain outfits by the dozen, unshaven bullwhackers ruffling through the streets; the gamblers of North, South, East and West reveling in flush times come again; soldiers, remittance men, second sons, down-at-the-heel doctors and lawyers who had drunk themselves out of decent society; tenderfeet caught by glamour and the railroad men by the hundreds.

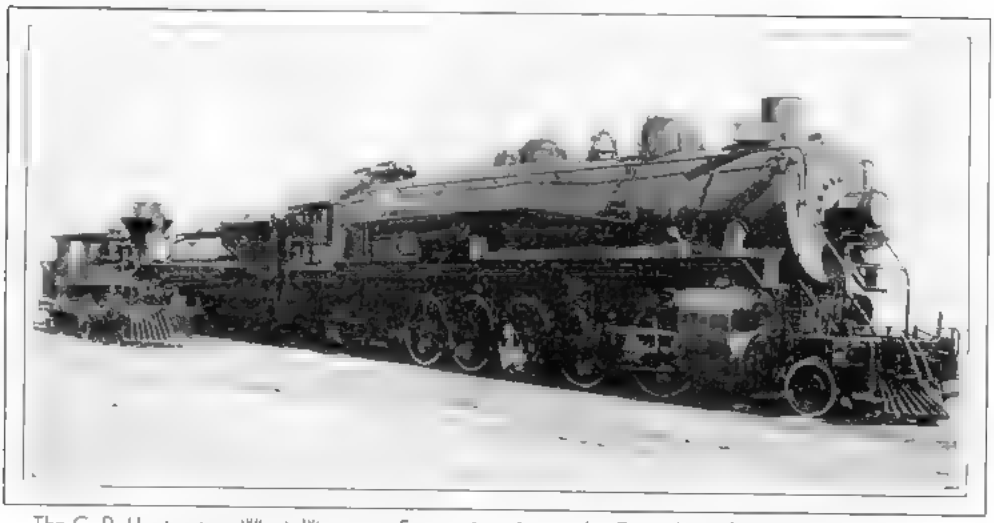
Every other tent or shack was a saloon. The next one to it was either a low boarding-house or a gambling den or worse. In North Platte, as in the moving towns that succeeded it when it withered and died, were several combination saloon and gambling houses that were ornate enough inside, however rough they seemed outside with their canvas and their pine boards. They had fancy names, such as "The Arabian Nights," "The Alhambra," "The Broadway Palace," and so on.

The biggest and finest of them, wherever the towns bloomed, was usually a hundred and twenty feet long by thirty or forty feet wide, built of frame sections covered with stout canvas. At the back was a floor smoothed for dancing.

Battle Scenes and Voluptuous Ladies

On one side was a splendid bar, often a hundred feet long. From six to ten expert bartenders shoved out St. Louis beer and Kentucky whisky as fast as they could work their arms. The sideboards were stocked with every conceivable variety of alcoholic drink from fine French champagne to lager beer, the beer arriving fresh in barrels every day over the new road.

Sideboards and bars glittered with cut glass goblets, ice pitchers and mirrors. Oil paintings of battle scenes



The C. P. Huntington, Which Went into Service in 1864 on the Central Pacific, Is Only 32 Feet Long and One-twentieth as Powerful as the Modern Southern Pacific Locomotive Pictured Beside It

and voluptuous ladies hung upon the walls. Most of the remaining space, outside of a wide alley for patrons of the bar, was taken up by the gambling layouts. There were tables for faro, roulette, rondo, black jack, monte, and draw poker, and tables for the wheels of fortune. Over these tables presided cold-eyed gentry in white shirts, diamond studded, the typical old-time Western gamblers in ministerial broadcloth and polished boots—the dandies of their day.

By day such saloons and gambling houses were torpid, but by the hour of twilight, when the yellow lights streamed forth and the brass bands began to blare out their inspiring calls to frolic and dissipation, the big rooms soon filled with an amazing medley of ranchers, miners, freighters, railroad men, rowdies, tenderfeet coming from God knew where, a large part of them the disinherited of mankind.

The musical rattle of dice, the whir of the fast-spinning roulette wheel, the incessant clash of ivory chips, the shrill voices of the women, the hoarse shouts of drunken men, composed a chorus the like of which has never been equalled in any devil's opera on the American continent.

As the night aged and alcohol brought sentimentality to some, there was always the tearful balladist to sing of home and mother, and bring a fit of weeping to the easily stirred women of the place.

"Wickedest City in America"

In May, 1866, there were 15,000 tons of government freight piled up at North Platte demanding transportation. There were 1,200 wagons and 800 teamsters camped around the tents and shacks. There were 5,000 citizens who made enough noise after dark for twenty thousand.

Then Dodge achieved his organization, the Casements began to drive, the road leaped ahead, and North Platte died on its feet. Six weeks afterward there were less than 500 people on that site, and the stray dogs howled in melancholy lonesomeness.

Stricken North Platte seethed with bustle and excitement, its dying convulsion. The big saloon-gambling

houses were taken down piece by piece in numbered sections to be carried away on long trains. Houses collapsed and sank to the ground, were bundled neatly and thrown upon flat cars.

Long lines of men, many Negroes among them, staggered to the trains with curious and nondescript burdens — household goods, counters, desks, saloon bars, imitation stucco fronts, oil paintings, gambling layouts, furniture, trunks, barrels of liquor, supplies of every description.

All were driven by the feverish urge to abandon North Platte and get on as speedily as possible to the next moving town—Julesburg, eighty-two miles to the West, soon to boast of its title as "the wickedest city in America."

In the morning of a day Julesburg was a tiny hamlet with a handful of citizens. In the late afternoon it was a city of 4,000 mingling in crazy confusion as trains pulled in through the clouds of alkali dust and emptied their motley passengers and freight.

Buildings of skeleton timber and of canvas arose as if by an Aladdin's magic touch. Armies of men climbed and crawled over these rebuilding structures like ants over their hill Life again flowed at high tide as the ex-citizens of North Platte transferred their allegiance to Julesburg. The streets were jammed with a clamorous crowd bargaining for town lots. Real estate values went up by stupendous leaps, as always occurred in these movings. Lots that had gone begging the day before now brought $2,000.

The streets were ankle-deep with dust; a gray film spread over man and all his flimsy works. Piles of goods lay in the open streets, guarded by owners with pistols conspicuously ready.

On one side was rising the great portable warehouse of the Casement brothers, a warehouse which had been built section by section and taken apart in the same ingenious fashion. It housed a general store, took care of a mountain of supplies, and provided sleeping quarters for Casement construction gangs. It was an invention of Dan Casement's, and he was very proud of it.

"Boot Hill" Cemetery

PEOPLE whooped, bargained, joked, cursed, gambled and shot—a swirling eddy of hectic humanity that has never been matched even in the colorful West. At night the great dance hall, "King of the Hills," was ablaze with the brightest of lights, echoing with the strain of music and the shuffle of dancing feet. All along the shallow Platte, beyond the kerosene-illuminated streets, a myriad camp fires twinkled. In the morning the souvenirs of the carousal, the dead men, were laid to rest in Boot Hill.

The Union Pacific established all these towns, but the gamblers and the gunmen owned them—or tried to. Sometimes they failed. While General Dodge was on survey west of Salt Lake City, trying to make up his mind whether to give Salt Lake the go-by and risk the anger of Prophet Brigham Young, he heard of the wickedness in Julesburg. He wired General Jack Casement to get his bullies together and help the officers to enforce order.

"What did you do about cleaning up this place?" Dodge inquired later.

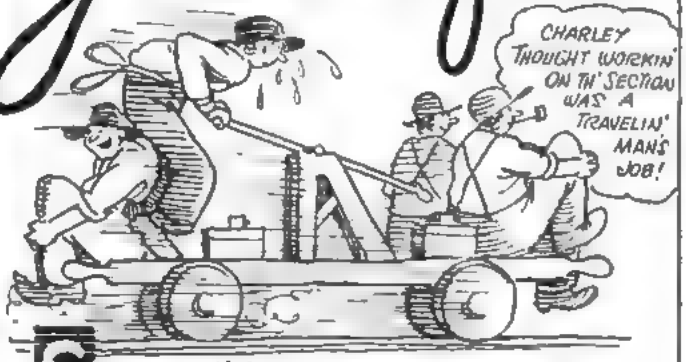
Leading Dodge to Boot Hill, the graveyard, Casement waved his hand.

"There they are, general," he said. "They died with their boots on, but I got some peace in this place!"

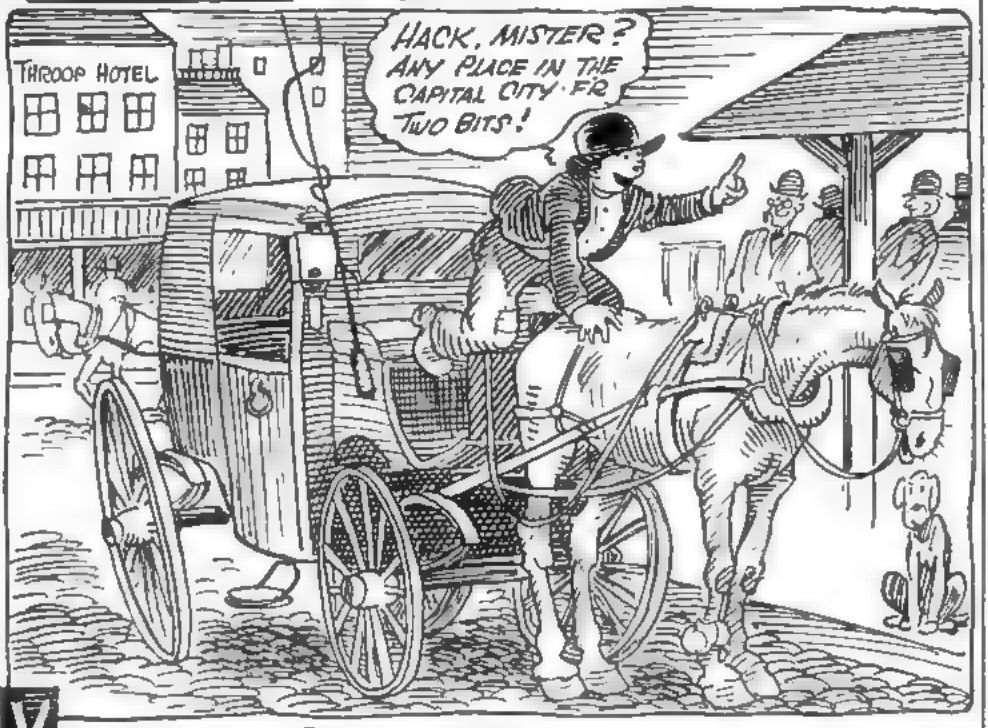
TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

Just a few

SAM VAUCLAIN AT THE AGE OF 26 WAS SENT TO THE BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS AS INSPECTOR OF LOCOMOTIVES FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA RR.



CHARLES H. MARKHAM, PRESIDENT OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL, WAS AN ENGINEER ON A HAND CAR FOR A SECTION GANG ON THE SANTA FE.



VICE PRESIDENT CHARLES CURTIS WAS WORKING HIS WAY THROUGH SCHOOL IN TOPEKA, KANSAS, BY MEETING ALL THE TRAINS WITH AN OLD DILAPIDATED HACK.

years back
BY C. KESSLER
A GUY CAN'T GET NO PLACE IN THIS BUSINESS WEARIN' A WHITE COLLAR, I WISH I HAD A JOB ON A SECTION GANG!
PH. B. YALE 1886
WILLIAM WALLACE ATTERBURY WENT TO WORK AS AN APPRENTICE IN THE ALTOONA SHOPS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RR.
EDWARD E. LOOMIS STARTED IN THE R.R. BUSINESS VIA THE WHITE-COLLAR ROUTE AS A CLERK FOR THE ERIE.
FRED W. SARGENT, PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN, WAS GETTING A GREAT "KICK" OUT OF WATCHING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE TWO TRAINS A WEEK THAT RAN TO AKRON, IOWA.

The Boy Proceeded at a Steady Canter

The Mask of Ching Wo

Second Installment of the Greatest Dual Personality Story Since the Jekyll-Hyde Masterpiece of Robert Louis Stevenson

By Max Brand

Illustrated by Fred Small

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BUFFALO FLAT in gold rush days, before the building of the transcontinental railroad, was a wild, lawless town on the Sacramento River in California. A creek divided the Chinese quarter from the white section, but frequently white rowdies crossed its bridge.

Li Wo, a respected merchant, entertaining Fow Ming at his home in the Chinese quarter, arranged a marriage between his son, Ching Wo, and Fow's daughter.

Ching Wo was studious and well-educated. Fow was aware of this, but did not suspect that Ching was also a dashing highwayman known as "Handsome Harry" Delancey—a romantic figure, widely feared and secretly admired, upon whose head a price was set.

While aboard the river steamer which took Li Wo and Fow Ming to Buffalo Flat, Handsome Harry had intervened to protect the two elderly Chinese from the malice of a man named Charlie Jennings, and later had shielded them again on Buffalo Flat's

bridge. But Fow Ming did not know that the youth he had picked as son-in-law was playing a dual rôle, nor why he was playing it.

After Li Wo and his guest had departed for San Francisco to bring back the bride, Ching was arrested and thrown into jail by Sheriff "Lefty" Wilson, who recognized Delancey's diamond stickpin. Ching feigned ignorance, claiming he had been given the pin as a birthday present.

CHAPTER VII

NO sooner was his jailer gone than the young Chinaman came to life in quick and stealthy fashion. First he lifted his head and stared quietly about to make sure the cell room was, indeed, empty. Then he stood up from his cot, slipped off one of his soft shoes and lifted an inner sole.

Beneath this there lay several tiny splinters of steel, which Ching Wo fingered for an instant, and selected one of them. With this in his hand he went to the steel door of his cell, and there, with a single easy movement, wriggled his hands out of the steel cuffs.

That left him free to work on the lock. Reaching beneath it, he raised a hand on the inner side and began to probe the mechanism.

This was a matter of utmost delicacy. With strained attention and bent head, Ching seemed entranced by distant music. Presently the bolt turned with a loud click, the door fell open.

Ching stepped through into the aisle of the cell room, and for a moment waited there, listening intently. He heard some one laugh before the jail door, and recognized the sheriff's voice. Then a wagon rumbled down the street with a jingling of chains, a creaking of hubs and singletrees.

Reassured by this, the youth went swiftly on to the door of the sheriff's office. This was locked, of course, but the same splinter of strong and supple steel worked here also.

Ching opened the door with practiced caution, pushing it stealthily, inch by inch, feeling every stir of it, and ready to move it as softly as the minute hand of a watch, for fear it should creak.

Thus the wily young prisoner managed it without a sound and stepped lightly into the room.

He went to the desk, first of all. The drawer was not locked, and from it he picked the diamond pin which had just been taken from him. Next, from a holster that hung on the wall he obtained a good single-action Colt, which he dropped into his clothes.

Still he was not done. Sitting down at the desk, Ching took up a piece of writing paper and a pen, and wrote in a fine, bold hand as follows:

DEAR LEFTY:

You ought to confine your attention to me, and not bother my friends. You've frightened poor Ching Wo almost to death, and he's ready to run out of the country. So, of course, I took him out of jail.

He told you the truth. I myself gave his father the diamond pin to celebrate the kid's birthday. He's a decent young Chinaman, and was very good to me on several occasions, without knowing my name from Adam's.

Now, Lefty, I've taken the boy away, but I want you to notice that I've gathered in nothing but the diamond pin and a gun. I saw in your drawer—which you ought to keep locked—four good gold watches, some more jewelry, and a money pouch crammed with gold dust. I could have taken all of this stuff, and it would have been a good

deal of a blow to your pocketbook and your reputation. But I preferred to leave it behind me, and I hope you'll look on this as a sufficient ransom for Ching Wo.

That poor boy means no harm, and he's actually afraid to leave the jail with me. However, I know what happens to Chinamen in this part of the world. I think you'll agree that they rarely have a fair deal

Lefty, you and I have always played a man's game with each other. If you continue to pick on Ching Wo I'll give a little time to some of your own friends. But I hope that this won't be necessary.

Always with kind personal regards, and the best of luck to you, I remain,

Your obedient and humble servant,

HENRY DELANCEY

P.S.—By the way, you're quite wrong about that Morgantown affair I'm not a wholesale cutthroat, like Muriata.

Ching folded the paper and secured it with a pin, the head of which was a delicate specimen of that feather work which the Aztec Indians once had made into a fine art. It was the semblance of a tiny hawk not an inch long, and made with movable wings, head and legs.

With a few deft touches he spread the wings, stretched forth the head of the little image, and tucked up its feet so that it seemed in full flight.

After he had done this the youth looked about, to make sure that he had forgotten nothing. Then he left the place, locked the door behind him with a deft manipulation of the steel splinter, and crossed the cell room to the rear door. Here he paused, bent over the lock again, and for the third time he was able to walk freely through.

Shrugging his supple shoulders, the prisoner went quietly out, with no more noise than the drifting of a cloud-shadow across the back yards of the white man's part of Buffalo Flat. Those yards were heaped with rubbish of all sorts, broken boxes, discarded cans, a veritable tangle of wrecked wagons and saddlery, and all manner of articles such as an improvident people will discard as soon as it is in the slightest degree difficult to use.

Moving in this manner, he successfully crossed almost half of the town unnoticed, keeping to alleys, yards, and byways, and so he came to the slough which divided the white from the Oriental section

He did not risk crossing the hump-backed bridge, but found a boat moored against one shore and rowed in this to the other

Five minutes later Ching Wo was at the house of his father.

In his own room, he lifted a narrow section of the floor and took from it a small bundle. This he examined with care

It consisted of a sombrero hat, boots and spurs, a gay-colored waistcoat, a crimson scarf made of finest lace, which had all the look of a rich altar cloth, trousers trimmed not with silver conchos, but with burnished medallions of gold, and a short Mexican jacket set off with golden braid.

Ching Wo now added to his equipment a good rifle, and a pair of his own guns, in exchange for the one which had chaperoned him from the jail.

He took, also, what appeared to be a single short-bladed knife, but as he picked it up the weapon dissolved in his hand into six parts. It looked, when fitted into a single sheath, like one haft, but in reality the single semblance made six weapons. Not of the slightest use for hand-to-hand fighting, of course, but perfect to be flicked from the flat of the palm.

He picked up a few more odds and ends, then closed his bundle.

After this the youth touched a gong, informed a servant that he was going to resume his studies in the abode of his uncle, and straightway left the house.

He went down the river bank not more than a quarter of a mile, kicked away the surface earth, and so turned up a cord which ran from a buried peg down into the water. He pulled up the peg and drew strongly on the water end of the rope.

Presently a dark shadow detached itself from the muddy bottom and came wavering up to the surface. There it was upended, and proved to be a very small and shallow skiff made of tin, so treated that it could not rust through the paint that covered it. Two oars were lashed along its sides.

After waiting for the water to drain out, Ching Wo entered the boat, placed his bundle at his feet, and, crouching in the narrow bottom, began to ply the oars.

The light craft slid like a water insect over the surface. Ching Wo, dipping the oars silently, shot the boat in long pulses down the shadow of the bank until he came to a small creek which entered the main river. Up the mouth of this he pulled a scant furlong, grounded the skiff, and stepped out with his bundle.

Then he went into the copse where the woods were thick. There he paused and lowered the bundle.

From his clothes he took out a small wooden tablet covered with Chinese characters. This he placed on the bundle and suddenly he sat down upon his heels, stretched out his arms and raised his handsome, melancholy face to the brightness of the sky above him.

The singsong of the Chinese speech became music as he murmured softly: "Fathers of Li Wo, be close to me, in order that you may see my heart is clean, although now I am about to do again the thing which is forbidden. I am about to wear the clothes which are a sin, and speak the language which stains the mouth. But if I live like a hawk in the sky, you know for what reason, and how the white men treat all my people like dogs at their feet. Intercede for me for my sins, pure and undying spirits!"

CHAPTER VIII

After he had finished speaking, Ching Wo remained for a moment silently in the same position, his eyes closed, his mind still working.

At last he rose with a sigh, stripped off the light silken garments he was wearing, and stepped into the outfit he had brought with him. The very shadows of the forest flashed with his new splendor! The bundle of discarded clothes he hid in a fork of a tree, then he walked on through the wood.

As he strode along, Ching lost the peculiar shuffling gait of a Chinaman and stepped out more freely. So he came out of the woods by the river into the open, and saw before him a little cabin with a tin smokestack leaning above it at a crazy angle. Behind were a small cattle shed and a straw stack of the year before, with a top blackened by winter rains. In front of the house stretched a few acres of vegetables and maize.

An aged Negro was harnessing an ancient mule to the plow and preparing to run a few furrows; he sang in a quavering, husky voice as he worked.

The Negro was not aware of Ching Wo's presence until the shadow of the latter's Spanish sombrero fell across

his feet. Then he turned by degrees, as very old men do, his head moving no faster than his body.

"Good morning, Jim," said the boy.

"Lord, Lord a'mighty!" exclaimed the Negro. "Here's Mistah Delancey come again. I might of knowed you'd be here soon for the gray hoss. I knowed it all the time!"

"And yet you've turned him out to pasture again, you old rascal?" asked Ching Wo, with a good-natured smile.

"He might be out at pasture," said the Negro, "an' he might not. I ain't sayin', 'cause I dunno."

"You don't know?"

"I ain't a bird in the sky that could look fifty mile' aroun' an' see. I dunno where the gray hoss is, boss! Three ge'men come by in a mighty hurry, an' one of 'em had a lame hoss an' he changed saddles onto El Rey, an' off they went."

Ching Wo folded his arms with a gesture which might have been recognized as the thrusting of hands into invisible silken sleeves

"What did they look like, Jim?"

"They was two Mexicans an' a white ge'man with bowlegs an' a powerful big look about him, an' red hair. He done change his saddle onto El Rey, an' he says, says he: 'Him that leaves out a hoss of this here kind, he's too big a fool to deserve to own him.' Then they rode on off up over the hills, yonder!"

The boy considered with a calm face and a quiet eye. "I'll take the pinto and follow. Did you change that off fore shoe on El Rey?"

"Done change it yestiday, Mistah Delancey. I guess you gunna have no more use for Uncle Jim since I los' your hoss for you, Mistah Delancey?"

But Ching Wo merely waved a graceful hand. "How long ago?"

"More'n two hours, boss. An' two hours of hosses such as they was ridin' would mean fifteen mile', anyway!"

In the shed Ching Wo found a tough pinto mustang, on the back of which he cinched his own saddle. Then he rode off, with his Winchester in the saddle holster and a small pack behind the saddle

The boy proceeded at a steady canter, never pressing his horse, but swinging it steadily on, while he alternately scanned the roadway, where the new print of hoofs appeared, and then the nearest skylines.

He had not gone a mile when the trail left the road and stretched away across the open country, and now he found more difficulty. For the trio were making a strong effort to cloud their trail

On a broad space of gravel and rock, where the marks of the hoofs practically disappeared, they had doubled back. Half a mile away they returned to their former course until they reached a creek. Here the trail disappeared in the water and did not climb out on the farther bank; but at the very first long cast up the stream, Ching Wo came upon the sign again, not a quarter of a mile away.

After this the three seemed to be satisfied that they had constructed enough trail problems to block all pursuit, for they went on boldly, keeping to the southeast

For whatever point they were bound they were pressing hard for it, as though anxious to keep an appointment. Ching Wo, with skillful eye, could tell that the three horses were weary, by the shortening of their stride at the gallop. Presently it became the long, rolling lope of the true Western cow pony.

The gallop of El Rey was a different

matter; and lucky was the man who sat in the saddle upon that glorious horse!

Months before, when Ching had first stepped into the white man's rôle—for which Li Wo had trained him with such care, and over so many long years—it had been a serious difficulty to the youth of Oriental culture. But now he began to feel that when he put on the clothes which made him into Handsome Harry Delancey, he was transforming his heart and soul as well. He could almost laugh aloud at what was sacred to him in the garb of Ching Wo, the young Chinese student!

So he began to gladden his heart with the beauty of the day, without trouble in mind

For it was such a day as only California can show. The sun was keen and hot, but in every shadow was a refreshing coolness; and across the hills ran a rich riot of wild flowers. He saw a whole hillside winking with golden buttercups; and beyond, in the horizon mist, the poppies flared like a sheet of flame.

Shortly after midday he made a halt to refresh the mustang and complete his own disguise.

This he did by taking off his hat and allowing the queue to fall forward over his shoulder. From the end of it he then untangled the threads of black silk which prolonged the pigtail; and his natural hair he worked into two very flat braids, encircling the head.

Next, from his pack, he took out a black wig and brushed it out with the greatest care. This he fitted into place, and at once there was lost to his face the half blank and the half whimsical expression which most Chinamen derive from the height of their shaven foreheads. Instead, he now had long black curls which swept down from beneath the brim of his hat and gave him a dashing cavalier look.

That done, Ching mounted again and rode on through the warm afternoon. The pinto gradually became sweat-blackened and powdered with dust. His canter shortened. His head drooped. But still he worked honestly until the sun floated like a crimson bubble on a western hill behind them, and coming to the top of a slope, Ching Wo saw that the three riders before him had turned into the brush beside the road

CHAPTER IX

Ching Wo, *alias* Handsome Harry, dropped out of the saddle and, kneeling at the roadside, examined the hoof-prints in the roadside grass. For a moment he could learn nothing. At length he made sure that several of the blades which had been trampled were stirring, raising themselves a little toward their normal erect position.

By that the youth knew that the trio had passed this way only a few minutes before, and he looked keenly about to plan his next line of action.

To one side was a higher hill, more sparsely covered with bushes. Up this the Chinaman determined to go for a commanding viewpoint over the countryside. This was hazardous work, for if he were spotted, Ching had no doubt that they would pick him off with their rifles. However, hazards he was accustomed to endure, and he sent the weary but game little mustang laboring up the hill

Twisting this way and that, knocking up stifling clouds of dust as they grazed brambles and shrubs, they soon were at the summit, and from this the young man surveyed a surprising

panorama. At the very first glance he reined the mustang violently back, dismounted, and then crawled along on hands and knees.

He could look out, now, from a nest of rocks which crowned the hill, and then cantering as they swept down into the hollow beneath.

They disappeared, and only a plume of dust smoked up out of the depression in which they were lost to view, but the boy had seen enough. He who

Ching Wo Saw One Masked Man Covering the Driver and the Guard

he saw two things of the utmost interest:

In the first place, at the rear of a low hill just beneath him, Ching could see three horses distinctly, only half sheltered by the brush since he was looking down at such an angle, and among the three he noticed the silver back of El Rey!

In the second place, at the front of the hill, where it looked upon the road, he observed two men sitting behind a screen of bushes; and presently he saw a third—there were rifles in the hands of each.

Then, to complete the picture, he discerned in the distance six horses which came nodding over the top of a hill, tugging a coach behind them. Presently the horses were trotting,

sees a crouching tiger and an ox grazing near by is not hard put to imagine why the tiger is in wait.

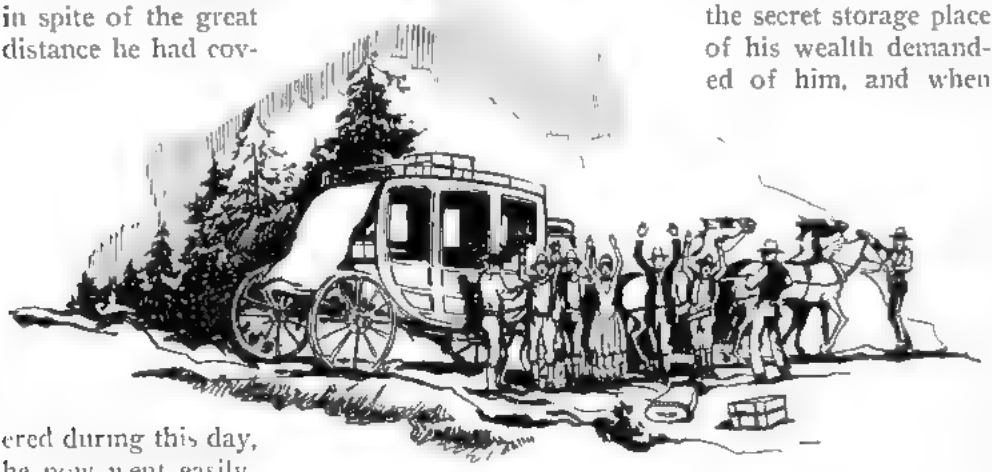
Ching Wo, from his hilltop, laughed until his white teeth flashed. Then he climbed back on the mustang and took a headlong course down the same slope up which he had come. His plan was clear.

He circled close under the foot of the hill and came straight up to the spot where the three horses were tethered. All were big, handsome animals, but two of them were badly spent. Only El Rey seemed perfectly fit

The reason for the hard riding was not difficult to find. Here was a point which the stage would reach just at sunset time; the brush skirted the road

closely and was sufficiently thick; moreover, this was a spot from which the robbers quickly could escape into the back country.

Ching Wo, taking note of this, gathered the lead ropes of the horses and mounted the gray. The stirrups were too long for him, and he could judge by this that a very big man had been riding El Rey. But the good steed knew his master, and in spite of the great distance he had covered during this day, he now went easily.



In swift cavalcade the horses were taken to the side of the higher hill, where Ching Wo dismounted and examined his catch. These were no impoverished robbers. And certainly no religious scruples bothered them. For out of the first saddlebag which he opened, Ching Wo took a chamois bag containing a rosary with a golden cross and beads of ebony wonderfully chased with gold; and in the same bag was a quantity of cheaper jewelry.

Ching Wo wrinkled his nose. He was not a believer in Christian divinities.

From the second bag he took out only two things. One was a silver button from the top of a Chinaman's cap. The other was a rawhide thong, the ends of which were much twisted, around and around, as though a stick had been turned in them. He looked attentively at this strip of leather and rubbed from it two or three tiny pale shreds; here and there the thong was stained dark.

Ching Wo's face turned demoniacal. For he could visualize the scene with wonderful clearness—the Chinaman—a man of rank, to judge by the button of his cap—cornered by the ruffians, forced upon his knees, the secret storage place of his wealth demanded of him, and when he refused, the thong bound about his head, the stick twisted—

Men said in the house of Li Wo that they had seen their compatriots endure this torture until the eyes burst from their heads. Some had died under the slow pressure!

Ching Wo, lifting his contorted face, cried out through his teeth:

"Kuang Ta, let me be the man to kill him! May he go through all of the ten regions of hell! May he burn for thousands of years, and be transformed into a blind worm at the end of his punishment!"

Ching trembled with fury, and he searched no more through the saddlebags. It was enough for him that he had found a thing which, in his eyes, condemned all the three men to a horrible death!

Guns crackled at that moment from the other side of the hill, and he ran El Rey to the rear shoulder to see what had happened on the road. It was the kind of picture which had been viewed before by Ching Wo. He nodded with familiar appreciation.

One masked man stood at the heads of the horses, his rifle covering the driver and the guard, who apparently had made no effort to use his sawed-off shotgun. A second man, similarly masked, kept his rifle trained on the passengers. The third, pistol in hand, stood by to superintend the rifling of the boot.

A mail bag was thrown down from it. Two trunks followed, which the third robber knocked open and looked through the contents. After he had finished this, the passengers were lined up in a row—six men and a woman, with the driver and the guard. Their hands stiffly held above their heads; they waited while two guns covered them, and the third masked bandit went through their pockets.

When the rifling of the party had been completed, one of the passengers was withdrawn from the others, and his hands tied behind his back. With this he was taken back into the brush by the fellow armed only with a revolver.

Instantly there was confusion. The woman ran forward, but was struck by one of the ruffians and staggered back.

Ching Wo's face tingled as though he himself had received the blow. It was a thing he hardly could believe, for usually he had seen the white men treating their women almost as though they were honorable, divine ancestors, rather than workaday flesh and blood!

The remaining pair of bandits—one carrying a sack of loot and the other a canvas containing the guns of the men of the stage—now disappeared into the brush.

At once the passengers pooled together in the wildest excitement. Out of that confused group the woman broke suddenly and ran headlong into the bushes.

The others wavered, then, in a solid charge they rushed forward behind her. Dust puffed up from the shrubbery in the rosy light of sunset. A single gun barked, and out from the brush recoiled the seven men of the stage, one of them supported by two of his comrades.

Ching Wo, seeing this, smiled again, with his white teeth glinting. After all, they had been fools to venture into that entanglement without weapons, and they had had their reward.

But the woman did not return!

The rest of the people hesitated only an instant, and then poured into the stage. None of the traces had been cut, or a wheel damaged, as often was done when stage robbers wished to isolate their victims for a long time.

Apparently the three desired only that the stage would get out of the district as quickly as possible; and now they had their will, for the coach was presently at full speed down the road, the horses galloping hard and the driver using the long lash of the whip.

They were going for help.

Ching Wo thought of the rage and confusion in the first town they would reach, with the news that a stage had been held up, a man abducted from it, and a woman lost in the wilderness.

A woman lost!

Ching laughed at the thought. For were not women, of all of God's creatures, the cheapest and the least useful, except that a man's mother was necessarily a sacred ancestor?

However, the youth saw that the

time had come for him to act, and straightway he put himself in motion. He had intended to take only the three horses; but the discovery of the blood-stained rawhide thong and the Chinese button had changed his mind completely. When the three reached the spot where they had left the horses, he intended that bullets should meet them!

So Ching Wo sent El Rey sweeping across the hollow like the swooping hawk which was his most loved emblem!

CHAPTER X

When he came to the place where he had found the horses, Ching dismounted and threw the reins of the gray stallion in a place where the thicket closed around him.

Then the boy crouched by the edge of the clearing and listened, his ear to the ground. Voices came from a little distance higher up the hill, and they were not approaching. A moment more and he heard the woman cry out in horror or fear.

It stabbed the very brain of Ching Wo to hear that cry. And suddenly he was working his way forward through the brush, swiftly and subtly as a snake. He had left his rifle behind, in the saddle holster, for he knew that for such close work as this the two revolvers were infinitely better.

The voices grew louder as Ching approached. He could hear the woman weeping. And a shrill, high-pitched man's voice protesting with a savage energy.

So Ching Wo came to the edge of the place, and crouched panther-like behind a bush through whose branches he could see fairly well into the group before him.

They were all here. The three masked men stood with two of them watching over the bound prisoner, and a third with his grip on the woman's arm. Her head was bowed; she was weeping into her hands.

Ching Wo sneered in disgust. All white women were like this—noise makers, trouble makers, running into the fire in the secure conviction that their men would rush forward to save them from harm.

The man who had been dragged from the coach was in the later middle age, with hair already silvery, a transparently thin and pale face, and shoulders bowed a little as if by ill health or long leaning over a desk. He had a nervous way, which Ching Wo did not respect. Nevertheless, the Chinese youth felt that the white man was intelligent and honest.

He was talking angrily to the woman: "Margery, what under heaven made you follow me? What good could you do, except to ruin me by putting yourself in their hands?"

"I didn't think!" replied a stifled voice, choked and sobbing. "I only knew—I was afraid for you, father!"

Ching Wo jerked up his head suddenly. His head touched the branch of the bush just above him and rustled the leaves

"What's that?" inquired one of the highwaymen.

"Snake sneakin' off," said another. "You shut up your yappin', Linton, an' let's know what we wanta know."

"And what d'you want to know?" asked Linton crisply

Young Ching Wo heard these words only dimly. He was staring at the bowed figure of the girl with bewilderment and dismay, for she had expressed something which every Chinaman must respect, a filial piety stronger than the fear of death.

So he stared at her, lying rigid with wonder.

From his infancy, Li Wo had carefully informed him of the vices of the white man, his drunkenness, his foulness of mouth, his murders, his cruelty, his savage and incredible rapacity. In the picture all was crimson and shadow, but now it was subtly altered, for the mind of Ching, by a golden light.

One jewel there was in the heap of stones, one tender and faithful soul among all the treacherous! Her tears became, to Ching Wo, sanctified. A fragrance, as it were, breathed from her like the fragrance of the candles which burned forever before the god of his father.

Ching closed his eyes. He looked again; and yet this thing was not a dream!

The largest of the robbers, he with the tuft of red at the back of his head, now answered the prisoner:

"Linton, we know why you're goin' up to the hills. But what we wanta know is where?"

The prisoner jerked up his head a little. And suddenly he laughed. "I'm going for my health, of course."

A brief silence followed this. Then the redheaded leader strode closer and towered above the captive, who repaid him with fearless glance for glance.

"You got nerve, I see," said the robber. "I never doubted that, but don't be a fool. Five month back you come inta San Salvadore clean outa your head with fever, an' in your pack was a chunk of ore that looked rich enough to pay about a million a minute. Now, Linton, you're headed back for the same district, an' you're gunna stake out your claim. It's a good idea, but you ain't gunna get there. We aim to stake that little ol' claim an' work it for you, an' drink your health in redeye night an' mornin'. We want the location!"

"And you expect me to tell you?" asked Linton, with a curl of his lip.

Ching Wo nodded. He could sympathize with such a spirit as this. He even began to guess that this man might be the worthy father of such a daughter.

"Gunna get yourself tapped on the head, are you?" growled the other. "Are you as big a fool as that?"

"I'm as big a fool as that," said Linton quietly. "That discovery nearly cost me my life. It's stolen ten years away from me, I imagine. You think that I'll talk for fear of a gun?"

"Aw, not a gun," snarled the leader. "They's other ways of makin' you talk!"

He chuckled with a brutish complacency.

"I know what you mean," Linton responded. "I know your methods. Well, my friend, you can try them all. You'll soon see whether a slow death means any more to me than a quick one!"

"Bah!" said the leader.

The girl raised her face suddenly. It was streaked with tears, red with weeping, but all that Ching Wo saw was the blue of her eyes and the yellow gold of her hair. Those things slipped like the grace of heaven into his soul.

He stared, and could not believe, and stared again. Ching thought of the round faces and the slant eyes of the Chinese maidens he had seen—and his blood was iced. Was his mother such as they, she whom he worshiped? And the daughter of Fow Ming, too, who was to be his bride?

The youth closed his eyes and his pulse raced. Then he heard:

"Don't be a fool, chief. This here is the same kind as that gent in Monterey that—"

"Shut up!" bellowed the chief. "What were you gunna say, you jackass?" Then he added fiercely: "They ain't only one of 'em. We got two, here. You understand that, Linton? It ain't only you that we're talkin' about? Seems to me that they's a pair!"

Linton stared at the speaker, then turned sharply and looked at the girl.

She herself had grown white, but she said rapidly, in a trembling voice: "They don't mean it! They wouldn't touch me. Don't even think about me! They—"

"Won't we?" sneered the other.

Then he laughed, and his laughter rumbled heavily upon the brain of Ching Wo, making his hand close hard upon the revolver he held.

Linton shrank a little. The young woman was white as stone, but she managed to shake her head, to stammer something, as though to say she was not afraid and she need not be considered.

But Linton said hoarsely: "I'll tell you, then. It lies—"

But Ching Wo had heard enough. He, too, would have been glad, ordinarily, to learn where a rich strike was located, but this affair was different. An air of sacredness lay upon Linton, because of his daughter; therefore, all of his belongings, all of his affairs, must be preserved from injury.

The Chinaman, still in the rôle of Handsome Harry Delancey, rose from behind the bush at this moment and saw the eyes of the girl flare wide with incredulous joy and wonder.

His first shot was not for the leader—Ching would regret that afterward!—but it split the heart of him who grasped the arm of Margery Linton, so that he lurched forward with a face grinning from agony and shock, and fell to the ground.

The redheaded leader whirled. "Delancey!" he groaned, and struck with the gun which hung in his hand.

The blow missed the head of Ching Wo. It was not for nothing that he had spent the long hours of wrestling, learning to read the motions of an enemy by the shadows that pass across his eye.

And as the big man lurched forward, Ching pulled the trigger to end the fight, with the muzzle pressed against the robber's side.

The hammer dropped with a lifeless click upon a dead cap, and the redheaded leader plunged on, the brush closing in a green wave behind his back.

CHAPTER XI

THE second revolver whipped into the left hand of Ching Wo as he whirled after the big chief. From the left hand he sent a bullet splitting the brush in the wake of the robber. But the crashing sounds continued without a stop, and there was neither curse nor shout to indicate the bullet had struck home.

Another shot cracked behind the Chinaman, and a slug hissed close to his cheek. So he turned again, only in time to see the brush beating here and there. The third of the trio, having missed his revengeful shot, fled through the dusk

The sky was one vast sweep of crimson and purple, and in the west were golden towers breathing out light; but still, beneath the shrubs and trees, the shadows were turning to smoke that darkened every moment.

At such a time Ching knew he could not have handled both his enemies. Had there been only one, he would have followed through the shrubbery as eagerly as ever a ferret followed a rabbit. But while he was handling one, might not the other return to the girl and her father?

What then? He would sooner have left the gods of his household exposed!

So Ching Wo, turning to the girl and Linton, touched the cords that wrapped his wrists and instantly his hands were free.

"Can you shoot?" asked he, offering a revolver.

"Not with a pistol. I can handle a rifle fairly well," Linton answered in the most matter-of-fact manner.

The elderly man picked up a fallen rifle as he spoke, and his daughter, with an air half frightened and half resolute, followed that example. Ching Wo, who had seized on the sack of loot taken from the stage, now said:

"Follow me in single file. Step where I step, and listen as we go. They may close in and try to take us from each side!"

Then he went rapidly down the hill, nervous, but unwilling to go so fast that the others could not follow. He feared lest one of the fugitives might have cut in to where he had left El Rey in waiting, and that loss he would have regretted deeply.

So they left the dead robber lying where he fell, face downward in his mask, and Ching Wo glided before the Lintons until they came to the screen of shrubs.

The guide half expected that guns would spit fire at him as he approached, but he was wrong. The red-headed man was not there, and El Rey stood with his brave eyes glistening in the dusk.

Ching mounted at once, because from the saddle he could see more clearly across the brush on every side. The darkness was increasing so rapidly now that it was as though a shadow were rising from the earth.

Thus the youth known as Handsome Harry led the way forward until they rounded the side of that steep hill which had served him as an observation tower to such good purpose. There they found the other horses still waiting.

"Here are the mounts they were riding when they stopped the coach," remarked Ching Wo. "Take your choice."

"By the way," said Linton, "Margery, this is Mr. Henry Delancey."

She acknowledged the introduction with shining eyes. Ching Wo, remembering his rôle, dragged off his hat and bowed deeply.

"I'll have something else to say to you, Delancey, if you'll walk aside with me," said the elderly man. Then he spoke to his daughter over his shoulder:

"Stay here a moment, Margery. I want to have Delancey alone for the moment. Don't worry. We're not twenty miles from San Salvadore, and if Delancey will rent these horses to me, we can make the trip easily."

In the meantime he and Ching Wo stood facing each other beneath a tree.

"Delancey," he said, "you've got me out of a mighty bad tangle, just now. I want to talk gratitude. But not merely in words. Let us see what you'll get out of this."

He paused. Ching Wo smiled a little and waited.

"You'll get what the thugs took from the stage," went on Linton. "No matter what it is, you deserve it. And by the weight of it, and the number of

wallets and watches, I judge it to be worth while. On the other hand, that's your just booty, and doesn't have anything to do with your services to me and my daughter."

"Are you going to pay me for that?" asked Ching Wo.

Linton shrugged his shoulders, as though to banish from his mind the suggestion of cool contempt in the voice of the adventurer.

"Let's be practical," continued Linton, "and not sentimental fools. I'm a rich man. You want riches. Now, then, Delancey, I have a check book in my pocket. I want to know, simply, what you'll have me write on the check?"

Ching Wo was silent.

"Come, come," said Linton dryly. "Suppose I offer you five thousand? You can cash it for face value in San Francisco at my banker's. Very well, then, you take five thousand now, and after I get to the mines, if you come into trouble or need of any sort, you'll be free to drop in on me and make a call for, say, a similar amount. What about it, eh?"

He talked like a business man putting his proposition half coldly, and half in the tone of conviction of a man who is not driving a hard bargain and knows it very well.

Ching Wo merely smiled again.

There was still some glow in the sky, and he was facing west, so that sufficient of this glow came upon his face for Linton to observe it. The mine owner was checked in the midst of his argument by something mysterious, by something of another world, or another race, he could not tell what.

As a matter of fact, he could have seen a simular expression come many a time upon the face of any Chinaman, wrapped in meditation, divorcing his thoughts from the earth, flying into the dreamy and bright obscurity of the Buddhistic ideal.

But Linton had no thought of such a thing. "You won't have it? Not enough?"

"Mr. Linton," said Ching Wo, "you are kind. You speak to the point. I understand exactly how you feel about this matter, and that you don't wish to be under obligation to a ruffian."

He had stepped back swiftly into his character of Handsome Harry, and Linton responded with a grumble:

"Look here, Delancey, I haven't called you such names, so don't put them into my mouth. I don't want to be penurious. I'll double the offer, if that suits you. If not, tell me what you want to do?"

"I want to get onto my horse," answered Ching Wo, "and I want to ride with you. I'll take you into San Salvadore."

"Very well. Though we're perfectly safe."

"If you scare off a pair of hawks from the chicken yard," said Ching Wo, "they're sure to come back. You're not safe alone. Shall we start?"

CHAPTER XII

CHING Wo rode first, for, as he pointed out, it would be useless to pool all of their party in one body, which might be riddled at the first volley of ambushers.

Keeping a hundred yards or so in the lead, he passed through the section of the road where the trees and shrubbery made dense walls of shadow. As they came out into the open country beyond, where the way dipped only now and then through dark clumps of trees, Ching drew back

once more to the side of his companions.

This he did with much perturbation of spirit, for it seemed to Ching Wo that his very soul was in peril on this day.

Foreigners were devils. Of that the youth was sure, because his father had taught him so with sacred authority since his boyhood, and he could not doubt the lessons of Li Wo. Nevertheless, every moment across his mind was running the picture of Margery Linton as she had started into the shrubbery after her father. What strength had she to help him with her weaponless hands? But she had gone blindly ahead, drawn by her duty!

This thought stung the heart of Ching Wo with wonder and joy. So he told himself a dozen times that he must remain in the lead, beyond earshot of them; and yet, as the road grew clearer, he found himself dropping back.

The moon cast a strange illumination over the white road and made the trees like great, wavering shadows beside it. By this partial light, Ching watched Linton and, covertly, the girl also.

Margery's head was constantly half turned toward him, listening and watching; and although the upper part of her face was lost under the shadow of her hat, from nose to throat Ching could see her, and the smile upon her lips.

There was no doubt that the young woman was very happy, and from the manner in which she continually watched him, Ching Wo wondered if he did not form part of her pleasure. Or was it only Margery's joy because her father had been released?

"Delancey!" Linton spoke abruptly. "I want to talk to you."

"Certainly," said Ching Wo, turning to the man beside him.

The Chinese youth found he could look steadily into the lean, grim face without that thrill of disgust which he usually felt when confronting a white man. And this astonished him It gave him a little pang of fear and remorse. He could not decide how to explain this adventure to Li Wo.

"Delancey, how long have you been following this life?"

"What life, if you please?"

"This gadding about the roads—this living at the point of a gun?"

"Why," considered Ching Wo, "I've been doing this for about—well, say fifteen or twenty thousand miles."

Linton chuckled, enjoying the manner in which his question had been answered and parried at the same instant.

"What do you get out of it, my lad? We all expect some return on our investments of time and trouble, saying nothing of our safety."

Here the girl turned her head more decidedly toward Ching Wo, and her smile vanished.

"Why," said Ching Wo lightly, "you see that I'm a traveler, and the fifteen or twenty thousand miles I've ridden have been their own reward."

"Because of the scenery?" asked Linton dryly

"Exactly," Ching Wo beamed. "If a man looks in the right way, he'll find almost anything along the road. Every now and then I find a patch of gold dust flowers which only need to be picked and shaken into a money belt."

"You might be called a maker of honey, then, Delancey?"

"Thank you," responded the boy. "It's never been said in just that way, but I suppose it is wild honey."

At this, Linton and his daughter laughed in unison, but suddenly they

heard the rapid thrumming of hoofs on the road behind them.

They were at this moment climbing the side of a steep hill, and looking back over the brow of the hill to the rear they saw half a dozen riders sweep around the curve and flash into view, like so many ghosts in the dim moonshine.

"Who are they?" gasped the girl.

"They're hunters," said Ching Wo. "And I think that they're running in sight of the quarry. Listen! They're giving tongue!"

And as they listened they heard the exultant whooping of the six riders as they rushed their horses down the intervening hollow.

CHAPTER XIII

INSTANTLY the three had their horses at a gallop. Ching Wo, ranging between the Lintons, considered the gaits of the animals and told himself that they were too tired to last very long. El Rey, of course, sustained his strength, because there was in the stallion an

A Frightened Shadow Broke From the Safe Shelter of the Pine

inexhaustible well of power; and even when his limbs began to fail him, he could run ten miles on his mighty heart alone.

He called to them loudly: "Push straight ahead. Don't race your mounts, because they can't stand it, but keep them at a steady gait. I'm going to fall back and try to make the road a little rougher for the men behind."

The girl turned toward him and cried out something. Ching did not understand the words, but thought he made out something about "sacrifice." The youth took off his hat and waved it back, the long black hair of his wig blowing back over his shoulders. Then he swerved El Rey about and swept into the trees at the side of the road

It was a noble forest of yellow and sugar pines, and behind a giant of the former kind, with its bark cracked in a huge pattern, he brought the gray stallion to a pause. Then he pulled the rifle from its long holster beneath his leg

The woods were both lofty and open. The moon shone down through the irregular foliage of the evergreens, making a pale silver pattern that glistened on the bed of pine needles. A small stream crossed the road from the upper hillside at this point, and Ching Wo listened to its faint melody while the receding hoofs beat softer in his ears and the approaching ones rang more loudly.

He could hear one man in a bull's voice calling out to his five companions to hold their fire until they were close up.

Then the six riders burst over the brow of the hill and rushed into the sights of his steady rifle.

It was merely a question of whom he would drop. One life, at least, lay in the palm of his hand, his for the pressure of a trigger, but the youth hesitated. For it seemed to Ching Wo that beside every one of these men rode ghosts of women, every woman young and beautiful like Margery Linton.

He gasped, with a new sort of fear in his heart, and then picked out the leading rider—and fired low!

He saw horse and man lurch down, the rider with a wild screech like a cat suddenly struck by an eagle's talons. The horse did not stir where it fell, but the rider tumbled head over heels, lurched to his feet, and staggered blindly forward under the impetus.

As for the rest, they split aside from the road suddenly as water shunted from a slanting rock; and with a roar they had changed their direction, shouting curses.

Ching Wo heard only one word, the name: "Delancey!"

His white teeth flashed in the moonlight as he reined El Rey about.

He liked this game. No matter how hard they rode, dodging among the mighty trunks of the pine forest, he would match El Rey against them!

Only five heads, now, and perhaps fewer later on!

A shadowy horseman raced through the trees not fifty yards away. Thrusting the rifle into its holster, already reloaded, Ching Wo snatched out a Colt and fired a bullet—this time at the fellow's head.

He knew he had missed even as he pulled the trigger, but the horseman, with a yell, bent low in the saddle and drove off down the slope.

That was the beginning of a strange battle in the pines, for Ching Wo ranged to and fro, gradually driven back, but still shooting at every human

form he saw. Once he heard a shout of pain and rage in answer to such a bullet, and knew he had at least winged another of the group.

That made four remaining. Ching guessed that these would not press too close upon his heels!

He was right.

Presently there was no more sound of panting horses. They had given up their charging, then, and had taken to stalking tactics; but in the meantime, stalking took time, and the real prize was some distance away, on the road to San Salvadore!

A gun barked suddenly from the side of the next tree, not ten paces away, and Ching Wo heard a bullet whisk past his ear.

But he did not shrink. A burst of wild savagery took him by the throat, and spinning El Rey about on his heels, he plunged straight at that tree.

A frightened shadow broke away from the safe shelter of that pine trunk—a man on foot running with arms thrown out before him, like a child fleeing from some nightmare horror. As Ching Wo reached the fugitive with a single bound of El Rey, he covered the man's head with his Colt.

And then again a haunting mist blew coldly upon his brain—a new soul seemed to cry sadly in his ear. Taking his hand from the trigger, he spun the weapon about and struck down the fellow with a crushing blow across the head.

After that he went straight up to the road.

There were only three heads remaining on the dragon's body, and Ching felt a grim assurance that when they had counted their losses they would ride no longer upon the trail this night. On the edge of the road he paused again. Behind, in the woods, he could hear voices coming faintly through the thin mountain air, and they were the voices of cursing and rage. So much for that!

Before him lay the moonlit way, surely empty of danger now, and leading straight on to San Salvadore. To Ching Wo it seemed that the road was leading still farther, up a continual hill which was no harder to climb than is the hill of the blue heaven to a soaring hawk; and at the end of that road lay happiness. What it was he did not know, but it wore for him the smiling face of Margery Linton. The thought made his heart sing in his breast.

Laughing, he rode forward, and rounding the next curve, came full upon Linton and his daughter!

Linton himself threw up his rifle to cover the approaching rider, but the girl knew better, and instantly dragged down the barrel of the weapon.

"You're not hurt, Delancey?" called out Linton anxiously.

"Not a scratch. But why didn't you go on and on?"

"I know that was your plan," said Linton, looking cautiously into the shadows of the trees; "but I couldn't keep on the road—when I heard the guns behind me. Where are they?"

"There are only three left," answered Ching, a sudden joy filling him because he had allowed a ghost to turn his aim. "And they won't worry us any more to-night."

But the girl did not speak. Wondering at this, Ching looked so closely through the shadow covering her face that he could see tears passing, with a faint gleam, down her cheek.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

Coming for October

Old Bill Reardon had run away from Ireland to escape an evil spell. But read what happened, in a weird thrilling story:

When the Devil Calls - By E. S. Dellinger

And now one of our younger authors, a freight conductor on a crowded eastern road, the man who made you chuckle in "The Night Peddler," offers

The Trainmaster Rides To-night - By John Johns

A popular railroad writer has succeeded in raising the curtain on one of the most intense features of railroad operation—High-wheeling the money freight over the road

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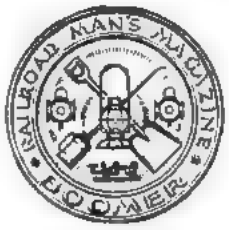
The Boomers' Corner

HOW, Boomers, how! The latest brother to come in and sign the register is none other than D. Carranza Sloan, sometimes known as Dennis, a pal of Gilligan, and gentleman of travel. Dennis has just arrived in New York from the Far West. He has been trailing over the cinders watching out for a convenient rush. He didn't have a whole lot of luck to begin with, but Dennis is hopeful and it is a pretty sure bet that he will be twisting 'em down somewhere before October rolls along.



We were going to have a little convention here with Gilligan and Sloan, together with the conductor of this department, but Gilligan got lost in the shuffle, decided at St. Louis that the East wasn't ripe for him and headed back for Roseville, California, where he will soon be holding an office on the P. F. E.

Dennis asks to be remembered to some four or five thousand of the brethren with whom he has worked some time or another, and he wants to tell the brothers that the one road he has missed is the New York subway, but since all the help down there go around with the title of "guard" Dennis opines it is too much like the penitentiary and can't see any sense in "braking" on a subway train anyhow.

* * *

Welcome to Brother Hilker

A new brother to these columns, but an old brother to the rails is Frank A. Hilker of 1513 Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois. Brother Hilker has knocked at the door and has been cordially invited to enter. In entering he brings us a little breath of railroading back in '94. Somewhere to-day some of the brothers mentioned herein will see this and recall it with a smile. Says Frank:

The Boomer of 1894

Where were you in '94? This was the stereotyped question you would have to answer when applying for a job in train service on Western roads in the years following the great A. R. U. strike more than a quarter of a century ago.

You produced your clearance letters. They did not mean a thing, for there was a watermark in the paper, which when held to the light, showed a crane standing in shallow water, with or without a broken neck. If the crane's neck was broken, and hanging downward, it was evidence that you had been in the "war" of '94 as this gigantic strike was called. If the crane's neck showed a natural position, you were hired, and the man with the title was pleased to put you on the pay roll

The strike had not extended to the New Haven road at that time. W. H. Wallace, a bachelor of sixty, was the "works" at New Haven. He was about six feet four inches. His whiskers were gray and permanent. He never shaved. He wore a blue yachting cap, and his voice, so strong and vigorous, was similar to the fog horn in the near-by Sound. He resembled an old sea captain in every detail

He roomed on Meadow Street, some two blocks from the depot, but one could always find him in his office any time of the day or night where he dozed in his office chair when he became exhausted from loss of sleep

I was a young "punk" when I swung from the caboose of Les Phillip's fish train about 6 P.M. one Sunday evening and asked Mr. Wallace for work. In my pocket I had a letter from the T. M. at East Hartford, and had intended making for there which was the terminus of the New England, but hearing of the daily head-on and rear-end collisions, I changed my mind

When I popped the old question, "How are you fixed for men?" I was hired forthwith. No application to make out, no examination to pass, no questions asked. You got your order for lamp and switch key and went to work. I strained my back for a week on a local in order to learn the road. The cargo on this train resembled that of a Mississippi steamboat. Stoves, boxes, barrels of oil, machinery and merchandise

of every description. When we took a siding to allow a train to pass we began transferring freight from one car to another in order to make a set out instead of unloading it singly.

On my first trip there was a consignment of goods which included a barrel of beer and a new wooden washtub. After a few miles out the boys got busy. They emptied the beer into the tub and like pigs at a trough filled up to capacity. Soon they were so drunk they could do no work, and the conductor and I took in the train and got into the Harlem yards at 3 A.M. when we should have reached there at 6 P.M. the preceding evening. The conductor fixed up his report in some way, for we never heard of the loss of the beer. They were like that in those days, never "snitched" on each other. I understand Dan Sargent, the brains, was killed in the Fitchburg yards. Billy Graham, a little fellow, was engineer and what a time he had getting that old Johnson bar over on account of his size

I put in my week on the local and then landed the best job on the road in freight service, train 114, the fruit express. We left Harlem River yard at 3 P.M. and reached New Haven at 5.32 P.M. Crews were changed here, but the caboose went on through to Boston. The stop was but five minutes for inspection of the train A passenger went in for us at South Norwalk.

The first boomer to arrive at New Haven was Bill Murry, under a flag, of course. I do not remember his real name, or does it matter. Bill was an old time switchman. In the East switchmen were known as yard brakemen. Many others arrived about this time and all got jobs Some at Belle Dock, Cedar Hill and New Haven They got plenty of work. The New Haven yard and the terminal yard at East St. Louis were known as the two swiftest yards in the country These boomers hated to "coon" a car. This was not the Western style. If you did not go "high" and tie them up with a few binders they were liable to find their way into the Sound.

"Pop" Kidder was the conductor of the fruiter. Horace Hopkins engineer. "Sandy" Manning, Tegmeyer and John Hyde were brakemen like myself. I suppose they are running passenger trains at this time, as Mr. Shepard at the Grand Central Station, called a number for examination about the time I left. He was a general superintendent for the New Haven

I wonder if Pete Steinway can still hear the "coot, coot" I would give when we rounded the curve at Woodmont signifying that the board was clear. John Hackett was another good "runner" and would throw her in the back motion if you were not far enough back with your flag.

On the road, brakemen rode outside, on the top or in between. The pay was $1.90 for 138 miles, or as they figured your time $11.40 for a six day week. The flagman got ten cents more or $12.00 per week

The Connecticut law provided for a weekly pay day. These boomers, in all their wildest fancies, could not be made to believe that you could walk up to a pay car once a week and get your pay

Jerry Wall was the paymaster. His brother Dan was a boomer and I last worked with him at Van Buren, Arkansas, for the Iron Mountain

There was a Connecticut law which prohibited freight trains from entering the State between the hours of 1 A.M. and 4 P.M. on Sundays. The string of freights waiting for 4 o'clock sometimes extended from Port Chester to New Rochelle. A brewery was located near the tracks close to the town and the watchman furnished us the genuine stuff at five cents per bottle.

The Colonial Express, known as the "Gilt Edge," running from Boston to Washington was put aboard of barges and ferried down the river to Jersey City.

I wonder where Bill Murry is to-day?

* * *

Good Old Powder Bill

Just when we are sailing along and feeling like the block is all clear, the track right and there is plenty of putty on the clock, it is not an uncommon thing to swing around a curve and go slap-bang up against the yellow. From down El Paso way, old Powder Bill Burke, on his annual "tour," checks the register and decides that there is nothing more left in life for him but to take one good sock at your official publication, so Powder Bill says:

DEAR BOOMER:

What's the matter with your crop of authors now, are they all away on vacation? Your "Murder at Spire" is just plain damn murder, and that's about all you can say about it.

"Nicaragua Lures the Boomer" is a piece of moldy boloney You couldn't land a job down there with an order from the commander of the Marines, for love, money or moonshine. Don't lure the gang off down there on any wild-goose chases for jobs in that country. They just ain't there, and it's a mighty tough country to get sidetracked in. How well I know that it is

"Ipecac Ingalls" is harder to take than a dose of that same medicine ever was. "Honk and Horace" have honked their last hoot. Set 'em out with their show-train and let 'em occupy the rip track for a while

And even the "Bloody British" are telling us how well they run their trains, as well as how they won the war All right, let 'em tell it, but keep 'em telling it—in England

Don Waters is not so bad. Griff Crawford is your best. Earp just fair. But what has Seven Anderton's "Railroaded" got to do with a railroad?

Seems a lot like you're drifting into the class of "them things," playing up names and spreading propaganda. Better wipe the clock, Bill Stop her, and take a good look around you You're in a yellow block now. She'll go red, first thing you know, and then you won't know whether to go ahead or try to back up. Then

the dogs'll catch you, out on the high-line—and that'll be just too sorry.

Ask some of your boomer boys if they ever heard of me. I've cut a pretty wide trail through the railroad world, from Canada to Peru, covering the last thirty years or so. Before that I toted water on the old M. & O

POWDER BILL BURKE

* * *

Another Old-Timer

Naturally we always want to hear from the old-timers, because they can tell us some mighty thrilling tales. You can understand then how glad we were to get the following from a brother in Illinois at the Railroad Men's Home

DEAR BOOMER

Glad again to see the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE doing its stuff. All of the boomers and thousands of others were very sorry to see the old magazine fade out, but to have it come back to us gives us much pleasure indeed

Where now are all of those famous old boomers? Where are Circus Doyle, He-Haw Mike, Fishmouth Ferguson, Step-and-a-Half, Spud Murphy, Crummy McHugh, Crooked Nick and many other characters in their line? There was always a job for them wherever they went. There was quite a bunch of boomers gathered there in Frisco right after the earthquake twenty or so years ago, and the Beanery or "Mad House" as they called it, did a rushing business. It sure was some place. Those were good old days. But times have changed and are still hard at changing very quickly. What a difference from fifty years ago. Not so many boomers now, I think, or "Pocatello night yardmasters" either

I quit the game some years back. Just had to and am now living in our "little old shack" here in Highland Park, Illinois. The Brotherhood Home, maintained by three railroad labor organizations, the B. of R. T., the B. of L. F. & E., and the B. of L. E. The O. R. C. were here also until a couple of years ago and they are now in their own home down in Savannah, Georgia. I am inclosing you herewith a picture of our little old shack and also one of myself. We have got quite a bunch of "old rails" here Just now about 120, and still room for a few more. Quite a few have passed away

I would like to see more stories and poems by Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil in all issues of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. Well, Boomer, shall let her go at this and with thousands of others am anxiously awaiting the coming of the next issue

JAMES WALKER,
Brotherhood Home, Highland Park, Ill

* * *

Some of the boys have used these columns to point to their graduation diplomas, and we are mighty glad to open up a little space in which to let Montana have its say, although the letter comes from Oregon.

DEAR BOOMER

Sure was glad to see the old book back on the stand for sale again. Have read it for years and often wondered why you quit publishing it. I always turn to the Boomers' Corner first as I have been a graduate of most railroads of the United States in my younger days, some by request, but mostly by choice. I have seen the cane crop at Amarillo, the melons in Colardo, and wheat out West

I have often wondered whatever became of the old guard that helped make the Western roads and then stepped out for the home guard. There isn't any characters any more like Boomer Doyle, Spike Farley, Abe Brower, Smoky Sayres, Vern Foster, Soapy Simpson, Hotbox Williams, Nig Smith and lots of others that I haven't thought of for years

Boomer Doyle was on the carpet in Train master Shannon's office at Pasco telling what he knew about a rear end collision about fifteen years ago, and I'll never forget the way he worded it. He said we came round the bend about thirty per. I see a stack of reds on the main. I gave the eagle-eye the distress sign and he throwed her into the Britchin on two pipes, while I made a dive through the atmosphere and I just dropped in here to get my time 'cause I got to take a gal to a dance in New Orleans next Saturday night

Well, this is all for now. Hoping the old magazine sells two million a month and all the old gang sees this. Yes, I helped settle the late fuss we had with Germany.

MONTANA CURLEY, X-RAIL,
Made on the N. P.

DEAR CURLEY

The "brains" of this "section" was partly made on the N. P. and is proud of it. How about tellin' your right name?

* * *

W. E. Shelton, 1447 West One Hundred and Tenth Street, Cleveland, Ohio, sends in an S O S to ask for any stray copies of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE of late 1916 and early 1917 which contain the operators' handwriting contest in which Brother Shelton figured. Brother Shelton has been trying ever since last November to get hold of one of these issues, but he hasn't had any luck as yet. You fellows can either write to Brother Shelton direct or address him in care of the magazine and we will see that he gets the dope.

On the Spot

WITH most of us a good stinging criticism is mighty hard to take, but if it strikes us in the right frame of mind we usually come out of the ordeal with a little more sense than we had before, even if we don't feel like shouting about it. Now every once in a while some brother blazes into this editorial yard with straight-from-the-shoulder talk.

We are now referring to the panning we have been getting from the real rails all over the country on the cover situation and the hue and cry that is going up for the return of the old red covers.

"Something we are used to and can see," one old-timer writes. "You don't have to make it as asinine as the covers on the old ten-cent RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE once were, but I think if you put that red top back there you will have a lot of luck in attracting many thousands of men who still remember the old book."

We feel like the time is just about ripe for some discussion along this and other lines and we would like for you to let us know exactly how you feel about it. We are reproducing below excerpts from several letters we have received recently. Are your sentiments in accord with these?

* * *

More About Covers

I have just bought the June issue of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. I stumbled on to it accidentally at a news-stand and it was the first inkling I had that it was being published again. What is the matter with the red cover? Why not make it so that we can see it without having to pore through a lot of rubbish that clutters up the news-stands nowadays?

I. G.—Covington, Ky

* * *

Where, oh, where, is the little red cover of yesterday of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE? I think the return of the red cover would surely make a big hit

D I.—Detroit, Mich

* * *

You have got back *Honk* and *Horace* which gives me a big kick. You have been able to bring back a lot of the other old favorites from time to time including *Wild-Eyed Hiram*, so why can't you bring back the old red cover and make the magazine individual? The way you have been going the front end of it might be any sort of a detective thriller or so called action book without either snap or individuality. Once you get the rails generally acquainted with what's between the covers of this magazine you will have to buy a whole trainload of printing presses to print enough copies. How about that red cover?

J. L.—Cleveland, Ohio

You know you never saw a rail go by a red board. A stack of red is sure to stop a rail anywhere. Why not hang a red board out on every news-stand and have every newsdealer put that magazine of yours with its old red cover on it right up where it can be seen? Yellow is sort of a dog color anyway.

R H B.—Cincinnati, Ohio

* * *

They Answer Mr. Johns

The letter published in the June issue from the pen of John P. Johns, New York Central freight conductor, has stirred up a whole bagful of discussion. For instance:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

I have just finished the second part of Derails and can hardly wait for the next installment. Give us some more stories like Main Line Man, and The King.

Listen, editor, regarding the letter from John P. Johns, I would like to say just this. I fully sympathize with J. P. J.'s desire for better cover illustrations. If you can't print covers on the style of the December issue, then how about printing a real photograph of each of the twenty fastest trains, one each month, in full color, suitable for framing?

Now regarding V. J. W.'s letter about leaving *Honk* and *Horace* out and giving us a real story, them's my sentiments, too. I have read all the Observations of a Country Station Agent and I think running one humorous story is enough. The features like the World's Largest Locomotive, and Yankee Clipper are O. K., but I'm dead set against the Juice Era. There are no thrills or style to an electric jack.

W A. P Newark, N J.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

As many of your other readers have done, I am also going to register my sentiments on your magazine.

First, I am going to start off with the cover. As Mr. John P. Johns said, your covers, so far, have been pretty rotten, all except December. The worst of them all was May. If some other magazine had been hiding the name, I would have mistaken it for some silly love story magazine. Speaking of love stories, tell those serial authors for me to cut out some of that silly love stuff.

Back again to covers. In the May number when I saw the cover, I even hesitated to buy the book. In fact, I know some fellows who didn't buy the May number because of the cover.

Why not put on covers like the drawing at the bottom of your Boomers' Corner, or like at the bottom of page 368 of the June number or page 5 of the April number? Those are the kind I like to see. The contents have been pretty good, and, of course, you can't tell a book by the cover.

Ipecac Ingalls is sick, and I wish you would give him the air. You can also discontinue that Just a Few Years Back stuff. Your poems have all been very good so far, and I hope they continue to be as good.

I am sorry to see the Station Agent go. I am in favor of the strict continuance of the features. If you discontinue them, I am sure you will be minus a whole lot of readers. The kind I devour and get indigestion from are Europe on Wheels, Old World Limiteds, The Juice Era, etc.

Have some more stories like Murder At Spire, I Remember When, God of High Iron, Pin Grease John, Weight of Experience, etc. This is only the opinion of one man, so print it in On the Spot and see what the others think.

I have about summed up your whole magazine now, and on the whole it has been pretty good, so wishing you the best of success, I am,

P. G.—Brooklyn, N. Y

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

This is the first letter I have written for your On the Spot section. I do not pass comments very often, but when I do, I do it well.

First off, I sure do agree with Mr. John P Johns, about your covers. Bring on some more like December's. About the features, by all means keep them up. Your magazine without them would be a flop. I also agree with V. J. W., Chicago, about *Honk* and *Horace*.

Now for the good side. I Remember When, God of High Iron, Pin Grease John, Weight of Experience, and Complete Evidence were among the best, if not the best, stories I have ever read. I am in favor of one serial at a time, and by all means a novelette and a few good features with every issue. Just now I think your magazine is very well balanced. But please give Ipecac Ingalls the red light. I liked every one of your poems, especially The Call Boy and The Switch Tender. I've said enough, so I'll take the siding now.

S. P. B.—Brooklyn, N Y

* * *

Again Honk and Horace

And now in answer to the criticism of V. J. W. in Chicago, the boys who stick by *Honk* and *Horace* are coming through. We can only give you here a brief expression of opinion:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

I believe I have read every copy of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE both old and new, with all the joy in this vale of tears.

Everything is of the best for a railroad man or any one else. I have a number of friends in other professions that look forward to the new book the same as I do. *Honk* and *Horace* came back with a bang at their same old stuff.

I. G. L.—Russell, Ky

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I vote *Honk* and *Horace* the best story in June

because conditions in South Jersey are like those in the story. Also this story reminds me of the line from Haddonfield to Medford. This line served the little towns of Marlton and Medford and seven flag stops. The Medford train was a steady little money maker with much freight traffic, some express, mail, about one car of milk daily and good passenger patronage, but a few years ago things began to happen.

A motor truck line began carrying the milk to Philadelphia and on the return trip would bring back much of the package stuff. Then in 1920 the Marlton Pike was improved and soon a bus line started up. Slowly the passengers began to slip away at first, then the mail contract was given to the bus line. The four daily trips were cut to one in the morning and one at night. For a couple of years this kept up and the crew, as in the case of *Honk* and *Horace*, had nothing to do but sit down and watch the scenery while at the point where the road crossed the tracks the crowded buses waited for the train to pass.

R. S.—Sewell, N. J.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Re: V. J. W., the C. & N. W. shack, in the June issue of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE Say! V. J. W., old-timer, if you do not like *Honk* and *Horace* just pass it up, because for many of us it is a bit of appealing humor, especially those of us who have traveled in foreign countries. I say to you, Mr. Editor, give us *Honk* and *Horace* each month, or its equivalent, as it makes a well balanced magazine. I am a mere brass pounder, but I certainly enjoy every article and story in this magazine. "73"

M. B. C.—Des Moines, N M.

* * *

Now, About Pay Cars

Our thanks, and we are sure the thanks of O. E. C. of Harrington, Delaware, go out to the brother who contributed this:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

In the June issue On the Spot I notice that O E. C. of Harrington, Delaware, is asking for "dope" on pay cars.

The pay car was once an important adjunct to railroad operation I would say up to about fifteen years ago. The pay car flourished when employees were paid once each month, but with the advent of the twice-a month pay day, it proved troublesome and expensive, especially on a large railroad system, where it was frequently necessary to operate two cars on different parts of the system

At one time the pay car paid off in cash and plenty of armed guards were carried to protect the cash, but later checks were used. The usual pay car was run "special" over each division. The pay train consisted of engine, day coach for the crew and the pay car itself. A different engine and train crew was used over each division, tying up at night wherever they happened to be, and starting out again early the next morning.

It was generally the custom that in paying off section and extra gangs, as well as other gangs, that on the arrival of the car, the foreman would have his men lined up in readiness and in the order in which their names appeared on the pay roll. In this way a minimum of time was consumed at each stop and twenty-five men could be paid off in five minutes.

The car stopped any and everywhere that an employee was encountered. If a train was passed in a siding, members of the crew were paid off on the spot.

One paymaster whom this writer personally knew on a pretty big road and who was on the pay car regularly, knew, without exception, almost every employee by name if such employee had made as many as five or six pay days, and there were hundreds of employees on the road. His memory was certainly remarkable.

Most of the pay cars were fitted up with caging and a window not unlike that of a teller's window in a bank, the balance of the car being equipped as our present day official cars—eating and sleeping accommodations for the paymaster and his assistants.

Most of the railroads at present deliver employees' pay checks through the road's agent at the different points, the checks being mailed to the agent by railway mail or by express.

Some roads now operate a pay car occasionally, probably once or twice a year or once in two years, without any advance notice being given any employee. The idea is to have a personal check on employees to determine if there are any "dead men" being shown on the pay rolls. The paymaster pays off each employee in person, asking him just what amount he is expecting to receive.

C. L. H.—Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

It's Up to You to Answer

And here, too, is a chance for every reader to speak his mind:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

The RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is without question a magazine which has its own particular niche in the publishing world. Unlike *Scribner's, Red Book, Cosmopolitan*, etc., the contents of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE are not an assorted collection of stories. That is as it should be. What drama might occur on a tramp steamer wallowing through a typhoon in the China Sea, or the drama around a dining table in a Vermont farmhouse, or, again, the conflict in a Park Avenue drawing-room, has no right in the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. I mention this that you may understand that I am cognizant of the fact that in every walk of life there is drama, material for stories. Yet such stories have no place in the magazine. The RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is a magazine upon whose pages should be printed the actions, the drama, which day following day transpire on the railroad. The mission of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is but to record the humor, the pathos, the pain of railroading.

To continue. We will assume you will never digress from the rule of ever publishing any ma-

terial except railroad stories. Now this is what I would like to ask you and the readers—just what are good railroad stories? There can be no doubt that the editorial staff of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is most desirous to give its readers the best railroad stories available, inasmuch as there are all kinds and types of railroad stories, from those dealing with section hands to the presidents. Which class of story is most suited to the magazine and pleases the greatest number of readers?

Personally I am not in favor of so many articles. There are any number of trade publications which print articles, as the *Railway Age*, etc. It is my opinion that the magazine should never run more than one or two at the most of these articles or features. The magazine should concern itself solely with giving to its readers a well balanced collection of fiction stories, together with the true experience tales.

When one mentions Railroader, a picture comes to mind of an engineer or a conductor, a brakeman or a fireman. Regardless of the important rôle the rest of the workers on a railroad play in keeping the wheels moving, it is the engineer crowding the limited through town in the dead still watches of the night that causes the boy to sit up in bed and listen. That engineer is the colorful personality which interests the boy, and when Railroader is spoken, it is the engineer who is the railroader. And to the public as a whole, it is the same. Yet we know that the freight solicitor, the stationmaster, are all important links to the game. But it is the boys on the trains who lead the show which has put railroading into prose and poem.

After all, the train crews are gambling with life and death from their first hour of railroading. The brothers out pulling pins in a raging snowstorm when one slip means the end; the teapot gang feeling their way in a fog. I could go on without end. That's railroading, and the homage the boy pays the engineer by sitting up in bed and listening to the limited whip her way through town, is deserved

The RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE can be the medium through which all that can be recorded. It can give to its railroad readers and the lay readers all the great moments of the game. The trials and tribulations of a freight conductor getting a drag over the road, an engine crew on the hon ton high-wheeler trying to get back the lost ten minutes.

But that is not all. What of the men themselves? I would like to know if the readers would not enjoy far better faithful interpretations of the men than blood and thunder stories. The railroads are brimful of characters. There is no need to raise the cry that by faithfully portraying railroading and the boys is it necessary to be "high-brow." I think the readers will agree with me on that. When the boys gather together and start swapping tales, the tales are gruesome, replete with pathos or humor. So the tales are all interesting. They tell something. They lead somewhere

In the average magazine an author writes of life, of people and the thing is so far fetched, impossible, that to read is a waste of time. Life is far stranger than fiction Yet if the authors writing for the magazine write realistic stories, all that can spring to life on the printed pages. Earp contributed a fine piece of writing in "The Passing of the Boomer."

In concluding this lengthy epistle I would like to hear from the brothers of what they think How many agree with me that we should desire the magazine to be distinctive, the book in which all that happens in our world is recorded that others may read the manner in which we spend our lives? The magazine is coming out with a new cover design. The covers hereafter will depict some phase of railroading . . . That is a step in the right direction.

Readers, what is your opinion of what I have written? I know you all desire the magazine to prosper. It is no more than right that we should have a magazine devoted to our work. Then do you think what I have written here to be true?

JOHN JOHNS,
Freight Conductor N. Y. C. R. R

We'll be glad to receive and publish comments on this interesting letter. In fact, we welcome discussion of every phase of railroading.

* * *

Champion for Steam

This defender of steam speaks up to criticize what he calls an unfair test in spotting a "Mike" against an electric engine as described in the April number by Earle W. Gage. There doesn't seem to be much argument here:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Being a regular reader of the magazine I can't resist the opportunity of putting in a word for the "Mike" in the tug of war described in the April number by E. W. Gage. I fail to see where the electric gains any laurels by pulling a steam locomotive which was outweighed by some thirty tons

It wouldn't be much glory for Jack Dempsey to knock out a man weighing say one hundred and twenty pounds, would it? The figures, as I understood them, were steam, 248,000 pounds, electric, 308,000 pounds. Now I am not trying to knock electricity, but on the contrary realize that it is probably the most satisfactory all-round power in the world to-day, but the next time some of these electric jacks get feeling strong, send them over to hook onto the N. P. Yellowstone or send them up here on the C. N. R. to bring the Continental Limited through six-foot snow banks on time

I'm a C N. fireman myself and a regular reader of the magazine and like it fine, but that unequal competition made me drop these few lines to you to see if you don't agree with me.

Keep on the good work and count on me as a regular customer

R G M —Manitoba, Can

THE COUPON

Now as to the coupons, we have just had a little meeting here in the Spot office with a few of the brothers who guide the destinies of this mouthpiece of ours, and we have unanimously agreed to make it a little harder for you to get pictures. Instead of three coupons as heretofore clipped from three consecutive issues of the magazine, you will have to have four beginning with this issue in order to obtain the original of any pen and ink drawing appearing in its pages. That means now that the coupon from the September number will be accepted with July and August for a picture or with the coupons from August and October for a picture, but where your August coupon begins your series, you must have August, September, October and November when you write in for the drawing. Here it is—

"HERE'S MY VOTE"

Editor,
RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE,
280 Broadway, New York City.

The stories and features I like best in your September issue are:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

Name.....

Occupation.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Poets' Corner

Now from A. S. H. of Tampa Shores, Florida, comes this contribution, for which we give due credit to the *Railroad Telegrapher,* in which magazine it originally appeared:

That Leaky Flue

It was not "Hoghead" Donahue,
Of Missouri Pacific fame;
But Conductor Billy Rue,
A bird of another name,
Who wired the "dope" of a Leaky Flue
In that coffee pot, Old 822.
Sixteen years have passed away,
Ask Hunter of the "Prairie Rose."
It happened in Kansas at Neodesha,
Near where the Oily Walnut flows.

I was the Op. in Oily Town,
Miles away from Pickaboo.
No doubt this screed will cause a frown,
More arguments about that Leaky Flue.
I can still see Billy making passes,
With many a flourish pull the chain
From inside his vest. Out came glasses,
Advances his nose; then writes the refrain.

To L. W. D. at Coffeyville, Kan,
"Eng, 822's got a Leaky Flue.
What shall I do? Better send a man,
I've done all that I'm going to do."
So the answer came through to Billy Rue.
I roared and laughed. In a rage he flew
"Rue fix that flue on the 822
Come right through, without more ado"

So that squashes Hoghead Donahue,
The other tale certainly was not true
'Twas at Neodesha, not at Pickaboo.
No more arguments. Good-by. I'm thru.
—*Scotty Home*

* * *

And Brother Charles (Baldy) Deaton in the Des Moines *Union* offers:

Engineer Bill

Onward flew the fleeting mail
Bounding over the polished rail,
Clanging bell, whistle shrill
Echoed from the distant hill

Nightly, drivers bit the the steel,
Side rods did the Devil's Reel,
Singing wheels under that train
Bore their load, but not in vain.

The mail must go, through sleet and rain
By air, water, and swiftest train
Letters for all in that striped sack;
Rich and poor, some edged in black.

A letter to your Mother dear.
May save a shining, silver tear
Remember this, please, if you will
A Mother's boy rides up ahead—Engineer Bill.

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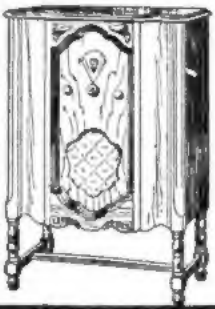

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HANDS UP!

SHOUTED ONE OF THE TRAIN ROBBER BANDITS, AS HE COVERED MY ENGINEER AND I WITH HIS TWO BIG SIX SHOOTERS.

Read about the Express Train Robbery that was pulled off near Bitter Creek, Wyoming, while I was firing an engine for the Union Pacific back in 1900. Now, Brothers, since the U. P. put me on the riptrack a few years ago by taking off both of my feet, I have written a book in which I tell the story of my life as a KID-HOBO, and a BOOMER-RAILROAD-MAN. I have worked from Coast-to-Coast, and from Montana to Texas. I am an ex-double-header of the B. of R. T. and B. of L. F. & E., my books carry the Union Label, and I have them printed and sell them myself, and if you want to read my story, all you have to do is just put a ONE-DOLLAR-BILL into a letter with your name and address written plainly and mail it to me here at my home, 1418 So. McBride Ave., Los Angeles, and I will mail to you one of my 300 page books entitled, BROWNIE-THE-BOOMER. Sincerely Yours,
CHAS. P. BROWN, 1418 So. McBride Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

$93 the First WEEK

"I worked 6 days, 6 hours a day, and made $93 selling the new Stay-Prest Trouser Pressers."
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With this great invention all men can have freshly pressed trousers every morning and save $50 a year. It puts a knife-edge crease—takes out wrinkles—removes knee bag. Easily used in just a few seconds. Nothing like it. Well made, looks rich. Retails $2.50. Big value. Every man wants one or more. A real fast seller and big repeater with 40 per cent profit. Men and women are cleaning up big. Ten easy sales a day net you $10.00. Almost sells on sight. Make big profits—others do. Jack Ames $24 in four hours. Handle sold 25 first day. Mary Roberts made $10 one evening. Others enjoying big profits in full and spare time. So can you. No risk. We start you.

FREE sample outfit with special offer. Write quickly for offer, plan and territory.
Stay-Prest Co., Dept. H-66, Central Park Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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is soothing to your stump—strong, cool, neat, light. Easy payments.

Fibre arms
braces for all deformities

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You don't need previous experience—you don't need higher education to learn Electricity the L. L. COOKE Way. If you can read and write, that's enough. This great Training is amazingly clear and simple. There's nothing like it anywhere. It's the Training with hundreds of successful graduates; it's the Training that has put many men on Easy Street; it's the Training for you.

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"Cooke Trained Men" are the "Big Pay Men" everywhere. $60 to $100 a week is what many of them are making. That's the kind of a job for you. Get started under the famous L. L. COOKE Money Back Agreement. Act today to increase your pay. Send coupon for Big FREE Book, "Secrets of Success in Electricity." Mail coupon now.

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DON'T DISCARD YOUR OLD SUIT. Wear the coat and vest another year by getting new trousers to match. Tailored to your measure. With over 100,000 patterns to select from we can match almost any pattern. Send vest or sample of cloth today, and we will submit FREE best match obtainable.

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ATLANTIC CITY'S NEWEST
Centrally Located Fireproof Hotel
220 ROOMS with the last word in hotel equipment
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Three Chicago food experts invent a delightful new food that is revolutionizing the doughnut business.

Here's an Amazing New Business That Pays Up to....$1,000 a Month

Here is a surprising new opportunity. Now you can immediately become the owner of a big business that is paying others from $75 to $250 a week. There is no "Red Tape"—no delay. Wherever you live there are quick, easy profits waiting for you to grab them. Just mail the coupon for full details.

Individual Plans to Fit Every Need

FULL TIME

You can start a Brown Bobby shop with floor space as little as 6 by 6 feet. Sell retail and wholesale.

Thos. Minch, Fla., made $3,000 his first 3 months.

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Invest a few dollars in this new business and get someone else to run it for you. A few hours of your time each week can easily bring you $50 to $150 a week extra cash.

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Start at home. Make money like Mrs. Nelson, Ill., who sold 90 dozen Brown Bobbys at retail in one week. Then went out to triple her profits through wholesale business.

MEN, this is absolutely new! A real red-hot money-making opportunity! Something every red-blooded man has always longed for. It's a chance to jump into business for yourself and make more money every week than the average man makes in a month!

Surprising, yes, almost incredible as it may sound, we actually hand you a **proven business!** The first day's profits often run from $18 to $55 and $350 to $600 the first month is not exceptional for ambitious men.

A Sensational Big-Money Plan

There is just one thing you need to make a "go" of this business, and that is the ambition to make real money. We give you all the plans, advice and help needed to make a big success right from the jump. We supply you with the equipment to make an amazing new food—a **greaseless** doughnut baked by electricity! You sell to homes, bakeries, delicatessens, groceries, restaurants, etc., at a profit of 150% to 600%! No wonder the dollars simply pour in!

A New Food Secret

The **greaseless** doughnut is altogether novel and unique. It's a crispy, flaky, delicious new kind of doughnut cooked without one drop of oil or grease. Easily digested by everyone. More appetizing than old-style doughnuts ever were. Yet costs you less to make. This new business is copyrighted under the trade name "BROWN BOBBY" so there is no competition.

Everyone likes doughnuts. Millions of old-style doughnuts are sold every day. Now you can bake and sell the *perfect* doughnut—the toothsome BROWN BOBBY **greaseless** doughnut that sells four times as fast as any other.

Start At Once—Anywhere

In this limited space I am able to suggest only the bare possibilities. The details are even more sensational than the facts given here can indicate. I am looking for sincere, ambitious, wide-awake men. I offer such men a plan that is a real eye-opener. The first week's profits usually amount to more than your entire investment. After that it is up to you entirely whether you will make $300 or $1,000 a month clear profit.

Men and women start in this business daily. You do not obligate yourself in any way by mailing the attached coupon. So get the details of this amazing new idea at once. Decide for independence! Fill out and mail the coupon today—now—THIS MINUTE!

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Dept. 359, 500-510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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Rush me details of your plan for a "Brown Bobby" business of my own.

Name.....

Address.....

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New Styles - New Colors

Now only $5.00 DOWN ON ANY RANGE OR HEATER

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SAVE ⅓ to ½ at Factory Prices

New, Free, fresh from the press . . . Kalamazoo's 30th Anniversary Sale Book. Full of surprises—sparkling with color—alive with NEW features! 200 styles and sizes of Quality Stoves, Ranges, and Furnaces—*bigger values than ever*—Factory Sale Prices that save you ⅓ to ½. And a brand NEW Credit Policy—NOW ONLY $5 DOWN on any Stove or Furnace regardless of price or size. Write for this wonderful NEW FREE Book Now!

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Beautiful Colored Ranges

Modern Coal and Wood Ranges, and Combination Coal and Gas Ranges, in glistening, colorful, Porcelain Enamel. (Your choice of 5 beautiful colors—Pearl Gray, Delft Blue, Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Ebony Black.) NEW gas stoves, NEW gas ranges, and NEW oil ranges—all in fascinating colors. Also Washing Machines, Refrigerators, Kitchen Cabinets, Vacuum Cleaners and other Household Goods.

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Kalamazoo is close to you—all stoves and ranges shipped within 24 hours from Kalamazoo, Michigan, or factory branch in Utica, New York. Furnaces in 48 hours. No delay. Safe delivery guaranteed.

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Send us a rough sketch of the floor plan of your home. We'll furnish you FREE plans—no obligation at all. We'll show you how easy it is to install your own furnace—thousands have. You can save $40 to $60 on a Kalamazoo furnace. Exclusive Kalamazoo furnace features are Hot-Blast Firepot, new ring type Radiator, easy shaking Grates, upright Shaker.

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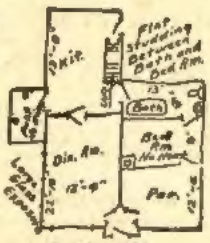
Nothing will bring you so much comfort and happiness as a NEW Kalamazoo Cabinet Heater. Built like a furnace. Gives you healthful circulation of warm air. Holds fire overnight. Heats 3 to 6 rooms. Your choice of Black or Walnut Porcelain Enamel—only $38.25 up. And just think, you can order NOW for only $5 down.



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295 Rochester Ave. Kalamazoo, Mich.
Warehousing and shipping points, Utica, N. Y. and Kalamazoo, Mich.
(Write only to Kalamazoo)

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Furnaces $61.95 up

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Important: Be sure to put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
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